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50 CHEESECAKES

THE BEATLES and
THE MYSTIC–pages 4, 5

Glamor wedding of millionaire's daughter
See page 2

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OUR COVER

● Mr. Peter Paroulakis, of Melbourne, and his bride walk down the aisle of the Greek Orthodox Church of St. George, Rose Bay, N.S.W., after their marriage last week. Mrs. Paroulakis was formerly Miss Phynea Paspalis, daughter of millionaire businessman and hotelier Mr. M. T. Paspalis and Mrs. Paspalis, of Darwin and Darling Point, N.S.W. More than 400 guests attended the wedding reception, the most lavish held in Sydney for years. For more wedding pictures, see page 11; cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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When the Japanese stormed south, a band of mere lads, retreating in the mountains, blunted the attack

● Ceremony of remembrance at Kokoda, Papua, with former members of the 39th Battalion.

Return to Kokoda

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"WHAT we copped up here is just history," one man said in an off-hand way.

The fighting on the mountainous Kokoda Trail in Papua is indeed history. For veterans of the 39th Battalion who returned to the area last month, the 25 years since they made that history seemed to telescope.

"After a while your memory starts to click," mused Padre "Nobby" Earle, now a missionary on Rossel Island, Papua. "Those trees — they're similar, but it's a whole new generation of growth.

"I hadn't seen some of these jokers for 25 years. There's Jack Wilkinson —we last met on that crest up there where the little clouds are going across. That's where we did a lot of fighting. He was an M.O.—he'd been five days taking his wounded from here to there.

"We'd come down from Deniki (on that ridge) and tried to attack the Nips here and make them think there were a lot of us. They followed us back up and played merry hell.

"We stayed there for two weeks, with them trying to surround and get above us. We all had dysentery, too—it wasn't much fun."

Soon after their aircraft arrived at Kokoda, two Land-Rovers full of 39th veterans drove out through the rubber plantations to the start of the Trail. With them, I walked up the first mile of the track.

"It's four and a half hours straight up like this," one chap called down as he scrambled up a rocky slope ahead of me.

The veterans found their memories to be remarkably clear; they even recognised particular rocks where they had sheltered from Japanese gunfire.

Padre Earle and Dick Rowarth (from Strathbogie, Vic.) found the spot where they had buried an officer killed in action. They carved a cross on the tree beside the grave.

Average age: 18½

The 39th was originally composed of men from militia companies around Victoria. It might be fairer to say "lads," for their average age was 18½.

"There were a lot younger than me, and I was 16 when I came over," said Don Newman, from Moorabbin. (At 42 he was the youngest veteran in the group of 73 who returned to Kokoda.)

"But the Army caught up with me when I went back to Australia—I had to go to a camp to do jungle training!"

Another veteran recalled, "They were as young as 14 and 15. 'Swinger' Graham, when he got killed over here, he was 17. He put his age up to 23—you wouldn't believe it, would you?"

Their day at Kokoda was the highlight of a week's remembrance tour which included a service at the Bomana War Cemetery in Port Moresby and a visit to the battlefield at Gona, on the Papuan north coast.

It is difficult for an outsider to understand how returning to places where they suffered such hardship and danger could be anything but an agonising experience, but the veterans were unanimous in their satisfaction at having seen Kokoda again.

● Herbert Kienzle, of Kokoda — a key man in the jungle campaign.

"I've always wanted to come back," Don Newman said. "It's just a pretty place now. We miss the smell—you could smell the Japanese for miles."

"They could probably smell us, too," Padre Earle added wryly. "All we had was one spare pair of socks, one extra shirt, and half a towel."

Another veteran explained soberly that for him "coming back is sort of a craving I've had all these years. I'll be a different bloke when I go back. Before, I'd never gone two days without thinking of the war.

"I was just a kid — always laughing and giggling and playing the goat. But after a few months up here I was a seasoned bloke — savage, you might say.

"I reckon it's all going to fade a lot more after this trip."

Clearly one of their reasons for the trip was a common wish to greet an Australian whose help they were still grateful for.

This man is Herbert Kienzle. He was a rubber planter and manager of a goldmine near Kokoda, and when war came to the region he joined ANGAU and was put in charge of the native police.

With his extensive local knowledge, Captain Kienzle "brought the first lot of soldiers over the ranges," established staging camps, and organised the native carriers.

He made eight trips over the Trail.

I heard one veteran's opinion on a battle action's location thoroughly squashed by a decisive "It's not marked on the map, and Bert Kienzle doesn't know it. If he doesn't know it, it's not there."

Padre Earle told me, "The first time I ever saw Bert Kienzle up there I don't think I'd ever seen a better physical specimen—he was a picture."

Now Herbert Kienzle uses a cane; he partially crippled his legs by refusing to stop walking when accidents, exposure to all weathers, and arthritis demanded rest. His son "Soccer" holds the time record for walking the Trail: two days.

When the 39th marched from Port Moresby to Kokoda, over the Owen Stanley Mountains, it was eight days of climbing and sliding in a country which geographers joke would be the size of Australia "if all the bumps were flattened out."

Now the visiting veterans stood in ranks "at ease" on the parade ground at Kokoda to hear Captain Kienzle speak.

He recalled: "The Japanese were ordered to push on night and day to the mountains. Always wet, cold, and hungry, and opposed by superior forces, the young soldiers of the 39th yielded ground grudgingly. They were very grim days.

"The infamous Japanese regiment responsible for the massacre at Rabaul was wiped out in the Owen Stanleys, so justice was done.

"The Japanese came to call Kokoda 'a hell-gate to disaster.' "

He also praised the native carriers; and Padre Earle told me after the ceremony, "You should have seen the carrier boys — their shoulders were raw."

Said Jack Sutherland, of Nutfield, Vic., "The wounded wouldn't have survived without the banana leaves the carriers held over their faces to keep the sun off them and the rain."

● "Smokey" Howson with an old Bren gun found in the jungle.

Val Paterson, of Portland, Vic., who was known in the battalion as "The Lone Chick," and Laurie "Smokey" Howson, of Clayton, Vic., sat examining two old guns that had been turned up recently in the bush near Kokoda.

"We had Brens and tommy-guns dropped by air, but no instructions how to use them," Howson said.

Val Peterson said, "The first tommy-gun I got shoved in my hand was in the dark of night. Someone said, 'Take this.'

" 'What is it?'

" 'A tommy.'

" 'How do I use it?'

" 'You'll find out!' "

Laurie Howson mentioned the photograph of his two little nieces that he'd carried through the war. "Things from home were the only comfort you ever got."

"Sometimes forget"

"They reminded you you'd come from somewhere," Val agreed. "Sometimes you'd forget. One night in a trench we were waiting to be attacked. The bloke next to me asked wasn't I going to pray? 'No fear — if someone comes up they're not going to catch me with my head down.' "

I asked what they were doing now. Laurie Howson answered, "I'm a builder, he's a farmer."

"We're all sorts now," said Peterson.

That evening there was a big dinner party at the Kienzle homestead at Kokoda, and a screening there of wartime newsreels made by Damien Parer. Some of the men recognised themselves or their friends in the young faces of troops preparing to walk to Kokoda.

Then officers of the 39th Battalion Association thanked Captain Kienzle by presenting him with the battalion's colors — "mud over blood" — to be flown at Kokoda on ceremonial occasions.

It appears to be fashionable these days for sophisticates to jeer at the tradition of Australian mateship and to mock some of the veterans' organisations. Anyone who spent the day at Kokoda with the men of the 39th could not fail to feel something of the bond they share.

There were choruses of "Good on you, Bert," and rousing hurrahs. It was a moment of tremendous emotion for everyone. Captain Kienzle was very moved, but he managed to say, "If you ever want to come back, don't forget to let us know. You're always welcome back."

The last word on the reunion was a telegram one of the 39th sent home to his wife:

"I couldn't send this to you from Kokoda last time, so here goes. Love . . ."

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SARA DAUGHTERS' DEBUT

● It was an exciting night for two of the 17-year-old Sara quads, Judith (seated) and Alison, when they made their debut at the 45th annual ball of the Air Force Association, held at the Trocadero, Sydney. The quads, photographed with their partners, Air Cadet Gary Wilson (at left) and Air Cadet John Woodford, were among 26 debs presented to the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler.

Picture by staff photographer Bill Payne

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RINGO (note the clothes) and son Jason.

THE BEATLES

"WHEN a wave begins to think, the ocean becomes level, but the water is still there. In just such a way, a thought is a wave on the ocean of pure existence."

So speaks Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the Indian mystic who has converted the Beatles to "Transcendental Meditation."

In one hour of earnest backstage conversation with the four kings of pop, the bearded Maharishi won himself fame and—whisper it—fortune.

For the entrance fee to his inner circle is one week's wages for every new member whether he be a Beatnik or a Beatle.

Already, the Maharishi claims 100,000 members for his International Meditation Society, which he founded nine years ago in London. Nothing is more certain than that the membership will snowball under the patronage of the Beatles.

For the Beatles' conversion to the philosophy of the "Think-in" coincides with the "flower-power" cult that appeals so strongly to young people in the pop age-groups.

The "flower children" wear loose robes, holy beads, and temple bells, and their favorite four-letter word is Love.

"In the hills"

All this has superficial echoes of Hindu culture and was helped along by the Beatles' recent trip to India, and their subsequent enthusiasm for oriental music. (They have used Indian musical instruments in the "backing" for some of their recordings.)

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (his name means Great Teacher, Master of the Path) is vague about his origins.

"I was in the hills with my Master," he said, "Then I came down from the hills to the people."

One report reaching London from New Delhi says the Maharishi studied Yoga at Kidarnath, in the foothills of the Himalayas, and his *gura* (teacher) was Swami Brahamanand, sometimes called Brahmananda.

Maharishi was the senior of the Swami's two main disciples, but before his death the holy man named the junior disciple as his successor.

The Maharishi forsook the mountains and established his own Spiritual Regeneration Movement at Rishikesh, on the banks of the Ganges River.

He then came to London and founded his International Meditation Society, operating from modest headquarters in a small Knightsbridge flat.

He did not disdain the promotional aids of modern public-relations techniques, and the publicity firm representing him in London presented his "Beatle conversion" lecture as his "farewell public appearance" before retiring to a "life of silence" in Kashmir.

More than 1500 people, paying 7/6stg. (roughly 93c Aust.) a head, turned up at London's lush and lavish Hilton Hotel in Park Lane to hear him speak.

Sharp intellect . . .

After the lecture, an aide told Maharishi the Beatles were in the audience and wanted to see him privately.

He sent for them, and the Merseyside boys talked with the holy man for an hour. They were converted on the spot.

"This shows the sharpness of their intellect," the Maharishi commented afterwards.

The very next day — a Saturday — found the Beatles, Rolling Stone Mick Jagger, and the Maharishi travelling together by train to Wales for a five-day "Think-in" at Bangor in Caernarvonshire.

Monday found them rushing post-haste back to London.

For their manager and mentor, the mercurial Brian Epstein, had died, alone in his $40,000 luxury house in Belgravia, London.

Sad but happy

Epstein had planned to join the Beatles in their meditations with the Maharishi. "It's a drag he didn't make it," said John Lennon.

He wasn't being smart or groovy or disrespectful. The Beatles were deeply moved and grieved by Epstein's death, and the way they expressed their grief showed that something new and strange had come over these rough, tough, laconic Liverpudlians.

They were sad, but they were happy, they said, because Brian Epstein was not dead, not really, he had merely passed into "the next phase."

"If we try to spread happiness, then Brian will be happy, too," said Ringo Starr, "because even though he is dead his spirit is still here.

"Of course, it's a big personal loss. The thing is not to get too selfish about it —

BEATLES Ringo Starr, George Harrison, and John Lennon after hearing the news of the death of their manager, Brian Epstein. The millionaire pop group were in Wales.

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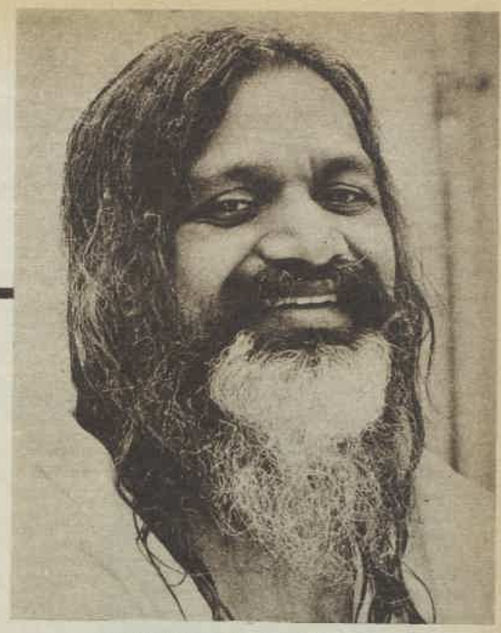
and the MYSTIC

● For the "Think-in" in Wales, the Beatles affected Indian-style dress in richest fabrics and wild colors and often exquisitely embroidered and bedecked. They carried flowers. Bead necklaces have even become a feature of their everyday clothes — see Paul in the picture below.



MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI.

if you get depressed, it is a form of self-pity, because you are only sympathising with your own loss.

"Brian's spirit is still here, and it will always be here.

"I go a lot on Transcendental Meditation — I wish we'd heard about it before."

Ringo was writing in the pop weekly "Disc," and in the same issue John Lennon said:

"If Brian had been in on the lectures in meditation, he would have understood.

"This is the biggest thing in our lives at the moment, and it's come at a time when we need it. We'll use everything we've got to get people to understand it.

"It's not a religion: There is no 'mysticism' about it, either. It's just Understanding.

"Brian has died only in body.

"When we were on the right track he knew it, and when we were on the wrong track he told us so, and he was usually right.

"But, anyway, he isn't really dead."

Soft-voiced

What kind of philosophy is it that can make Merseyside mods react like that and speak like that, at a time of severe emotional stress and personal tragedy?

Let the gentle, soft-voiced Maharishi speak for himself:

"Transcendental Meditation was introduced into the world eight years ago. Since then people in all parts of the world have found bliss consciousness through it — or what Christians call the Kingdom of Heaven.

"A building is based on a foundation, but nobody bothers about the foundation because it is not obvious. It is transcendental.

"In just such a way the full process of thinking is not consciously appreciated.

"Where was your last thought before you thought it? We never bother to think where thought arises. With Transcendental Meditation we do. We explore all the regions of thinking. We come to the source of thought.

"When a wave begins to think, the ocean becomes level, but the water is still there. In just such a way, a thought is a wave on the ocean of pure existence.

"When we come to the source of thought we bring the mind on that level of thought that is never changing.

"Transcendental Meditation results in the expansion of the mind and enables man to use his full mental potential. His mind gets tuned in to the inner divine.

By LARRY BOYS

"Transcendental Meditation is the transference of the attention of the gross state of thought on the surface of the mind to the subtle deeper regions of the thinking process.

"One explores the finer regions of thought on the basis of sound, not of meaning

"It is a method by which a man can water the roots of his individual life like a gardener watering the roots of his plants.

"My message supplies the spirit of all religion in terms of inner values.

"My followers don't need drugs. I offer them an ideology.

"I have no 'don'ts' in my philosophy.

"But, like Christianity, it is something one cannot grasp until one has experienced it.

"Transcendental Meditation is a simple universal thing of man's life which connects the outer man with the inner man. Man becomes more sensible on all levels.

"His personality is improved.

"He is freed from the limitations of life.

"I am not creating a religion: I'm supplying the spirit of all religions.

"Some Christians can find the Kingdom of Heaven within themselves through meditation. Others can't.

"I give each of my followers an unknown word.

"Their minds must not dwell on the meaning of that word, but on the sound. If their thoughts dwell on the meaning, they remain on the surface.

"When a man thinks of the meaning of words he is thinking on a conscious level. It is a horizontal activity, like swimming on the surface of a pond.

"If the mind wants to go deeper into the final regions of the thought process, then it must refrain from dwelling on the meaning of words.

"The outer phase of thought is action. The inner is eternal-bliss consciousness.

"It is as with an orange. An orange has a bitter, rough, and changing surface, and a sweet centre.

"In the same way the outer fields of thought are always changing. The inner fields are changeless and good.

"It is a system of bringing our attention from time- and space-bound experience to understanding of unbounded experience.

"Faith has had its day. It is mental hallucination. A waste of life. All isms have lost the reality of life.

"No religion in the world today is capable of giving the light of God to any of its followers.

"Modern mind"

"The modern mind seeks clarification, a realisation of the light of God within. Through Transcendental Meditation you can live with the light of God within you."

Is Trancendental Meditation compatible with Christianity?

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Michael Ramsey, seems to think so. At a conference in Durham, England, he was asked a question about secular spirituality and the Beatles' "mystical" weekend, and he said:

"Older generations were trained to think that plain Christian devotion is the thing that everyone should grasp — that mysticism is something queer and abnormal, better left to a few experts and the last thing to talk about and practise.

"I think that is radically untrue and the opposite should apply.

"I believe that in the modern world things are happening which, if not identical, are analogous to things which people do when they pray," the Archbishop added.

INDIAN mystic Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is followed by Beatles Paul, George, John, and Ringo from a hall in Bangor, Wales, after the "Think-in."

LEAVING London for a holiday in Athens is Beatle Paul McCartney and his actress friend, Jane Asher. Paul's gay get-up contrasts with Jane's gear.

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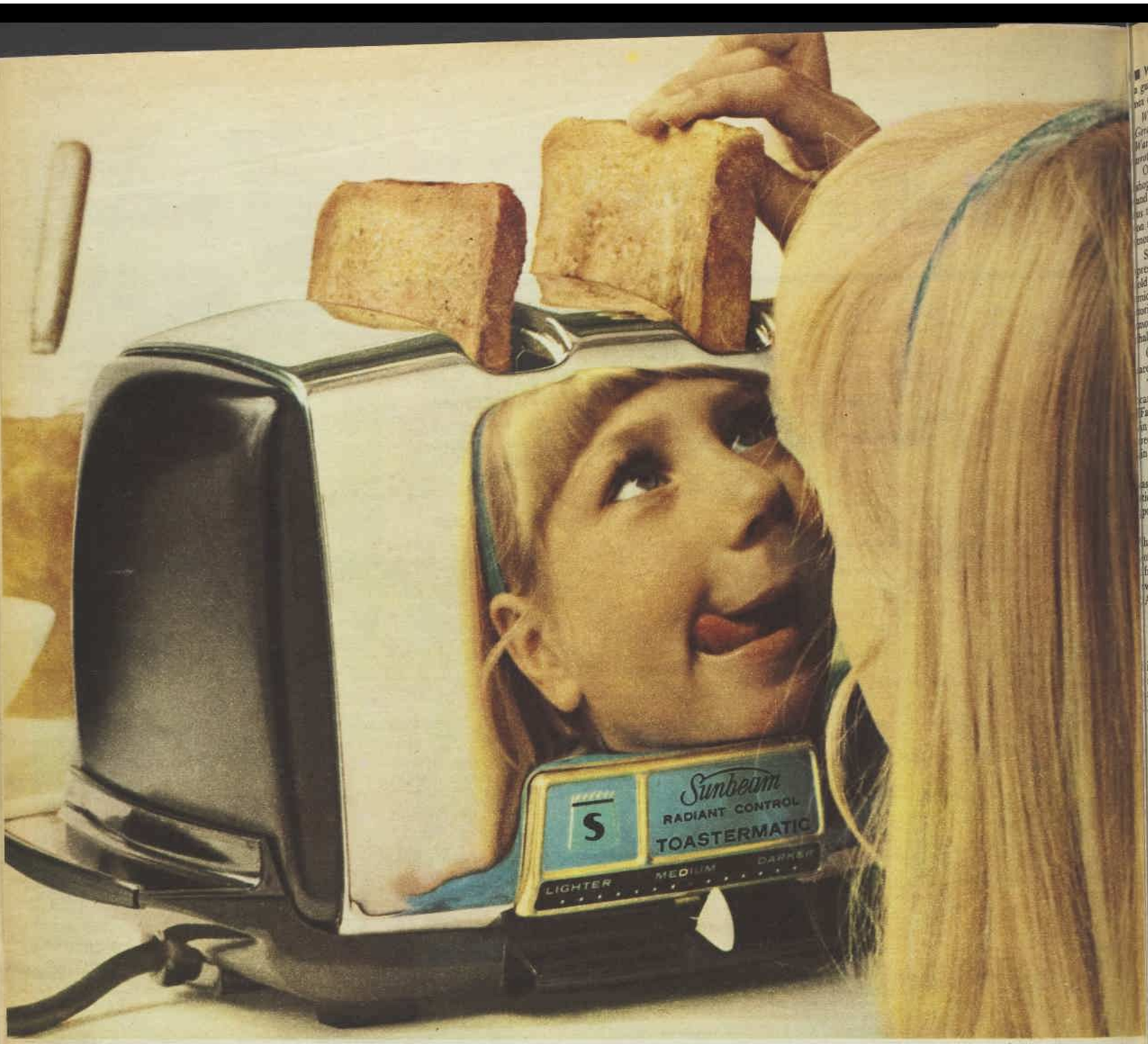

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The guinea pig is here to sty!

■ When is a guinea pig not a guinea pig — or, at least, not called one?

When it's a cavy, says Mr. Gerald Quail, of Glen Waverley, Victoria, who wrote . . .

On the notice in the pet shop an Australian Mouse and Guinea Pig Show invited us to bring our entries along on the third Saturday of the month.

So, after considerable pressure from our seven-year-old daughter, who has 27 mice, we discovered the Victorian Cavy Club holding its monthly meeting in a rented hall at Chadstone, Vic.

Cavies, we soon discovered, are guinea pigs.

The art of breeding and caring for them — "The Fancy" — is well supported in England, but until recently had been neglected in Australia.

Because cavies are classed as rodents, the more sophisticated strains cannot be imported from Europe.

The Victorian Cavy Club has taken up the challenge of breeding pedigree cavies from the nondescript stock which has found its way into Australia over the years.

● Exotic names

The pure-bred cavy occurs in a number of varieties, some of them with exotic names such as Himalayan, Abyssinian, and Peruvian.

Their coats vary in color, length, and texture, and we found the Peruvian the most attractive. This is a long-haired guinea pig with a soft, silk coat and very delicate coloring.

The Victorian club began six years ago in the garden of Mrs. J. Halls, of Chadstone, who, with her children, was breeding a number of pets — cavies, rabbits, and mice.

Neighbors began to take an interest, and before long a club was formed and soon outgrew Mrs. Halls' garden.

Now, with more than 100 members, it meets in a rented hall as the Victorian Cavy Club.

This year members hope to exhibit at the Royal Melbourne Show.

At the monthly meeting we found a number of young people taking the business very seriously indeed.

Competitors aged from seven to 17 were talking learnedly about long-haired Agoutis and Abyssinian Rosettes.

Their pets were in beautiful condition, reflecting hours of care and a keen interest in breeding.

Judging was a problem in the early stages of the club. Then, only two competent judges were available, both of them qualified show judges in England before they came to Australia.

Later, some of the younger members were encouraged to learn the art, and now most of the judging is done by trainee judges under supervision.

Mice were not altogether neglected. At the far end of the hall we found mice being judged for color, shape of ears, length of tail, and condition generally.

Small cash prizes were paid for first in each class, and certificates were presented for second and third. Our daughter took off two certificates.

● Brisk trade

After the mouse judging, brisk trading and swopping took place. Whites were traded for piebalds, and prizewinners fetched up to $1 each. The going price for an ordinary mouse was 20 cents.

Cavies, we were told, are not difficult to keep or breed. They are vegetarians, and thrive on kitchen or garden scraps, requiring only a small hutch for living quarters.

Mice are easier to keep, and there is no need to worry about the overflow of offspring — the nearest pet shop is usually happy to buy them, especially during school holidays.

FOOTNOTE: The club's address is c/o Mrs. Black, 2 Parer Street, Oakleigh, Vic. 3166.

● *A cavy, or a guinea pig.*

COMPACT

After 900-odd years, no one is quite sure . . .

Lady Godiva: DID SHE OR DIDN'T SHE?

★ Did Lady Godiva REALLY ride down Coventry, England, streets in history's most famous topless outfit?

Once again the city is arguing the subject — as September marks the 900th anniversary of Lady Godiva's death.

An authoritative book authorised by the Coventry Council and written by scholar Joan Lancaster has restarted the age-old discussion.

The book comes down flatly against a nude ride: "She may have ridden in beggar's garb (bare of her finery), but she would hardly ride around naked in the eleventh century."

But it is firm on the probability of her ride having taken place, despite those who have always doubted the legend.

It's a matter of importance in Coventry — which, though a great industrial town, also values its history highly.

So highly, in fact, that it has scheduled Lady Godiva processions since 1687.

Commemorative services, special Godiva exhibitions, lectures, and a new play, "Godiva Was a Lady," are part of the observance this year. Also, organisers planned a procession to the great new Coventry Cathedral, whose statute book is the firmest evidence of the good lady's existence (her full name was Godiva Nicholas).

The old story goes that Godiva set out to make her husband relieve the townspeople of their heavy burden of taxes.

Her husband, Leofric (Coventry's finest hotel is named for him), agreed, provided his wife would ride stark naked on a horse from one end of town to the other. And he thought that settled the matter.

His modest and deeply religious wife astounded him by agreeing. She told all the townspeople to remain indoors, and all of them did — except one shameful character who hurtled into history as Peeping Tom.

● *Lady Godiva's statue in Coventry.*

HORSE DE COMBAT . . .

THE Australian Petroleum Information Bureau offers fuel for thought — on horses!

The Bureau says that, as a result of the increasing use of road motor vehicles and farm tractors, the number of horses in Australia has fallen by more than half during the past 18 years.

It says that there were 1,114,500 horses in Australia in 1949. But in 1965, the latest year for which figures are available, the number was only about 520,000.

On June 30, 1949, the number of road vehicles registered was 1,224,777. Seventeen years later it had increased to 3,915,813. Between March, 1949, and March, 1966, the number of tractors on rural holdings increased from 86,749 to 301,315.

The displacement of horses by tractors began in this country about the end of World War I, and during the next 30 years or so the number of horses in use decreased at the rate of 45,000 annually.

Although in the 1940s controversy on the relative merits of horses and tractors was still going on among men on the land, by 1950 only a comparatively few farmers used horse-drawn agricultural machinery.

So there you are; the old grey mare AIN'T what she used to be!

. . . And have you heard about the way-out bloke who wants to drive a van around suburbs on Sundays broadcasting psychedelic music, selling flowers — and calling himself "Mr. Hippy"?

Our 'Camelot' contest

● Look back over your life—and think of the occasion when you most had reason to think of a man as your Sir Galahad.

He might have been old, young, your husband, a total stranger, or the boy next door. The situation could have been homely, grand, funny, near-tragic. What matters is that, like knights of old in the film "Camelot," he came to the rescue of a lady in distress.

Write and tell us about the incident in not more than 500 words. Entries close on October 16. Prizes are: First Prize $100, Second Prize $50, Third Prize $25.

There are also six "Camelot" wardrobes — one for the best entry from each State. Each wardrobe consists of one negligee, one nightie, two slips, and two panties in a special range created from the "Camelot" designs in "Camelot" colors.

In addition, each State winner will be sent tickets for the opening night of "Camelot" in that State.

Write clearly, giving full address, including State, and send your entries to "Camelot Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

(The Editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and Warner Brothers and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are the employees of other newspapers or members of their families.)

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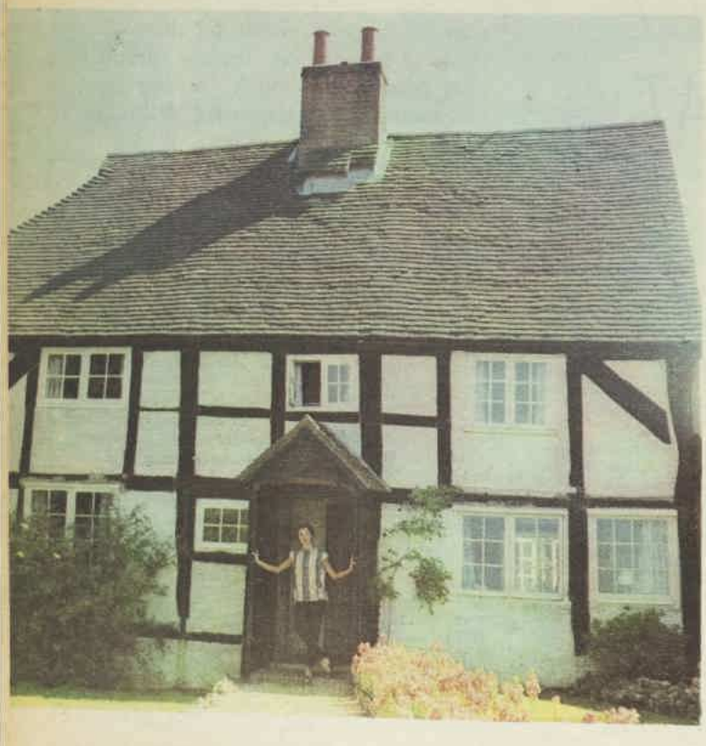
A down-to-earth ballerina is Nureyev's new partner

OFF-STAGE prima ballerina Merle Park is Mrs. James Monahan and the mother of 11-month-old Anthony. Her husband, a newspaper ballet critic, also works for the BBC.

BELOW: The Monahans' country house, a 500-year-old Tudor cottage in Hampshire, is far removed from the world of rigorous ballet training and time-taking rehearsals.



● The announcement that Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev would not be dancing together at Covent Garden this autumn sent the ballet world into a spin. Was this the end of a world-famous partnership?

By ANNE WOODHAM, in London

THE rumpus started with the announcement that Merle Park, 29-year-old ballerina from Rhodesia, would partner Nureyev in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Giselle" at Covent Garden for the first three months of the season starting in October.

The Royal Ballet company hastily set everyone's minds at rest. Fonteyn was holidaying in Panama with her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, and later partnering 21-year-old London-born Davis Wall in Glasgow and Manchester.

Nureyev, in Stockholm, lost his temper about the rumor. "It's not true that I won't be dancing with Margot again," he said angrily. "Of course you can't always have the same partner."

Off stage, Merle Park (in private life the wife of Mr. James Monahan, controller of BBC European Services, and the mother of an 11-month-old son, Anthony) is not exactly one's picture of a classical ballerina, particularly one who will be partnering Rudolf Nureyev.

She is refreshingly normal — natural would be a better word — with curly brown hair and a liking for menthol cigarettes (somehow, ballerinas and cigarettes don't seem to go together).

She gave us an exclusive interview in their country home—a 500-year-old cottage, "Verneys," in Hampshire—wearing slacks, sandals, and a loose-fitting striped jacket. And she brought in the coffee herself.

The only symptoms of balletomania were a radio playing classical music in the background and a bookcase sprinkled with books on ballet.

Two Brazilian paintings on the wall belong to Nureyev. She is minding them for him.

The prospect of dancing with Nureyev gives her no cause for alarm.

"I have partnered him before, you know," she said, "twice in the American tour earlier this year, and last January in London, when Margot was sick, for a performance of 'The Sleeping Beauty.' But this will be the first time as his official partner for a Covent Garden season."

Miss Park describes dancing with Nureyev as "a marvellous experience."

"He's a wonderful teacher," she said. "I've learnt so much from him."

They are good friends off stage as well.

"He's a tremendous personality. I don't mind his temperament in the least — although some people object to it.

"For instance, at a dress rehearsal he has been known to lose his temper, tear his costume to pieces, and refuse to dance.

"If he tells you to leave, I find the easiest solution is to say OK and get on with it yourself. It usually works. He's just like a naughty boy. What he needs is a mum.

"But Rudy is a lot better than he used to be when he first came over to the West from Russia. He's more relaxed.

"I think he used to be constantly living in fear that the underground police were after him. He loves Europe. He's away on the Continent an awful lot.

"This is why this fuss about Rudy partnering someone else is so silly. He has danced with a number of European dancers — Carla Fracci in Milan for one."

Merle Park was too modest to add that Nureyev, who is particular — to say the least — about his dancing partners, has publicly said he enjoys dancing with her.

In fact, he begged her to accompany him on several European tours.

"Rudy says I'm light to lift," she said with a smile. It was the only comment she would make.

On the biographical side, Merle Park was born in Salisbury, Rhodesia. She started dancing lessons when she was six years old.

"I was weedy and wouldn't eat, so my mother took me along to the doctor," she said. "He told her to put me to dancing. I started learning ballet, tap, and Greek dances, and all that sort of thing."

She was 11 when she saw Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin dance on tour. "It was the first real-life ballet I'd seen," she recalled. "I thought it was quite spiffing."

She had a class with Dolin while he was in Rhodesia. He was so impressed with the little girl that he suggested that she go to England for further study.

"I remember I quite fancied the idea," said Miss Park. "I was bored with my dancing lessons, but the idea of boarding school fascinated me.

"I asked my teacher in Rhodesia why everyone wanted me to go to England. She said: 'It's just that your arms and legs have a way of moving together.' I had to be content with that."

In 1951, Merle Park came to England to study ballet. She was 13 and had passed the advanced level of her RAD exams.

She went to boarding school — the Elmhurst Ballet School in Hampshire — where she spent two and a half years. Then she auditioned for the famous Sadler's Wells Ballet School at Covent Garden and was accepted.

By 1956 she had earned herself a place in the Royal Ballet Company. Her first solo role was that of the milkmaid in Sir Frederick Ashton's "Facade."

The same year, the famous New Zealand ballerina Rowena Jackson was rushed to hospital with appendicitis.

It was Merle Park who took over her leading role in Ashton's new ballet, "Variations on a Theme of Purcell."

After that it was years of "covering" for dancers like Fonteyn and Nerina, gradually becoming known, gradually working her way up to the top.

Now she has been a Royal Ballet principal for five years.

Began as soubrette

"At first I was known as a soubrette," she said sadly, "dancing light romantic roles. I thought I was going to be stuck with 'Coppelia' for ever. All the time I had a hankering for the tragic, dramatic roles like Juliet and Giselle.

"In fact, it was the first production of 'Romeo and Juliet' three years ago that gave me a chance to do something different."

It was ballet that introduced Miss Park to her husband, James Monahan. They married in 1964.

"He is a ballet critic on the 'Guardian' as well as working with the BBC," she said. "He used to review me in my 'Coppelia' days. He was one of the first people to suspect, I think, that I yearned to do something more dramatic.

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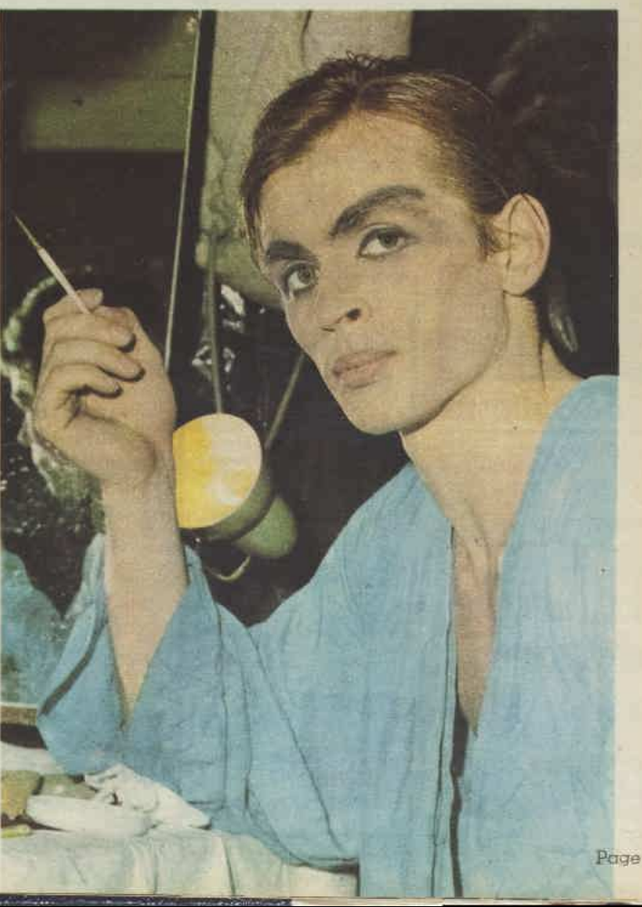
RHODESIAN BALLERINA Merle Park as Juliet in the ballet "Romeo and Juliet," in which she partners Rudolf Nureyev at Covent Garden.

● "Rudy is a tremendous personality. I don't mind his temperament in the least. He's just like a naughty boy . . . what he needs is a mum," says Merle Park.

ABOVE: Merle Park makes a sensitive Juliet. She likes dramatic roles best and Juliet is one of her favorites. She danced the role three years ago.

BELOW: Rudolf Nureyev relaxes in his dressing-room. He enjoys dancing with Merle Park, who has partnered him three times earlier this year.



"But now that we're married he can't review any ballets in which I'm dancing. They send along the opera critic Philip Hope-Wallace instead. I feel I should be bursting into song."

The Monahans bought their country cottage two years ago. It's a real Tudor house, built just before the time of Queen Elizabeth I, with solid oak beams, lurching doorways, and low, bulging ceilings.

"The people in those days must have been much smaller," said Miss Park. "My husband is fairly tall and he's always complaining that he's getting a corrugated head."

When the Monahans took over "Verneys," the three-acre garden had run wild.

"We cleared it all up, painted the house, put in a few more windows, and unearthed an enormous stone fireplace in the living-room. It's one of those lovely huge Tudor hearths that had been bricked up for years.

"I nearly cried over the kitchen, though. We were up in London for the week (we have a town flat in Holland Park) and builders were busy doing up the kitchen.

"When we got down at the weekend, a builder told me they'd unbricked a corner of the kitchen and found the most perfect Tudor bread-oven he'd ever seen. He'd ripped it out. Bread-ovens weren't on our list of instructions.

"What could we do? It was too late to save it. I stuck the washing machine there instead."

The Monahans added a small self-contained flat on to the side of the house, using the old bricks from the original outhouses.

Her parents are living there at present, helping her look after baby Anthony.

The cottage is strictly a retreat where Merle Park can forget about ballet work.

"I put rehearsing and training and everything else right out of my mind," she said. "At the moment I'm taking a couple of weeks holiday. But I'll have to get back into training soon."

Her first performance with Nureyev will be in "Romeo and Juliet" on October 30.

"Rudy hates rehearsing as much as I do," she said. "We both know 'Juliet,' so we'll probably need only a couple of hours a day for several days to rehearse. For a new ballet you slave all day for days on end."

There's a big season ahead of her — lasting until after Christmas. But right now there are just the long, summer days on the farm and a fat little baby boy to look after.

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1968

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT by Mollie Lyons

BELIEVE that Senator and Mrs. T. Turnbull will be in Sydney from Tasmania to meet their daughter Marsha (Mrs. Kit Evans) and to see for the first time their only grandchild, Toby, when they arrive by air on September 28 from England. The Evans' are building what sounds like a delightful little four-storey town-house at Chelsea off King's Road, and also have a house in the country at Berkshire, in Wiltshire. The Turnbulls and Mrs. Evans and Toby will make the Belvedere their headquarters while they are in Sydney.

★ ★ ★

ALWAYS a great supporter of "the little black dress," I wasn't surprised to see it take fashion honors in many different forms at the Nolan Retrospective Exhibition—and all in velvet. Mrs. Brian Ettelson and Mrs. Richard Opie were in sleeveless versions, Mrs. Patti Edwards wore a long-sleeved A-line one with six magnificent jet-and-diamente buttons on the cuffs, and Lady Lloyd Jones looked absolutely superb in a wonderful A-line evening coat with a front panel and collar outlined in black grosgrain.

★ ★ ★

OTHER eye-catching outfits at the Nolan Exhibition were those worn by the waitresses who served champagne and chicken sandwiches after the official opening. Specially bought for the night, the outfits comprised a short-short pleated skirt in a purple and hot-pink abstract pattern and a bright orange silk shirt — the committee thought they were in the spirit of Nolan's colorful works.

★ ★ ★

AND, on the subject of fashion, the most unexpected "with-it" fashion accessory I saw at the reception given for Mrs. Harold Holt at the Trocadero was worn by Mrs. Holt. It was one of those enormous gold wristlet fun-watches with a shiny emerald-green band which are so popular in London. I queued on three separate days to get one to bring back to Australia when I was there.

★ ★ ★

CAUGHT up with wedding plans and the added excitement of having a new house built are Gay Muston and Peter Howard. They are to be married on September 20 at Barker Chapel, and hope their house (a colonial-style at Belrose) will be finished in time to move into when they return from their honeymoon. At the wedding, which will be followed by a reception at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Gay's attendants will be her matron-of-honor, Mrs. Robert Haines, chief bridesmaid Diana Noice, and Robyn McWilliam.

★ ★ ★

JUST engaged . . . pretty fair-haired Jeanette Robberds and Cenny Wagemaker, who plan to wed in September, 1968.

DATE for your diary . . . the English-Speaking Union's Exhibition and Travelling Art Scholarship of the New South Wales branch to be held at the Cell Block Theatre at Darlinghurst. The exhibition will be opened by Sir William Dobell at a champagne cocktail party on September 28.

★ ★ ★

AND a second one . . . September 22 at 8 p.m., when the ladies' committee of the Sacred Heart Hospice have arranged a lecture and film night on Wildlife in an African Game Reserve, at St. Joseph's Hall, Edgecliff.

★ ★ ★

I BELIEVE Archdeacon and Mrs. O. T. Cordell are absolutely thrilled with the news of their son Oliver's new posting in Canberra. Oliver has been stationed in Rawalpindi, West Pakistan, as second secretary to the Australian High Commission for the past two years, and will fly out to Australia on September 25, via Bangkok and Hong Kong, with his wife, Roslind, and son, Oliver Torrance. Before they go to Canberra they will stay with the Cordells at their Roseville home, and Mrs. Cordell is hoping they can stay until October for baby Oliver's first birthday. Incidentally, the Cordells' daughter Margaret recently returned to Brunei (where her husband, Lieut-Colonel Henry Burrows, is commanding the Royal Brunei Malay Regiment) after a ten-week visit to her parents. Her daughter, Leonie, is at school at Frensham.

★ ★ ★

JUST back from two weeks at Palm Beach, Mrs. Annette Atwill and her three charming daughters, Susan, Celia, and Tina, are all sporting wonderful pre-summer suntans.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR from Newport, Rhode Island, that Australians Mrs. Bill Northam and Mrs. Archie Robinson are much admired for their smart dressing. At one party, where many of the American women wore dresses by famous designers like Dior, Mrs. Northam looked outstanding in a lovely gold-and-white dress. Our fashion spy reported that skirts over there are nowhere near as short as they are in England and Australia, and that navy and white is really the most "in" color combination for spectator wear.

★ ★ ★

MAJOR-GENERAL J. W. Harrison, GOC Eastern Command, and Mrs. Harrison have lent their lovely old sandstone house at Victoria Barracks on October 6 for a champagne party to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation. Lady Berryman, president of the central executive, will welcome the 120 guests.

★ ★ ★

HEAR that there will be lots of country guests at the wedding of Inverell girl Yvonne Lennon and Peter Saunders, which is to be at Waverley College Chapel on September 30.

NEXT WEEK

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AT RIGHT: Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Peter Paroulakis on the steps of the Greek Orthodox Church of St. George, Rose Bay, with their attendants (from left), the bride's sister and chief bridesmaid, Miss Helene Paspalis, her cousin, Miss Marilynne Paspaley, Miss Maria Hatsatouris, and Miss Marie-Louise Leroy. The bride was Miss Phynea Paspalis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Paspalis, of Darling Point and Darwin. The bridegroom is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Paroulakis, of North Caulfield, Melbourne. ABOVE: The bride with her father before the ceremony.

AT LEFT: Guest-of-honor Mrs. Harold Holt, wife of the Prime Minister (centre), with Mrs. R. Askin, wife of the Premier (at left), and Mrs. W. McMahon, wife of the Federal Treasurer, at the reception given at the Trocadero in honor of Mrs. Holt by the Liberal Party Women's Group.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, of "Boomerang," The Rock, signing the register at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Claire Lenehan, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lenehan, of Wagga. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Walker.

AT RIGHT: Artist Sidney Nolan (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. John Broinowski in front of his painting "Soldiers" at the gala opening of the Sidney Nolan Retrospective Exhibition which was held at the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

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Return of the curl

New London style for our parades

● *Classic look; needs expert cutting, no teasing.*

MR. JAMES, top stylist of the British hairdressing house of Steiner, makes his first visit to Australia this month to set the models' hair and arrange wigs for our International Vogue Parades.

Chosen from a staff of nearly 1000 to represent Steiner's, 27-year-old Mr. James is very enthusiastic about his forthcoming visit.

"It is a great compliment to go to Australia in place of Mr. Steiner, and I am thrilled," he said, arranging the 24 wigs he will take with him from the firm's main salon in Mayfair, London.

Mr. James is the manager of the Leeds branch, in Yorkshire, and lives with his wife and son in a country cottage nearby.

"London is gay and fashion-conscious," he explained, "and I am doing my utmost to give that same enthusiasm to the North of England."

The latest Steiner style — the classic look—is the style Mr. James will set for the models at the parades. It looks the part for the couture clothes imported for the shows.

"Basically, I suppose, the style is a mess — but it is such a beautiful mess," he said. "Curls are back in fashion in Britain today because women want to look more feminine.

"I am sure Australian women will accept something like this that is so completely different yet is much, much easier to handle, and I believe that this is the point of hairdressing: to give a woman a style she can manage herself."

The classic look needs no pins, no curlers, no backcombing.

The only stipulation is a frequent cut to keep the line in shape.

● *British hairstylist Mr. James (James O'Dwyer) tries one of the 24 wigs he will be bringing to Australia from Mayfair.*

The style's other advantage is time-saving.

"Women who want a shampoo and set can now have their hair done in much less time than a normal set. It can take less than an hour."

Mr. James has years of experience to back his claim. He has worked with Steiner's since he left school at 15.

For 12 months he trained in Birmingham, then spent the next two years in London working under Mr. Steiner himself. After this came courses at most of the branches in England and Scotland.

This classic look he's now showing throughout Britain is not the first curly style on the fashion scene.

"The difference is that other curly styles introduced in the past have been aimed at the swinging young chick," he explained. "But this shape appeals to any age group. A woman can be 17 or 67 and still wear it."

Besides setting the international models' hair in the Steiner style — as favored by film star Julie Andrews, pop singer Petula Clark, and Australian pianist Eileen Joyce—Mr. James will negotiate the introduction of Steiner salons to Australia.

The wigs he will take to Australia will not be for sale. But some are of particular interest. They are made with a new type of processing.

"Besides wigs made of European hair I am taking out specially processed Asian-hair wigs," he said. "This process splits each individual strand of hair into three separate strands."

All the wigs — short and long, dark and fair — will be set in the classic look with lots and lots of curls.

Some will also be tinted with a new highlighting technique.

In spite of fashion trends, each head of hair, however, remains an individual challenge, according to Mr. James.

His wife, Anne, is one client who never demands a certain style. She leaves it to her husband.

"She suffers — but she enjoys it really. A hairdresser must have a wife who helps and pushes him along.

"And she does. She's a dolly—and she is very good-looking, too."

SUN FUN FASHIONS

● Don't miss the parades of the brilliant Fortuna fabrics illustrated in the Sun Fun Fashions supplement in this issue. They will be modelled at J. B. Youngs, A.C.T., on Thursday, Oct. 5, at 12 noon and 1 p.m., and Friday, Oct. 6, at 1 and 7.30 p.m.

Parades at Grace Bros.' six stores are in Sydney at:

Bondi Junction: Wed., Sept. 20, to Fri., Sept. 22, at 12, 1, 2, 3.

Parramatta: Wed., Sept. 20, to Fri., Sept. 22, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30.

Top Ryde: Mon., Sept. 25, and Tues., Sept. 26, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30.

Broadway: Mon., Sept. 25, to Wed., Sept. 27, at 12, 12.45, 1.30.

Chatswood: Thurs., Sept. 28, and Fri., Sept. 29, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30, 2.30.

Roselands: Wed., Sept. 27, to Fri., Sep 29, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30.

She knew how to win friends...

MOST FAMOUS child star in film history, little Shirley Temple as the world knew her about 33 years ago. She had the advantage of being very small (as a grown-up, she is only 5ft. 2in.) and so looked younger than her years. And she always charmed her vast public.

A SCENE from "Curly Top," with Rochelle Hudson. Shirley was one child star who wasn't exploited — most of her net earnings were invested, and she is a millionairess.

LEFT: A publicity picture, and not a scene from a film. Shirley, for her size, was every inch an actress.

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Now can she influence people?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (still with dimples) SEEKS NEW CONQUESTS

By BILL WILSON, of our New York staff

AN actress at four, a star at six, an Oscar-winner and the world's biggest box-office draw at nine, a has-been at 12.

That was Shirley Temple's career, before even becoming a teenager. Later she became a housewife, mother, TV actress, and civic activist, without much engaging the world's attention.

The current Shirley Temple — Mrs. Charles A. Black, aged 39, of San Francisco — is returning to public notice as a by-election candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives.

She is running in a State that likes film personalities in public office.

Should she win a Congressional seat she will be able to give political support to the Governor of California, actor Ronald Reagan, and reprise in Washington the dance number she did in Hollywood 34 years ago with George Murphy in "Little Miss Broadway." He represents California in the Senate.

The district Mrs. Black hopes to represent is wealthy and conservative. So is she.

When she retired from films in 1940 she took something like ten million dollars out of Hollywood with her. On the advice of her father, a banker, the money was carefully invested, and Mrs. Black is able to account for every dollar.

Her political views are conservative, and were spelled out when she announced her candidacy for the election, which will be held on November 14.

"Our country is in terrible trouble," she told a bank of TV cameras. She went on to blame the Democrats for race riots, dirty books, drug taking by young people, and the state of the war in Vietnam, and said, "The Great Society, a pretty bad movie in the first place, has become a great flop."

Her other political assets must include the facts that her name is a household word and that she has deeper dimples than Ronald Reagan.

Alongside Mrs. Black when she announced that she would stand for Congress were her husband and three children.

Since 1945, Shirley Temple has been married to a businessman-socialite whom she met in Honolulu. He is the son of James A. Black, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. The family has always been highly placed socially, and one result of Charles' marriage to Shirley Temple was his ouster from the social register.

Mrs. Black was previously married to John Agar. The marriage — she was 17 at the time — surprised her fans. Agar was a physical-education instructor she had met at a party given by her friend Zasu Pitts. It was Hollywood's flashiest wedding since Vilma Banky married Rod la Rocque.

Four years later she filed a divorce suit against Agar, who had become an actor. Their daughter, Linda Susan, is now 19.

The Blacks' children are Charles, 15, and Lori, 13; and family life in the Tudor-style home, on a hill outside San Francisco, centres on them and Linda.

"At dinner we all talk together about any subject," Mrs. Black recently said, "each taking turns as chairman. We want our children to know the old-fashioned art of conversation."

The house, built in 1929, has been remodelled by Mrs. Black, who holds an interior decorator's licence. Some of the decorations came from the Hearst estate at San Simeon. In the living-room is a grand piano autographed to Shirley Temple by Theodore Steinway.

The kitchen was remodelled for efficiency and decorated in blue and white. With only one all-round servant, Mrs. Black spends much of her time there. She also consults with her housekeeper before making her twice-weekly trips to the supermarket.

She described her life-long hobby to a "New York Times" interviewer as "operation watching." She told him that when she was 14 and an entertainer for the armed forces "a boy asked me to be with him while his leg was amputated. I held his hand the entire time, and since then have watched many operations.

"Gall bladders are the best — the colors are gorgeous."

HER HOBBY: "WATCHING OPERATIONS"

Is she kidding? Among her many civic activities in recent years have been associations with children's health groups and the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. Governor Reagan recently appointed her a member of the Advisory Hospital Council of California.

Mrs. Black has been twice recently in the news. In 1965 she visited Russia and was mobbed by people apparently familiar with her screen performances. She appeared there on television and left her best wishes for former Premier Kruschev when she bid her hosts goodbye.

More recently, she stirred up a tempest in San Francisco when she stamped out of the city's film festival — she was a member of its executive committee and objected to the selection of the Swedish film "Night Games," which she characterised as "pornography for profit."

The other members as much as told her that the days of dimpled darlings offering escape from Depression realities were long gone.

She has been increasingly involving herself in politics since 1960, when she campaigned for Richard Nixon for the Presidency. She has picked more successful candidates to support since then — Senator Murphy and Governor Reagan, conservative Republicans like herself.

ABOVE: The dimples are still there; the ringlets went.

RIGHT: With first husband, John Agar (later divorced), in a scene from their film "Baltimore Episode." Shirley was never a success as an adult actress

BELOW: With her present husband, businessman Charles A. Black, and their two children, Charles, 15, and Lori, 13, and Shirley's daughter of her first marriage, Linda, 19

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● *September 24—a red-letter night for TCN9 viewers*

Van Dyke's spectacular variety show

By NAN MUSGROVE

DICK VAN DYKE with Phil Erickson, his first show-business partner. During the special, the duo perform the first routine they ever did together when they were billed as "The Merry Mutes."

DICK shows his talent as a singer in a new interpretation of the song "If I Were a Rich Man." He says the special is a dream he has had to present himself as an all-round performer.

MARK Sunday, September 24, 7.30 p.m., on your calendar as a night when nothing comes between you and your TV screen for 56 minutes of inspired viewing with TCN9's "The Dick Van Dyke Special."

Not so long ago the TV shows made by famous stars were labelled "spectaculars." The word got so overworked that somewhere or other along the way "spectacular" was dropped and stars made specials.

At the beginning of "The Dick Van Dyke Special," Van Dyke explained that although he had appeared weekly on TV for five years he had never before been able to speak to his audience.

Special for everybody

He decided right off it was better the other way, because he couldn't think what to say.

"This is a special," he said at last, "at least it's a special to me, although it's just a show to you."

He is so wrong — to anyone this show must rate as a Spectacular Special Show.

I went to preview it at 9 o'clock one busy morning. I'd been disorganised from the moment I woke. Everything had gone wrong.

As I closed the front door behind me, I thought to myself rather sourly that in half an hour I would be laughing uproariously.

It didn't seem possible. Half an hour later I was laughing.

Dick Van Dyke's talent is remarkable — a talent I don't think has ever before been completely revealed by his TV series or his movies.

As a clown he takes over from Charlie Chaplin and Stan Laurel; as a dancer, a kind of acrobatic falling around one, he's superb, and as a singer, he's like Yogi Bear, he's better than the average bear.

If you add to this talent a warm personality that reaches out to his audience, you've really got something.

I liked best the sketch called "A Piece of Lint" that Dick did with his first show-business partner, Phil Erickson. The sketch, mimed, is done in a park, on a bench.

It's a beauty and is based on an idea given to Van Dyke by that very funny man Shelley Berman, who recently did a season in Australia.

HEAVILY DISGUISED as "The Great Ludwig," aged 97, Dick is assisted in this sketch by Ann Morgan Guilbert, better known as Milly, Mrs. Next Door, in "The Dick Van Dyke Show," weekly.

Another interesting bit of business was Van Dyke and Erickson performing the first routine they ever did in showbiz when they were billed as "The Merry Mutes." I wondered how they felt about its exhumation.

Dick sings, dances, plays the harpsichord, does a character sketch, and mimes.

Mime without props

Most of the hour is mime, without props. Dick as a drunk trying to get into the house unobserved and unheard in the early hours of the morning is hilarious.

The show starts with Dick getting to the studio, one of those through-the-traffic larks that have almost become a TV cliche — and boring — but turns into a swift and amusing four-minute opener.

Right on top of it is "Margie," the best dance number in the show.

The only familiar face supporting Dick belongs to Ann Morgan Guilbert, who is Milly, Mrs. Next Door, in the weekly series. You've got to be good to spot Milly, though, for she appears with Dick in a character sketch called "The Great Ludwig."

"The Great Ludwig" is aged 97, the oldest living magician in the world, and Ann Guilbert is his wife.

They do their routine in a segment that is perhaps five minutes too long and is packed with humor and tinged with the pathos that makes it all the better.

Ludwig's tricks are still good, but his reflexes aren't what they used to be. As a result, the climax occurs always just a split second before Ludwig intones, "Sim Sala Bim!" that magic phrase that is supposed to cause it.

"The Dick Van Dyke Special" is packed with treats — TV variety as it should be. It is a streamlined production, made, as the credits say, IN COLOR, EXCEPT WHEN IT'S IN BLACK AND WHITE, LIKE NOW.

According to Dick Van Dyke, this special represents his long-cherished desire to present himself as a total performer. He certainly does.

Dr. Kimble's last run

"THE FUGITIVE," TCN9's cliff-hanging epic of the good Dr. Richard Kimble, who was tried for the murder of his wife, has ended in America.

But Dr. Kimble left the American TV screen in the greatest blaze of glory ever known in the history of TV.

On the night of the last episode 46,000,000 TV sets in America were tuned into "The Fugitive," and the series notched up an all-time high rating of 80.

Ratings are popularity measurements taken by scientific audience surveys, and all the big American survey services did specials that night on "The Fugitive."

To give you some idea of how good an 80 rating is (80 is a percentage, means that 80 percent of the sets in the U.S.A. were tuned into "The Fugitive") Australian TV channels swoon with joy over a 45 rating.

In Sydney, with four channels, ratings of average shows screened in prime time are considered all right if they hit 25.

But getting back to "The Fugitive": the Americans, never ones to skimp a job, also did a special job on the remaining 11,500,000 TV sets that weren't turned to "The Fugitive."

These sets they found were either not turned on because of sickness, holidays, or an outside engagement, or because they hadn't realised it was Kimble's last stand.

Kimble himself shared the experience of the last episode with his wife, Ellie, and a group of friends. It must have been quite a wrench for him to see Dr. Kimble for the last time — he has made him a millionaire, after all.

In Australia, Kimble has a lot more running to do—here the last episode won't be screened before the end of next year.

Life in a country town

HAVING been brought up in a small country town, I appreciate "Bellbird," ABC-TV's new nightly soap opera about life in a country town with all its trivia and gossip.

I remember vividly the epic weekly instalment of the local washer-woman's gallstones that were hopefully being treated "with the brandy and salt"; the excitement of the arrival of a socially acceptable bank clerk or schoolteacher.

"Bellbird" seems true enough in its characters but not in conversations.

People don't talk like ABC's Bellbirdians, waiting carefully for one to finish speaking before they answer; don't talk at each other, don't continually talk "well-off" with every aitch sounded, everything "commenced" instead of "started."

Before it gets my approval, "Bellbird" conversation will have to lose its touch of eisteddfod elocuting, have to be full of the interruptions and unfinished sentences that punctuate everyday talk.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "Most of a woman's life is spent straightening out her two most precious possessions — her handbag and her husband. Why is it that we meet a man, marry him, and then spend the rest of our life trying to change him? It seems to me that choosing a husband is like buying an old house . . . half the fun is in remodelling. Why do we do it? After all, wasn't he our dream man when we married him? If you are having arguments with your husband, stop and think. Perhaps my moral is the answer to your problem."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Why does a woman work ten years to change a man, and then complain he is not the man she married?

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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in a word QUANT

in a fabric 'Terylene'

Polyester Fibre is a registered trade mark

Need we say more than these are Quant creations? Well perhaps to add that each style is in Terylene/Viscose gaberdine for great performance — plus exciting new colours and shades that are Quantastic!

S'Nice	$14.00
Swank	$15.00
Swish	$15.00

(shown here left to right) have been created in bright colours of citrus yellow, lime green, orange and pink — trimmed with navy or bone and also in pastels of blue, lilac and pink each trimmed with bone.

'Terylene' in

from Mary Quant's Ginger Group
a division of R. H. Taffs Pty. Ltd. Sydney.

4069

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"HUNTER" IN SINGAPORE

JOHN HUNTER (Tony Ward) and Eve Halliday (Fernande Glynn) look for the kidnappers of Loshenko, a Russian diplomat, in the Tiger Balm Gardens.

COLORFUL Singapore, from its luxury hotels to its downtown Chinatown area, provides an exciting background for three episodes of the National Nine's espionage series, "Hunter."

Viewers will get an armchair tour of the "Lion City," beginning with a spectacular aerial view as a Malaysia Singapore giant airliner circles to land. On board are John Hunter and his assistant Eve Halliday.

Members of the regular cast and crew, who were in Singapore for 16 days of filming, were joined by South-East Asian guest stars.

ABOVE: Hunter, disguised as an RAN commander, against the Singapore skyline. AT LEFT: Andrea (Julianna Allan), employed by the Russians, goes with Kragg (Gerard Kennedy) to the New World Amusement Park.

● "The Singapore File" episodes in "Hunter" begin TCN9 Sydney, Sept. 21; GTV9 Melbourne, Sept. 20; QTQ9 Brisbane, Sept. 23; NWS9 Adelaide and STW9 Perth, Sept. 19; all at 7.30 p.m.; TVT6 Hobart, Sept. 22, 8.30 p.m.

LEFT: Kragg gets a lift from a trishaw boy in one of Singapore's busy streets. In this episode Hunter has his first violent encounter with Kragg.

ABOVE: Eve Halliday farewells Loshenko (Hans Farkash). Eve and the Russian diplomat, who was kidnapped, had formed a romantic attachment.

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from your favourite Nestlé's mayonnaise recipe..

NESTLÉ'S 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE

½ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk,
1 lev. teaspoon Keen's Mustard,
½ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt
Just stir ingredients till mixture thickens.
Let stand for few minutes to stiffen.
Adjust seasoning to *your* taste.

NESTLÉ'S THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1 quantity 2-minute Mayonnaise*
¼ cup tomato sauce,
1 lev. dsp. finely chopped onion
few drops chili sauce
1 lev. tblsp. finely chopped capsicum
salt and pepper, to taste
Blend all ingredients. Chill. Serve with any seafood salad, tuna salad, seafood cocktail or green salad.

* 2-minute Mayonnaise Recipe on Label of Nestle's Sweetened Condensed Milk Can.

NEW

2-minute Thousand Island Dressing

2-minute mayonnaise and Thousand Island Dressing both start with NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK and Keen's mustard.

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THE RAGE OF PARIS

PERSONALITY WIGS

FOR an up-to-the-minute girl in Paris it couldn't be easier to take a step back into the past. All she has to do to transform herself into a personality of another era is to pull a wig over her 1967 hairstyle and adjust her make-up.

Personality wigs are all the rage. They are designed by Madame Gin (that's her real name and not taken from the bottle) at her "personality plus" art nouveau hair boutique on the Left Bank of Paris.

● *Left. Beneath the provocative Theda Bara wig is a Paris model, wearing smudged Theda Bara eye make-up. The Hollywood vamp of the early movies was said to be the most aggressively beautiful woman of her day.*

● *Dutch model girl Willy, above, in a Colette wig. Madame Gin specialises in wigs of Colette, the famous French writer who became a legendary figure for her looks as well as her literary ability before she died in 1954.*

● *Personality wig, above, turns a with-it 1967 girl into Clara Bow, the original "It" girl of the 'twenties. Clara Bow's hairstyle and cupid-bow lips were copied by thousands of "flappers" after she starred in the movie "It" in 1927.*

● *At left, an Yvonne Printemps wig. Mlle Printemps was a star of the Folies Bergere whose beauty fascinated men and turned most women green — with envy. Paris models who wear these wigs say they enjoy an instant, new image.*

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Max sailed off through night and day, and when he came to the place

THE WILD

They made him king of all Wild Things . . .

A BEST-SELLING American children's book that horrified many book reviewers and parents when it was first published in 1963 is now available in Australia. The book is "Where the Wild Things Are," by author-artist Maurice Sendak, and the Wild Things are huge bizarre creatures who gnash their teeth and roll their eyes and show their terrible claws. But are the children scared? Not at all. Thousands of Maurice Sendak's delighted child fans have written to tell him how much they love the story of Max and his fantasy journey to the land of these monsters.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1928, Maurice Sendak was the youngest of three children. All the family, especially his Polish father, were great story-tellers. Maurice studied art, became a display assistant in a New York toy store, went on to illustrating other people's books, then to writing and illustrating his own.

His books derive from his childhood memories and his observations of how most children behave — not sweetly and obediently but like little monsters.

Max, the hero of "Where the Wild Things Are," is typically naughty. He puts on his Wolf suit, gets into mischief, and is sent to bed for behaving, as his mother puts it, "like a Wild Thing." Max's reaction is to step into the world of fantasy. He sails off to where the Wild Things are, tames them with magic, and becomes their king.

Maurice Sendak believes that children like the Wild Things because their world represents a haven where they can work out conflicts and frustrations. He said, "It's as though Max locates a place to which they can go when they want to blow their tops." But, like all Maurice Sendak's books, "Where the Wild Things Are" has a happy ending. "My aim is to make children happy. I try to give them the message that however impossible you are your mother will still love you."

"Where the Wild Things Are" was awarded the Caldecott Medal, given by the American Library Association for the most distinguished picture book for children in 1964. Publishers are The Bodley Head.

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where the Wild Things are they roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth . . .

THINGS ARE HERE

Max was lonely and wanted to be where someone loved him best of all . . .

"And now," cried Max, "let the wild rumpus start!" . . .

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Kiss of Smoke

Gives all shades of brown or black hair an irresistible touch of mystery.

Dark Grape

For the deepest shades of vintage wine on brown or black hair.

Summer Moon

Beams a romantic glow to all shades of light brown or blonde hair. Fabulous!

It creams in! Apply in-a-minute!

Live-Colour

by napro

Rich brown sparkling highlight for all shades of brown hair

Calypso Brown

For elegant rose-grey tonings on all grey or white hair.

Rose Grey

A new look for all shades of brown hair—the delightful sheen of pure copper

Aztec Copper

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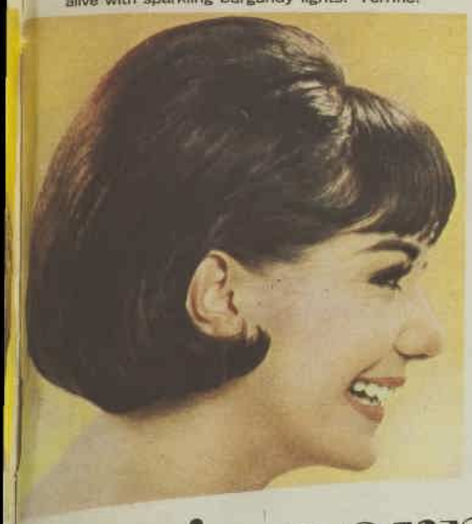
Rich Burgundy

See the lift it gives! Makes brown or black hair come alive with sparkling burgundy lights. Terrific!



Wild Honey

Adds nature's richest, warmest tones to all shades of brown hair.

Granada Cherry

For deep cherry highlights on all shades of brown and black hair. Lively, lustrous, luxurious!

semi-permanent hair colour

When your spirits are down, when you're feeling blue, Live Colour can help. Live Colour gives you a little charge . . . makes you want to live lively, click your heels, throw back your head and laugh.

Live Colour brings life and beauty to your hair . . . instantly accents the colour that nature gave you.

But that's not all. Live Colour has that special vitalizing additive to give your hair a healthy, glowing sheen.

So how about it? You have a new personality to gain. Put on a Napro Live Colour.
It takes just ten minutes and 45 cents.

only **45c**

Gives a soft silvery look to all grey or white hair. Sheer sophistication!

Silver Mink

Exciting young colour to add golden glimmer to all shades of light brown or blonde hair.

Caribbean Gold

For fashionable smoke tonings on all shades of brown or black hair.

Sierra Haze

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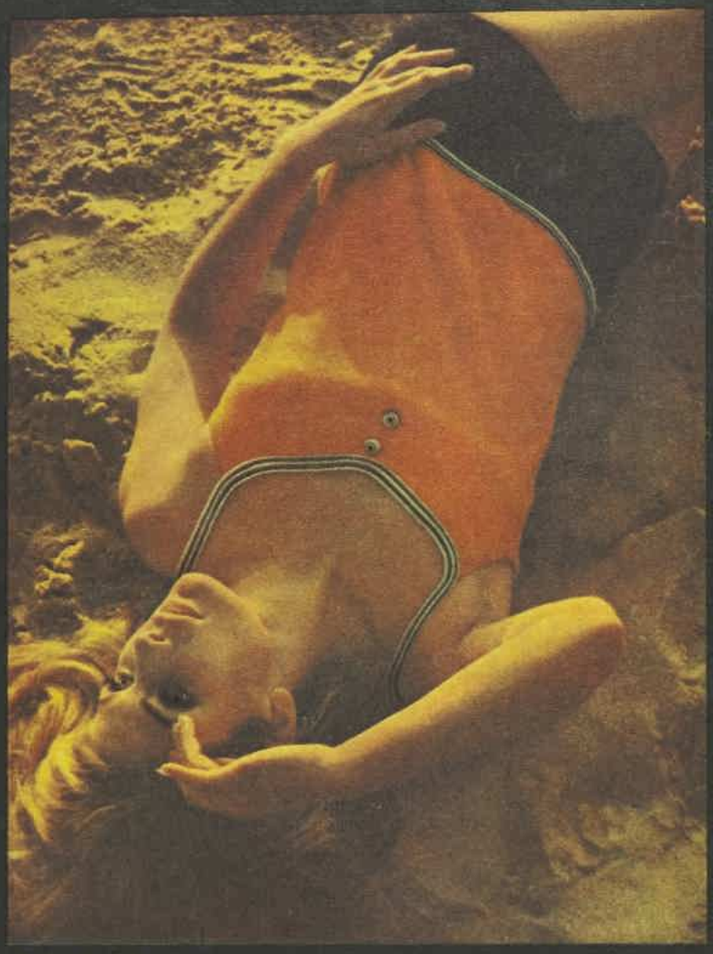
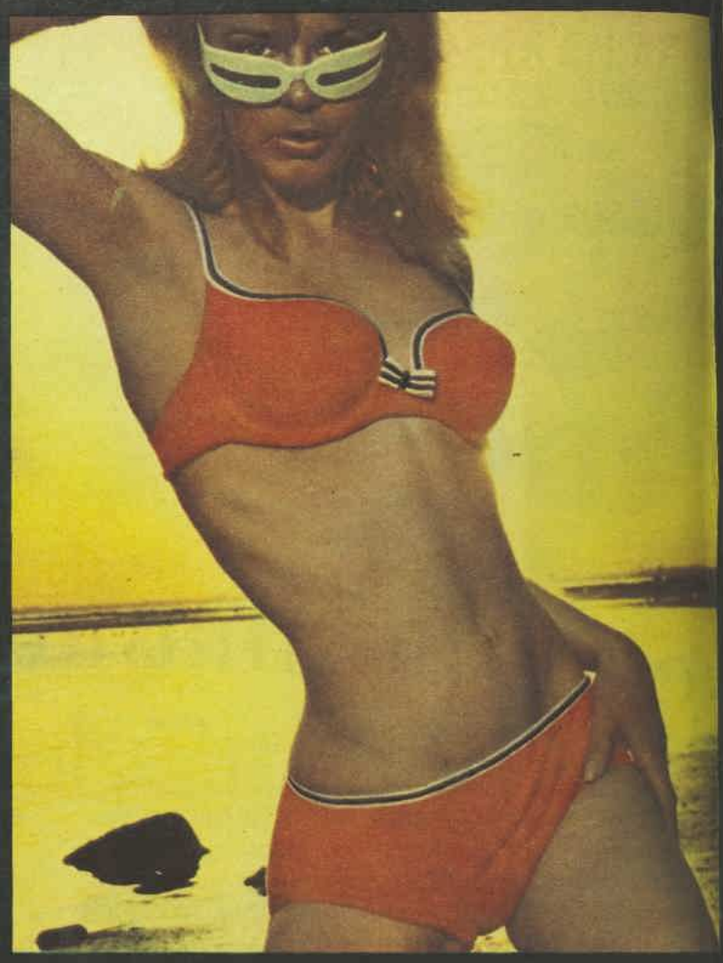
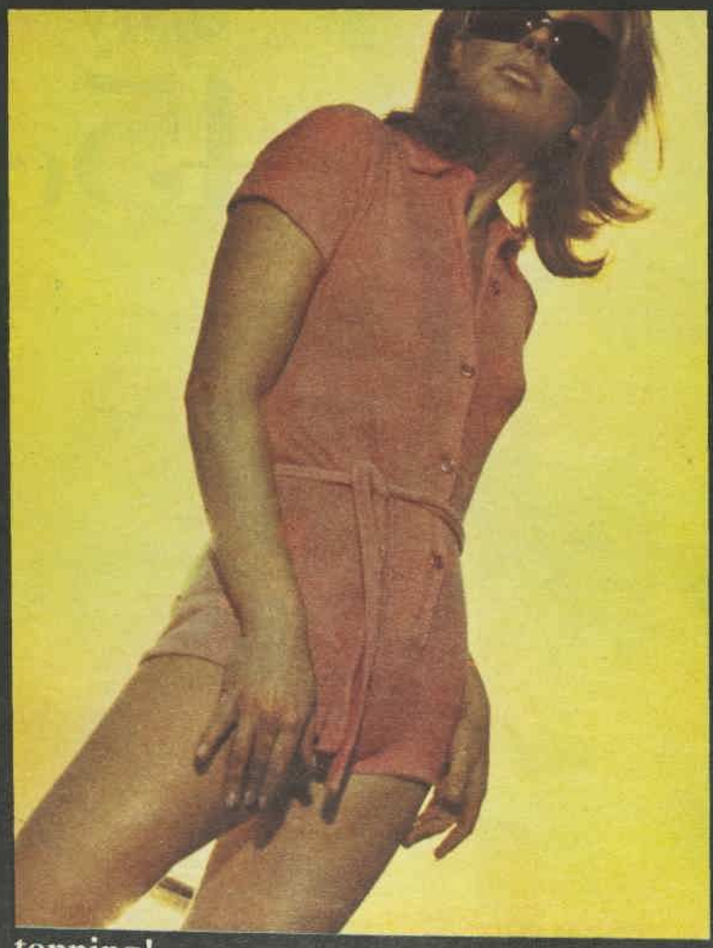


Ada tailors terry...



cropping!



topping!

stopping!

Terry with Bri-Nylon stretch is Terry with a difference! Softer . . . fluffier . . . with curve-hugging cling! Added blessing: Bri-Nylon terry sheds water in no time at all.

Overblouse: $14.95. Bikini: $10.00. Sandsuit: $9.00. Pink, Orange, Green, Navy, Aqua and White. Sizes 32-38.

'Ada sees to it that you're seen!'

ada BRI NYLON

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PYGMY POSSUM, photographed at night for the book "Wild Australia." It leaps in the trees, catches insects, drinks nectar from wildflowers. Most of Australia's wild creatures are nocturnal; those in the book include the little carnivorous phascogale, honey possum, koala, boobook owl.

NATURALIST M. K. Morcombe with his camera in the Stirling Ranges, W.A. He had climbed 3800ft. Bluff Knoll because this peak is the only place the mountain bell, Darwinia collina, can be found. A large-format, fully adjustable camera was used for most of the "Wild Australia" photographs, even though this meant additional weight and bulk. Even when it had to be carried into the most inaccessible places, the superior technical quality of the pictures justified the effort.

Bush creatures' instinct

AUSTRALIAN MIRACLES

BOOK REVIEW by PETER HARDING

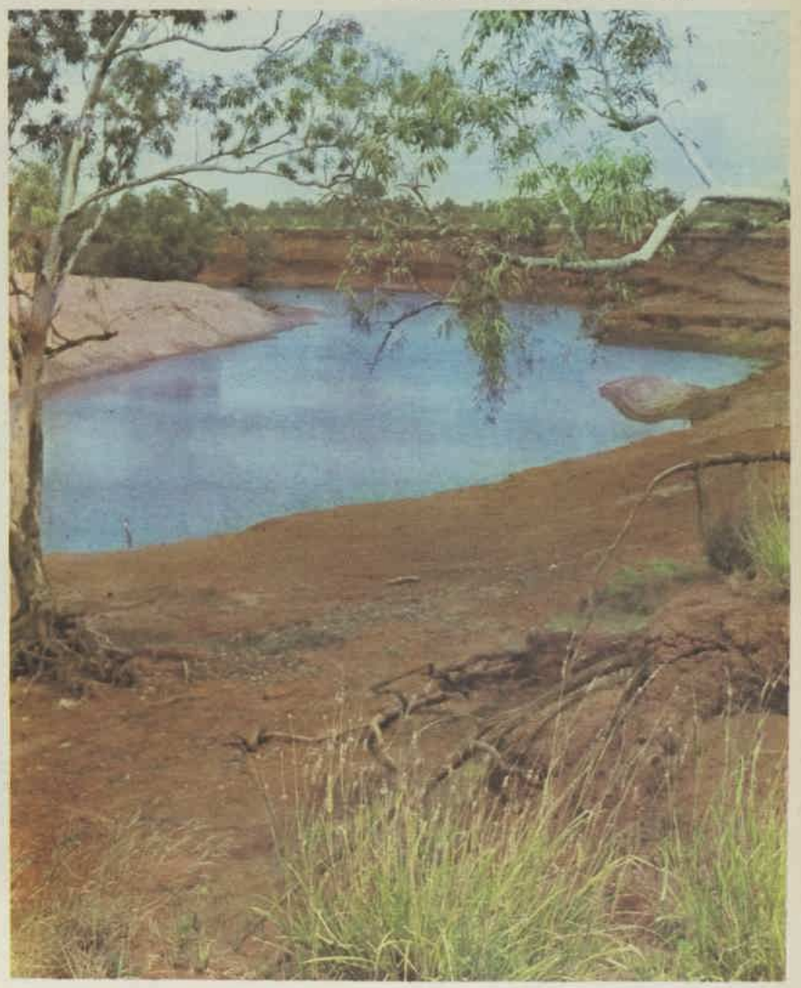
EVERY kind of bird has its own particular way of doing things," a bush-roaming naturalist was once heard to say fondly, "and each thinks its own way is the best."

It's not a question of "thinking," as the naturalist knew, but of patterns of blind instinct evolved through millions of years. Some of the miracles of bird and animal behaviour, and also of plant adaptation, are described in "Wild Australia," a magnificently illustrated book compiled by Michael K. Morcombe, of Armadale, W.A.

There is, for example, the diamond bird, which lives high in trees, but at nesting time goes to earth and tunnels into a bank.

The tunnel entrance may be barely an inch across, and any intruder looking into it sees something like a wall of bark about a foot from the entrance. It looks as though the digger came to a root and abandoned the tunnel.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



ASHBURTON RIVER winds a rich thread of life through desert plains in inland North-Western Australia.

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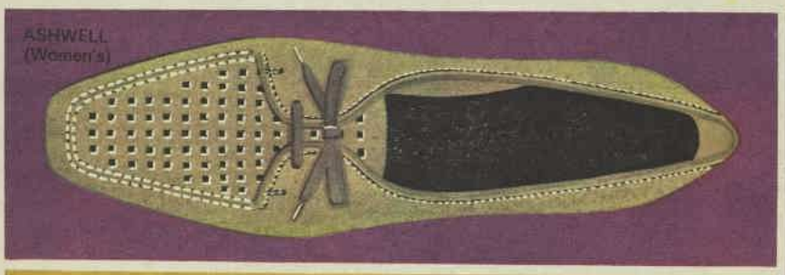
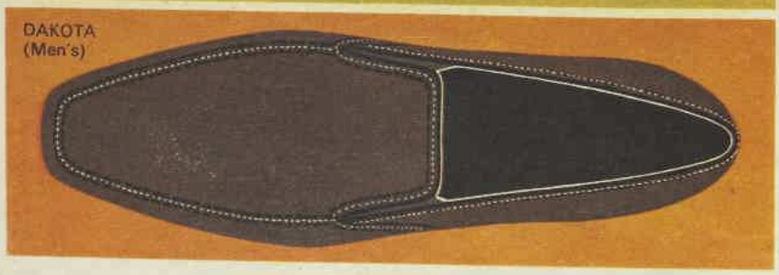
Comfort gets a fresh look . . .
in frolicsome easy care
Hush Puppies

Hush Puppies people are happy people all over the world





Spring brings a wide and wonderful range of new-look Hush Puppies . . . just as light as air, easy-care as ever. With cool 'n' comfy punched styles to keep feet happy all day through. New toe shapes, new colours, too. In soft punched glove leather and punched breathin' brushed pigskin. Women's priced from $8.00 . . . men's from $9.00. (Slightly less in South Australia.)

They're the world's most comfortable shoes.

Hush Puppies®
by Clarks

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● From page 25

AUSTRALIAN MIRACLES

"But that is the nest, its entrance cunningly constructed above the general level of the tunnel roof, so that the incubating bird can peer out and see down the tunnel to the outside world, but from the outside cannot be seen when settled into its nest," Mr. Morcombe writes.

Then there's the black-capped sittella, which breeds high in a tree on a dead branch, where any prowling goanna would quickly see the nest if if weren't a masterpiece of camouflage.

It is shaped like a short broken limb or natural projection growing out from the branch, and the thorough little camoufleur covers it with bark and moss pulled off the same tree.

"Even the young are of fluffy grey pattern resembling the grey wood which would normally tip a broken limb. The sittellas perfect the disguise by their behaviour: these birds never fly straight to their nest, but on arriving at the tree with a beakful of insects, spiral up the trunk and around the branches in their normal pattern of search, stopping every now and then as if taking an insect or spider from the bark.

"On reaching the nest branch, the birds nonchalantly continue their pretended search past the nest, popping the food into the beak of a young when, to the observer on the ground below, and probably to any nearby predator, they seem merely to be giving a casual peck at a spot where a small branch has been broken off."

To decoy intruders away from a nest, certain of the jaunty little wrens can put on a convincing broken-wing act, during which the performer puffs up its feathers, droops its tail, and scuttles along the ground in a swaying, wavering run.

Some birds have "song battles" — surely an advance on human belligerence. Referring to certain of the wren species, Mr. Morcombe writes:

"Usually an intruding male behaves as if feeling the guilt of trespass when met by an indignant owner of the territory. Retreating after a brief song battle, he takes the shortest route home, flying silently and with blue-black feathers fluffed out as a sign of appeasement to the victor."

The book also deals with animals and wildflowers. The pictures are from various sources, and Mr. Morcombe's own action photographs are the most striking of all.

As a brilliant naturalist-photographer, he has contributed in recent years to The Australian Women's Weekly. His "Wild Australia" color folios, printed now in three languages and available direct from him by mail, are becoming known among the naturalists of many countries, and the present book for the general public is a development of these.

To photograph a bird, he works for many days, setting up a hide near the nest and fixing an electric eye at a point where the bird's flight may interrupt the light-beam and so trigger the camera and flashlights.

The electronic flash gives an exposure time as brief as 1-5000th of a second.

Like all sensible people, Mr. Morcombe is worried about the future of Australia's dwindling wildlife.

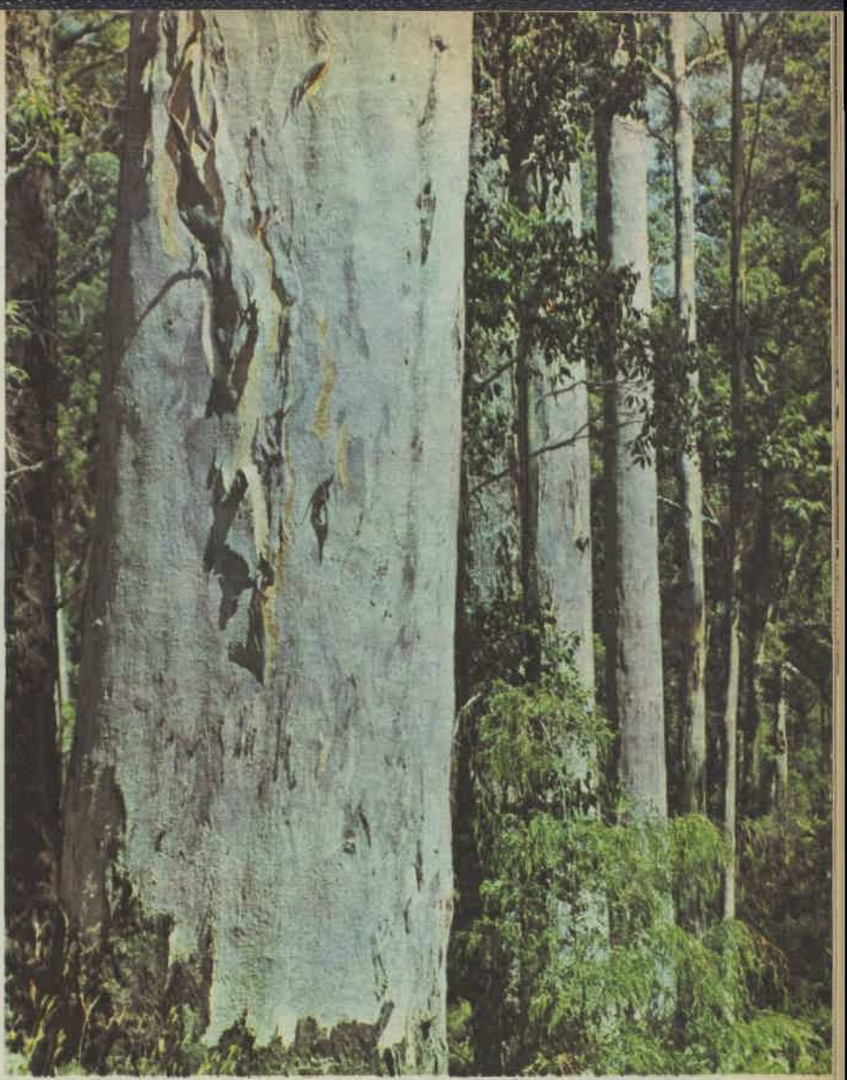
He writes that this continent's many strangely shaped wildflowers, so well adapted to dry, sandy conditions, "must be allowed a permanent place in the Australian environment. Each is unique: by the very nature of evolution, which can never exactly retrace old paths, once lost, not one of these wildflowers of Australia can ever be re-created."

For other life he has the same plea. Some birds, it is true, have adapted to the fast-changing environment, and the galah has even been helped by the clearing of forests and scooping of dams and has extended its range toward the east and west coasts (to the annoyance of farmers).

Other birds are less fortunate. Many are in retreat and some are at the point of extinction.

To save plants, birds, and animals, Mr. Morcombe writes, all types of territory need to be preserved in their *original* condition.

"Wild Australia" is published by Landsdowne Press, of Melbourne and London ($4.50).



KARRI GUMS in Western Australia. "A forest," says Mr. Morcombe, "may be said to resemble a city, constructed and populated with trees and birds, shrubs and mammals, reptiles, insects, fungi, and the vital microscopic bacteria."

MISTLETOE BIRD feeds its young with mistletoe seeds. A jest of evolution is the useful relationship between these plants and birds. Mistletoe seeds are sticky and often cling to the bird after passing through it. But the mistletoe bird when perched in a tree has a peculiar reflex twitch, a side-to-side movement as if dancing the Twist — it's never still. And this lodges seed on twigs where it may germinate.

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SUMMER FASHION NEWS

1 7102. — Full high-waisted dress in four lengths, ankle, street, above-knee, or very short. We show it in above-knee length. The design has cut-away armholes. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 7102, price 85c includes postage.

2 7097. — Sleeveless one-piece dress and short-cut double-breasted jacket. The A-line dress has cutaway armholes; jacket has bias-cut collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7097, price 95c includes postage.

3 7099. — Dress in two lengths, floor and street. Design has overdress with front opening. Dress has zipper back-closing attached at neck and armholes. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7099, price 95c includes postage.

● Here are some of the newest looks in summer fashion — all are available in pattern form. Watch a liquid flowing line, and of course there is nothing newer than the tunic line or the high-waisted silhouette.

Each pattern has a special easy-to-follow instruction chart; there are also fabric suggestions. Order now for early summer sewing.

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. They are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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4

5

IN VOGUE PATTERNS

6

7072. — Semi-fit sleeveless overblouse and matching straight-cut pants. Pattern also includes a dirndl skirt finished at the hem with a bias-cut band. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7072, price 95c includes postage.

4 7100. — Tuck-in or overblouse has cutaway armholes and choice of four different necklines, jewel, V-shaped, square, or scooped. Blouse with jewel neckline is illustrated. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7100, price 70c includes postage.

5 7074. — Semi-fit, long-sleeved tunic top and matching shorts. The pattern also includes a floor- and street-length dress and tailored slacks. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7074, price 95c includes postage.

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CELESTIAL CHINESE RECIPES

Magnificent with the added flavour of

Continental BRAND chicken noodle soup

Add Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup to your Chinese cooking. It gives that subtle chicken flavour that's so important in Oriental cooking . . . blends perfectly with all those delicate, appetising flavours. Makes all Chinese dishes even more delicious!

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CANTONESE CHOP SUEY

1 lb. lean pork — 1" pieces, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tblspn. soy sauce, 2 tblspns. oil, 4 oz. bamboo shoot — sliced, 4 oz. fresh bean sprouts, 1 cup sliced celery, ¼ cup chopped shallots, ¾ lb. cooked king prawns, 1 pint water with pineapple syrup, 1 cup pineapple pieces, 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, 2 level tblspns. cornflour.

Method: Place pork into a basin and mix in garlic, sugar and soy sauce, stand ½ hour, meanwhile prepare vegetables. Heat oil and lightly fry vegetables and peeled prawns, remove to dish then brown pork and cook thoroughly. Heat 1 pint liquid until boiling, add soup mix and pineapple and cook 3 minutes, thicken with blended cornflour and cook 2 minutes longer. Return vegetables and prawns to pork and reheat. Serve hot suey sauce over boiled rice with meat, vegetables and prawns on top. Serves 4.

SERVING SUGGESTIONS

Chinese dishes are traditionally served with bowls of steaming, fluffy white rice and exciting side dishes, such as sliced red or golden ginger, spicy chutney or Shrimp Crisps.

And for a grand finale to your Chinese meal try succulent Chinese canned fruits, like Lychee or Loquats, served icy cold.

Continental's FREE Chinese Recipe Leaflet, with many more delicious ideas, is waiting for you *now* at your store or Supermarket.

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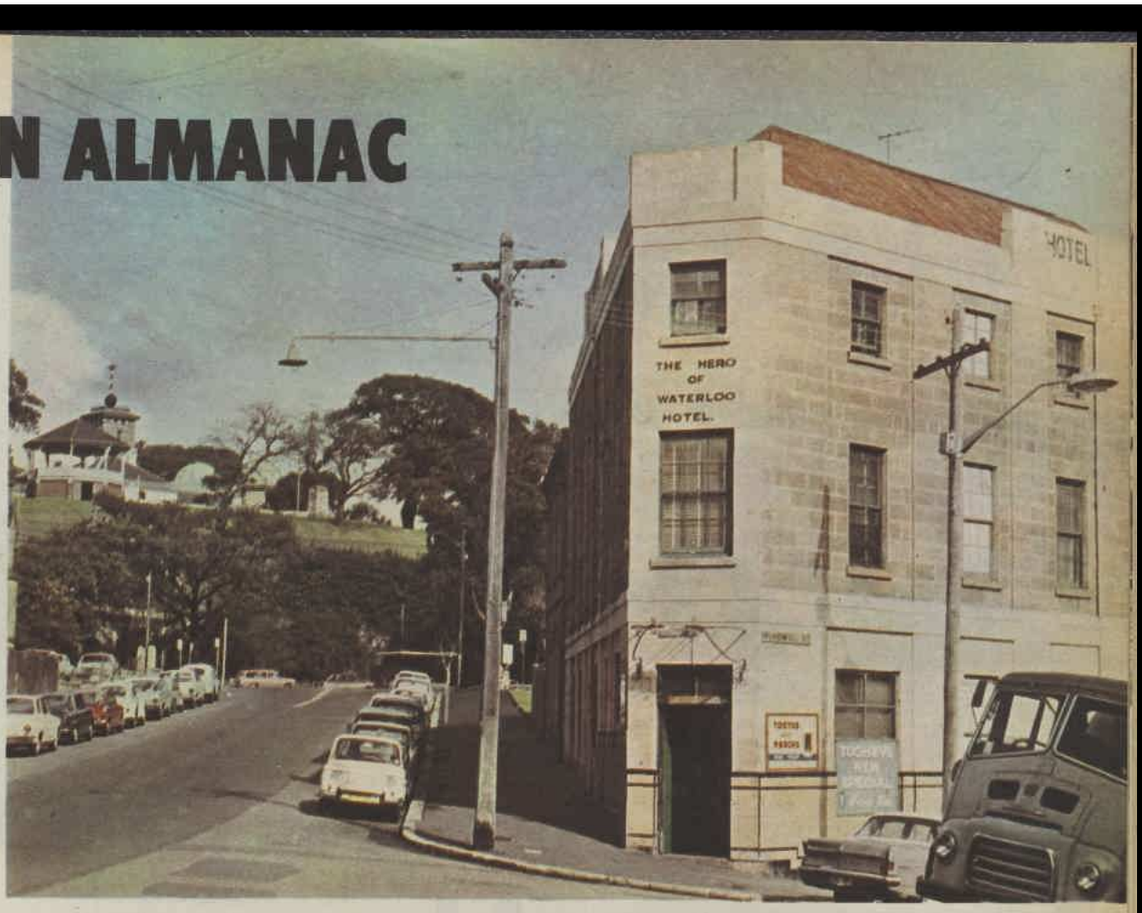
AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● *A weekly series*

by Bill Beatty



● *The Hero of Waterloo Hotel in The Rocks area of Sydney. In left background is Observatory Hill. Picture by staff photographer Bill Payne.*

SEPTEMBER 24

1890 Lancashire Lass finds sunken treasure on the Great Barrier Reef. The schooner, returning to Queensland ports with pearl-shell, was making fast time before a gale when a great surge of surf showed that she was being swept toward a coral reef.

The wall of surf stretched across from one extreme limit of the steersman's horizon to the other without a break. As the ship flew on to destruction, a huge comber soared up behind her and carried her into the shallows of the lagoon on the opposite side.

When the wind died down, the crew sought a way out. There was no gap in the reef so their only hope was to jettison the shell cargo to float the schooner across the reef at high tide.

The shell was sewn in bags and lowered to the bottom of the lagoon, a buoy marking its position, and the schooner safely negotiated the reef.

The owners fitted out a lighter vessel to salvage the shell. When the diver went down he found it lying on a mound of silver coins. There were thousands of Spanish dollars and the schooner had to make another voyage before the treasure was salvaged.

Probably a Spanish ship on her way to the Philippines had been wrecked on the the reef and, at some time, lifted over the coral wall. As the ship disintegrated, only the most imperishable part of the cargo, the Spanish dollars, was left.

1903 Alfred Deakin became Prime Minister on Sir Edmund Barton's resignation.

SEPTEMBER 25

1837 Death of Francis Greenway.

It may be presumed that this was the date of his death—there is no record other than that of the burial service being read over his body the next day. The service was conducted, in the absence of the local chaplain, by the schoolmaster at Morpeth, N.S.W. Nor is the place of his burial known.

Australia's first fully qualified architect, Greenway's work has won the highest praise of succeeding generations. It has been written that "with the barest means and economy in execution, he produced achitecture that has never been excelled in any land, giving the simplest structures a monumental scale, beautiful proportions, and delightfully textured walls."

1864 Birth of William Morris Hughes, World War I Prime Minister. Welsh-born Hughes migrated to Australia at 20. He had worked as a pupil-teacher before he decided that Australia would be a land of opportunity for him.

His first years in Australia were hard. Landing in Brisbane, he worked as a stone-breaker, carpenter, boundary-rider, drover, general bush-worker, and railway construction worker. Tiring of bush life, he went to Sydney, where he worked as a stage extra, mended umbrellas, and sold books in a small shop he opened at Balmain.

In the maritime strike of 1890, his political opportunity presented itself. Keeping aloof until the defeated strikers had dissolved into a rabble, he created an organisation out of chaos, and eventually, with the power of the union behind him, was elected to Parliament.

A long political career followed. Throughout World War I and until 1923 he was Prime Minister. In 1935 he published "Australia and War Today," in which he strongly emphasised the need for increases in the defence forces. Five years later he received from the King the rarely given distinction, Companion of Honor. He died in 1952.

SEPTEMBER 26

1855 First train out of Sydney. Trains were running in South Australia and Victoria when the first railway in New South Wales was officially opened.

One of the causes of delay was an acute labor shortage due to the goldrush. Nearly 14 miles of track were laid for the railway between Sydney and Parramatta Junction (now Granville).

Newspaper reports said although the day of the opening was wet and gloomy, shops in the city were closed, and "never was a greater concourse assembled in New South Wales."

The Governor was received with a salute of 19 guns and another salute of 21 guns was fired when the first train pulled out. Nearly 2000 passengers made rail journeys on that historic day in carriages "built of teak and richly fitted up in the most modern and fashionable style."

1912 Genesis of the Australian Inland Mission. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Australia appointed the Rev. John Flynn organising agent and superintendent of the new movement.

This followed a comprehensive report prepared by John Flynn, who had just returned from a special survey of the Northern Territory.

"For Christ and the Continent" became the motto of the A.I.M., and its ministry to inland settlers gradually evolved into a unique combination of medical, social, and spiritual service adapted to the needs of dispersed families, solitary workers, and isolated townships.

Most spectacular work of the A.I.M. was the establishment of the Flying Doctor Service. As part of its aerial medical service, under John Flynn's guidance, it evolved the ingenious midget pedal-wireless set and later the pedal-transceivers which quickly became the recognised communication units of an inland network. The John Flynn Church in Alice Springs is the A.I.M.'s memorial to its founder and first superintendent.

SEPTEMBER 27

1851 Duel between Stuart Donaldson and explorer Sir Thomas Mitchell.

Earlier in the month, Donaldson attacked the Government, charging it with extravagance; he referred particularly to the Surveyor-General's Department, which he said cost £40,000 a year.

Sir Thomas Mitchell defended his department and he and Donaldson, a controversial politician and merchant, wrote several angry letters to the Press on the subject.

Finally Mitchell challenged Donaldson to a duel. They met on Sydney's Water Reserve (now Centennial Park). Three shots were fired, one of which went through Donaldson's tophat and one near Mitchell's throat. The seconds then intervened and put an end to the duel.

1881 The Heroine of Lizard Island tragedy.

In Cooktown, North Queensland, stands a monument to the memory of a woman whose pathetic death is one of the most sorrowful events in Australian history.

Mary Beatrice Watson, her husband, and baby were living on Lizard Island, near Cooktown. Her husband, a beche-de-mer trader, was absent for a few weeks establishing a new fishing station 200 miles north, when on September 27 a band of wild Aborigines attacked the Watson home.

Mrs. Watson, armed with a rifle, drove off the attackers, but not before they had killed one of two Chinese servants and wounded the second one. Fearful of a further attack, Mrs. Watson took her baby and the wounded Chinese and put off in portion of an iron tank, hoping to drift to some safer spot.

In five days, the wayfarers had travelled 42 miles. From time to time they landed on small islands, without finding what they wanted so badly—water.

On Howick Island, all three died of thirst. Throughout the journey, Mrs. Watson kept a diary, which has been carefully preserved. The half-tank is now in the Queensland Museum.

SEPTEMBER 28

1824 First Act passed with reference to coinage and currency.

Traders had to deal with a mixture of coins — guineas, Portuguese johannas, Indian mohurs, Dutch guilders, Spanish dollars, ducats, pagodas, and rupees. There was also a period when rum was the main medium of barter; another when holey dollars and dumps (struck from the centre of Spanish dollars) were in extensive use.

Paper money was of two kinds. One was Government receipts for wheat and for services rendered, which passed from hand to hand, and was known as sterling currency.

The other was promissory notes, issued by any person who felt so disposed, varying in value and known as colonial currency. This was sometimes depreciated to half its value.

1867 First hunt club in Queensland, the Burnett Club, which held its first meeting in Gayndah.

First master was W. E. Parry-Okeden. The last tally-ho of Queensland hunting was sounded with the 1893 floods and the subsequent financial crisis.

SEPTEMBER 29

1791 Michaelmas Island discovered.

Michaelmas Island, the northern of two islands sheltering the eastern approach to King George Sound, in the south of Western Australia, was discovered on Michaelmas Day by Captain George Vancouver.

1825 Bush Inn, New Norfolk, licensed.

The licensing court in Tasmania issued a licence to Ann Bridger for the Bush Inn (now the Bush Hotel) at New Norfolk, which today ranks as the oldest continuing licensed house in Australia.

The sylvan setting of the Bush Inn inspired William Vincent Wallace to write the music of "Scenes That Are Brightest" for his opera "Maritana" in 1838.

Melba sang at the Bush Inn in 1924, and eight years later a broadcast of "Maritana" was made from it.

Wallace was an Englishman. After completing the opera, he returned home to supervise its world premiere in London. While staying at the Bush Inn, he toasted the success of his opera with a 17-year-old bottle of Maraschino. Six bottles of the same consignment are still in the hotel's cellars.

SEPTEMBER 30

1815 The Little Princess, well-known hostelry of early Sydney, changed its name to its present one, The Hero of Waterloo.

The building, in the Rocks area, was a barracks for the Queen's Own 50th Regiment in 1804. Today's beer is drawn up from cellars that were dungeons.

Iron bars and other indications of its former use are preserved. One cell is no bigger than a cupboard, but the infamous tunnel that led to the sea has been filled in. How many shanghaied prisoners were marched down the tunnel to ships which took them away—to where—is anybody's guess.

The barracks became a hotel before 1810 with the incongruous title of The Little Princess. Its present name went up after the Duke of Wellington's victory.

1904 French four-masted barque Adolphe wrecked on the northern breakwater at Newcastle, N.S.W. There was no loss of life, all being saved by lifeboat. The vessel was eventually built into the breakwater.

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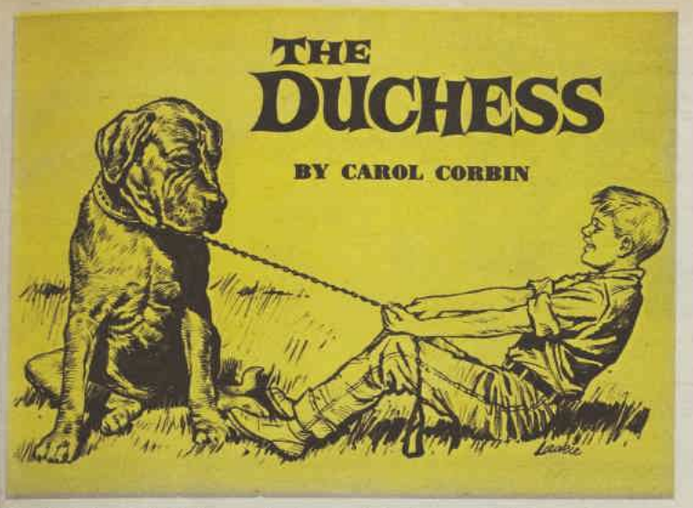

THE DUCHESS

BY CAROL CORBIN

I HAD just fed Duchess, and she had settled herself contentedly in the hall when Mum stumbled into her and nearly fell.

"That dog's got to go, Bud!" Mum hollered. "Tomorrow!"

Mum often said things like that, but the way she was lately I was plenty scared. This time she might make it stick. It wasn't really Duchess that was bothering Mum. I knew Mum was really worried about my sister and that dopy guy.

Nancy hadn't known him long. The few times he'd been around he'd usually drive up in his open convertible, honk, and my sister would fly outside. He'd been inside the house once, but nobody had taken to him. Mum had said to Dad later: "I can't put my finger on it —but I just don't like him. He seems phony."

Mum had been mad at my dog lots of times in the three years we'd had her "temporarily," but now it was different. It was even worse than the first summer we'd had the dog, when she had thought Jim Tupper was going to take Duchess back, only he had not. Our vacation plans had been ruined, and Mum had started what became her favorite complaint: "That dog rules our lives!"

The way Duchess came to me was when Jim was going away to college, and his mother said: "Get rid of that mutt." Just like that! Boy, and Duchess was no mutt either. She was a full-blooded bull mastiff puppy.

Anyway, I was always hanging around Jim hoping a few football pointers would rub off on me, and Jim was always hanging around Nancy hoping for a few smiles.

Anyway, Jim and I arranged everything, and the night before he left for college, he brought Duchess over.

"Well, good luck," he said and left.

I introduced Duchess to my mother first: "Here's the pup."

She took one look at the size of the paws and gasped: "Bud, you can't keep that thing! It will be like a pony!"

"But, Mum. I promised Jim."

"Well," she said, "all right. But only temporarily."

We had plenty of arguments over her, especially in the teething stage when she proved she could chew up a rug with no trouble at all. But the first big trouble came with summer. Jim stayed at college to do extra studying. Mum fumed at that. And to top it off, we tried to board Duchess in a kennel for vacation.

At the doorway of the kennel, Duchess decided against the whole idea. Having made up her mind, she simply lay down. We couldn't move her — not by lifting, shoving, pulling, pushing. Duchess had her own way.

On the way home in the car she licked us one by one to show her gratitude. When her slobbery kiss reached Dad's neck, he had really blown up. He swatted at her and yelled.

With that, Duchess had drawn back her lips in a huge apologetic grin.

When Dad saw those bared teeth, the car kind of swerved for a minute. But I reassured him. "Dad — she's smiling! Isn't that neat! I'll bet she's the only dog in the world who can smile."

She really was smiling. She was telling us as plainly as she could that she was awfully sorry about the vacation, but she really couldn't have tolerated that awful place.

After that, she would smile when she wanted something real badly. She scared the living daylights out of people doing it, but it was a great trick.

Anyway, that was before. And the time I was telling about was when I was so scared that Mum would make good her threats to get rid of my dog.

One night, my parents had gone to my school for a meeting. While they were gone, Nancy started putting a suitcase near the front door, and getting a hat and coat handy.

A few minutes later I heard the honk. Nancy put on the coat to run out, only this time the guy rang the doorbell. Nancy looked all excited, but she ran upstairs, saying: "Open the door, Bud. I forgot my purse."

I ambled to the door and Duchess came nosing along, too. The guy took a look at Duchess and took a step back. Nancy was calling, "Let him in," so I did, only the guy stammered: "The dog — he's blocking the doorway."

"Come on, girl," I told the dog. Duchess obliged by stepping back just enough for the guy to get both feet inside. Then she sort of eyed him, and she leaned against him, friendly like, with her full weight. The guy went pale and staggered backwards.

"She wants to be petted," I explained.

The guy put out his hand very gingerly, and just then, in an extra friendly moment, Duchess lifted her head and gave him one of her great grins. The guy ran out and leaped into his car.

Nancy came down then, and looked surprised. "He didn't even take my suitcase." Then she shrugged and picked it up. "See you around," she said, and gave Duchess a pat.

The dog looked hurt, and decided that one pat wasn't enough affection. She raised herself and planted her front paws on Nancy's shoulders and pinned her to the wall.

"Bud, get her away," Nancy said crossly. "I can't move."

Suddenly I had a flash. Maybe Duchess wasn't being so friendly after all. Maybe she was using her sense. And maybe I didn't really want to make her move.

Suddenly Duchess got down anyway and went out the door at a trot. It turned out that Mum and Dad were coming, and she was going to greet them—but the guy didn't know that.

He started that car fast, and left in a trail of vapor.

All that was a couple of months ago, and things have changed in our house. I used to be the only friend Duchess had. Now I share her with everybody. Sometimes, I find Mum sneaking a piece of steak to Duchess. And even Nancy is extra nice to the dog ever since she started going out with Jim again. Well—that's the price you pay for having such a friendly dog who also has a higher IQ than most people.

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or Napoleon Brandy

Be a simple summery sweetie or a smouldering siren — now you can change your mood as often as you change your blouse. It's a Lady Pelaco privilege! The cut of these blouses is devastatingly simple — the colours are simply devastating.

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He seemed to have become a stranger to his mother, who had sacrificed so much for him

ONLY SON

By LYNNE REID BANKS

THE vast, sooty concavity of Victoria Station was gloomier than usual. Above the false sky of the grey glass, the real sky was a deep, sad grey. Even the bright spots within—the bookstall, the flower-and-fruit shop—were dimmed, the faces behind the counters, electrically lit at midday, looked grim, unhealthy, as if they lived entirely out of sight of the sun.

Mrs. Jo Hadden sat on one of the green benches, smoking her tenth cigarette of the day without awareness, but with a certain elegance.

Anyone looking at her—and several people did, during the the two hours she sat there—would have found her an attractive sight. She was in her late fifties and no longer slim; but her hatless hair was still bright and glossy, her make-up unmatronly and her clothes well made. She did not believe in dark colors, even in winter; her tweed coats and woollen frocks were all in the yellows and blues and turquoise-greens that she loved. Her cleaning bills reflected this small self-indulgence, but she had long ago come to terms with the few extravagances needed to keep up her morale, and did not feel guilty about them.

She was a widow and had been now for eight years. Her husband had been a doctor, and he had, quite simply, worked himself to death. His death had been so sudden (coronary thrombosis—the doctor's disease) that she had taken longer to recover from it than if there had been some warning of illness.

One moment he was there, his warm lips and small, neatly trimmed moustache pressed to her cheek, the familiar weight of his arm across her shoulders as she sat at her desk; the

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

But they don't all "just sit"

I CANNOT resist the urge to reply to Agatha Jones, who wrote that every man she knows watches television and "just sits." My man does not just sit. He sits and sleeps; often louder than the television. The funny thing is that he cannot get to sleep in his chair if the TV is not on, and he wakes immediately it is turned off. And to think I got married for company!

$2 to "Kay Cross" (name supplied), Campbelltown, S.A.

★ ★ ★

YES, there are some men who do odd jobs while watching television. My husband happily shells peas and slices beans on Friday nights, thus ensuring a good supply of (his favorite) vegetables through the coming week.

$2 to "Grateful" (name supplied), Tranmere, S.A.

★ ★ ★

MEN are not noted for doing two things at once. If a man makes a cup of tea he will boil the water first, then put out the cups and saucers, whereas a woman does this while the water is boiling. His Nibs will stand and admire the garden while smoking a cigarette. I kneel and pull out a few weeds at the same time. See what I mean?

$2 to S.M.K. (name supplied), Cessnock, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY husband must be an exception to the idle TV watchers of his sex. Every night as he watches his favorite program he patiently polishes, with a buffing cloth and powder, beautiful stones which are later made into jewellery for his daughter, daughters-in-law, and myself. I am now very proudly wearing a chrysoprase ring which was polished in this way.

$2 to "Rock-hound's Wife" (name supplied), Rochedale, Qld.

★ ★ ★

NOT all men are idle as they sit in front of the set. My husband keeps a book on his lap and reads it during the commercial breaks. Of course, as I've been home all day enjoying the baby's conversation, I occasionally go up the wall. Still, what can I do? I love the brute.

$2 to "TV Widow" (name supplied), Carlingford, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

HOW I wish it were true that all males "just sat." The male in our house considers an absorbing, tense movie the ideal time to knock out (bang! bang! bang! on the metal ash-tray) his pipe and then thoroughly clean it — scratch, grunt, puff, squeak. As well as the distraction, the smell and mess can be appalling. Also, he sometimes brings his shoes in and gives them a polish for an early start the next day. More puffs, grunts, squeaks, and sighs.

$2 to "Ever-loving" (name supplied), Paddington, N.S.W.

Links with the past

CIVILISATION in Australia is still very young, and historians should have plenty of material on which to base writings on the early way of life. But much important information, such as old photographs and letters, is being destroyed because we have no place for it in our homes. Many of us had grandparents who may actually have been on the goldfields, or who met and knew people who are now famous. It is with this type of personal and seemingly unimportant material that we could be recording the development of our country. Let's keep these things for our grandchildren, and make them proud to be a living link with the fascinating past.

$2 to Mrs. Gillian Neale, Forrest, Vic.

Top marks for imagination

AT a dancing class recital each child was allowed to perform a dance of her own choosing. One little girl interpreted a swan, another a butterfly, a third a deer, and so on. But the star of the show was my small niece, who baffled everyone by wobbling back and forth from one side of the stage to the other, finally disappearing into the wings with a big lurch. Asked what she was supposed to be, she triumphantly announced, "A loose tooth."

$2 to Miss S. Ward, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Serious programs

AM I just a nut in believing that more programs on topical affairs in the afternoons would broaden a housebound person's mind as well as her seat while she watches TV? Recently I studied the programs to see if an address to the World Council of the YWCA, given by Indian speaker Mrs. Lakshi Menon at Monash University, was being telecast for women viewers. It was not. The viewing available consisted of school programs (one good mark), soap opera-type movies, and quiz give-away shows.

$2 to "Nutty Me" (name supplied), Swan Hill, Vic.

Channel their energy

JUNIOR football is rough, but so are today's children. Let them play and learn to give and TAKE, rather than be thumping little brothers and sisters. Broken limbs? Then don't let your son climb trees, ride horses, roller-skate, or ride in motor-cars. These tough little junior footballers may carry over into the teens a love of sport, instead of being found in packs tearing around the town on future Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

$2 to Mrs. Joan Muir, Millmerran, Qld.

Whisper and I shall hear

● An American firm includes lectures in "Creative Listening" in its course for salesmen.

"That was the Thursday. Was it? Must have been—
Or maybe Tuesday. Yes, the laundry called . . .
Well, anyhow, it goes to show. I mean . . ."
Attentively you nod. You look enthralled.

You're listening (or supposed to be) the while,
Your mind is elsewhere, ranging far and wide.
Long practice makes you murmur, sigh, or smile
(And others do the same when YOU confide).

Is this "Creative Listening?" There's no doubt
It qualifies as something of an art.
One doesn't interrupt. One sits it out.
(Beware of "What?" with a convulsive start.)

On second thoughts it's not. I'd say instead
"Creative Listening" means you hear what's said.

— Dorothy Drain

Fish food for plants

DESPITE my assurance that the piece of geranium my daughter put in a bowl would not grow, it has since sprouted six healthy green leaves. The reasons for its miraculous survival? A special diet of wheatgerm, fish-food, and diluted vegetable extract!

$2 to Mrs. H. C. Pettifer, North Balwyn, Vic.

Why is blue red?

A REDHEAD, I was mystified on my arrival in Australia when a wharfie yelled out, "G'day, Bluey." Over the years I've got used to being addressed thus. But now that I have a red-haired Australian son, I am doubly interested in the origins of the term. Most people haven't a clue. One version I heard was, "The hotter the fire, the bluer the flame."

$2 to Mrs. Rosemary Marcus, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

NOT-QUITE KISSES

HAND-KISSING is a subject about which Australian men have a lot to learn.

It is not done much here; and, when it is, I'm afraid it is done in the wrong spirit.

Most men imagine that a female hand should be kissed, if at all, in an affectionate manner.

This idea was put about in the past by the song: "I kiss your little hand, Madame." The writer of that song plainly regarded hand-kissing as a curtain-raiser to more ardent displays of emotion.

I have just learned for the first time, and rather late, the truth about hand-kissing. I learned it from, of all places, a book called "Etiquette for the Businessman."

Mary Bosticco, who wrote the book, aims to help British businessmen not to do wrong things and thereby offend their customers.

They can easily get into bother while travelling in Europe, she says, if they don't know the hand-kissing drill.

Surprise No. 1 is that "only married women, or elderly or distinguished single women, are entitled to a hand-kiss."

The saucy businessman who kisses the hand of a gorgeous young single

girl is likely to be put in the deep-freeze.

Surprise No. 2: You are not supposed to kiss the lady's hand—you only pretend to.

A polite Frenchman or German takes the hand and bends over it, stopping before his lips touch the back of it.

This makes the custom hygienic but not very exciting.

Italy is the exception. Many men there (though not all) go the distance and give the hand a real kiss.

In countries where men give a pretending hand-kiss, it is OK to bend over a gloved hand, says all-knowing Mary Bosticco.

But it is terribly bad form to look for a spot not covered by the glove and give it a smacking kiss. Some eager Italians have been known to do this when the lady was glamorous.

All in all, Continental hand-kissing, or pseudo-hand-kissing, does not seem to offer much for men. They have to do it to a good many hands in which they are not interested.

Ladies like it, however. Some of them (says Miss B.) brazenly invite a hand-kiss by giving a man their hand palm downwards.

Perhaps some married women, or elderly or distinguished single women, would like to see the custom taken up in Australia.

Personally I would feel awkward in giving friends like Mrs. Horrie Donkling or Mrs. Albert Waffle a pseudo-hand-kiss when we meet.

It is simpler just to say, "Hello, Thelma" or "Hi, Rhondda" as usual.

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Pretty Girl

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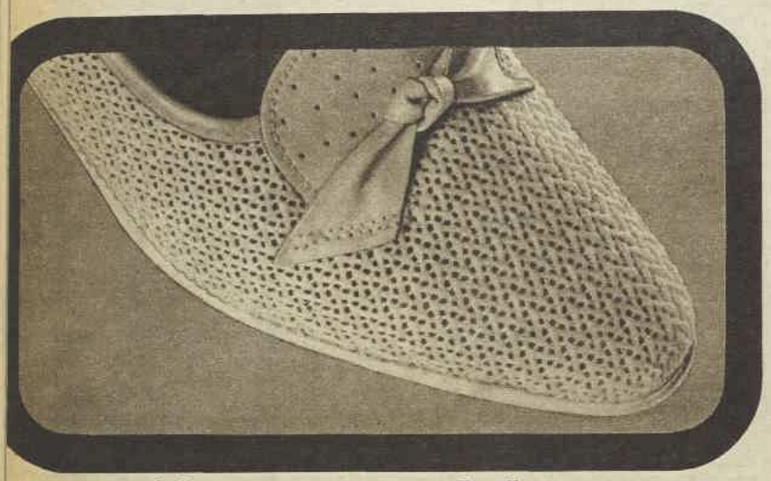
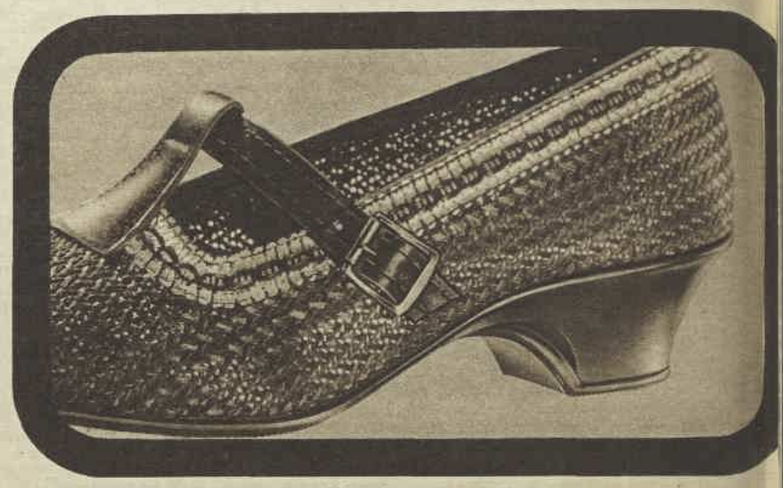


with a new rounded toe



and a built-in arch support

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TRAVELLER'S TALE

BEGINNER'S LUCK WITH ONE CHIP AT MONTE CARLO

"This is a fairy story which really happened, even to a cynic like me," writes traveller Erica N. Smith . . .

LET me state emphatically that I am no gambler. Perhaps I have Scottish ancestors; and perhaps I am not sufficiently optimistic.

Certainly I have always had so many ways I wanted to spend my money that I could never take the chance of losing it by gambling.

They say, "You've got to be in it to win it," but my motto must have been, "If you keep out, you can't lose."

But this is a fairy story which really happened, even to a cynic like me.

Last year, my husband and I were travelling in France, following the famous Cote d'Azur route along the Mediterranean, and stopped, as practically every tourist does, for a night at Monte Carlo.

The narrow streets seemed very crowded. We learned later that Monaco was celebrating its centenary that week, but eventually we found a parking spot and booked in at a nearby hotel.

After unpacking, we wandered through the beautiful gardens which surround the Casino and bought our entrance tickets. No one visits the town without starting his sightseeing here.

Even by daylight, the place was most impressive with its gilt walls, enormous mirrors, and glittering chandeliers. All the tables were crowded.

We learned that our admission tickets were good for the entire day, so we decided to return at night to watch the "big gamblers." Of course, I assured my husband, I had NO intention of playing!

Near the Casino is the Sporting Club, and we learned that Prince Rainier and Princess Grace were due there that night to attend a gala dinner organised as part of the centenary celebrations. We left our hotel in time to see them arrive.

The Princess looked charming, but we were surprised to find so few bystanders. What a contrast to London, where people queue in hundreds to see royalty leave a theatre.

Then, before entering the Casino, we wandered again through the gardens, even more colorful under the bright floodlights, and admired the opulent-looking Hotel de Paris, commenting that one would need to be a millionaire to enter its portals.

The Opera House occupies one end of the Casino buildings, but this was closed, so we strolled once more up the broad steps and through the massive doors into the glitter and noise of the gaming-rooms.

We watched the gamblers with their huge piles of chips. Some had been there during the afternoon and were still playing, sometimes losing dozens of chips on one throw without batting an eyelid, sometimes raking in a pile without any visible enthusiasm.

One old man, yellow and palsied, was making calculations with a very shaky hand on a scrap of paper; then occasionally, when he judged the time opportune, he would bet heavily. Suddenly he began to shout angrily, and attendants hastened up.

We thought he must be arguing about a mistake in the pay-out. No, it merely seemed that a pageboy had removed an ashtray, on which was his cigar, not quite finished. He shook with rage, and it was brought back.

I felt that if he could afford to gamble so heavily he could surely bear with equanimity the loss of a minute portion of cigar.

A young man, who lost about 200 chips at one session, got up from the table and strode away. In the tradition of the best thriller stories, he should have been on his way to suicide. But, no, he sat down at another table to try his luck again.

And so the game continued, with the calls "Faites vos jeux, mesdames et messieurs," the wheel spinning, and the croupiers raking in the chips.

I began to feel that it WOULD be fun to be able to say, "Yes, I once played roulette at Monte Carlo." But despite this urge to try my luck I couldn't see myself losing a dozen or more chips at one throw as most of those seated at the tables were doing.

I never considered the possibility of being among the chosen few who collected. I did notice, however, that a few more casual gamblers, standing behind the serious players, would occasionally toss one or two chips to the croupier, telling him on what number to place them.

By this time, my husband was getting anxious. He could see a reckless look in my eye and promptly escorted me off for a drink in a coffee lounge nearby.

Wheel slowed down and gently came to rest on number four

I was busy, however, with a little mental calculation. Each chip cost five francs (about 7/6 sterling or 95 cents Aust.). This was surely a modest expenditure for a game of roulette at the famous Casino.

But how to acquire ONE chip — that was the problem.

I left my husband sitting over his coffee and wandered toward the cashier's desk. This really took courage. He looked such a haughty and dignified personage.

I approached him nonchalantly (having waited until no one was within hearing distance) and asked in my very best schoolgirl French whether it was possible to buy ONE chip.

To my relief, he did not show his amazement even by the lifting of an eyebrow. Obviously a well-trained cashier. Instead, he murmured politely, "Mais oui, madame."

I handed over five francs and hastily thrust the insignificant little disc in my pocket before anyone could observe the somewhat shameful transaction. (I'm sure everyone else in the Casino bought their chips by the hundreds.)

Sauntering across to one of the roulette tables, I stood watching the play for a few minutes, then, looking supremely disinterested, with an expression (I hoped) of one with thousands more chips where this came from, I flipped my little disc to the croupier with the request, "Quatre, s'il vous plait." ("Four, please.")

Imagine my amazement when the roulette wheel spun round, slowed down, and gently came to rest on number four.

My poise, together with my French, almost deserted me, and to the amusement, I suspect, of the croupier nearby I stammered (in English this time), "That's MY number." He obviously sensed a raw beginner, but gallantly scooped up my winnings for me.

Although I shared the number with one other player, I collected a handful of 35 discs. Encouraged by this success, I sat down at the table (feeling that I was now equipped to compete with the real gamblers) and played three more rounds.

But miracles don't happen twice, so I retired with my winnings to cash my little fortune—160 francs ($A30).

With my winnings, I took my husband to supper at the Hotel de Paris, which had appeared so inaccessible two hours earlier, and we debated what might have happened if I'd continued playing.

I imagine I'm not the first person to win at Monte Carlo on the first game, but I'll wager (I'm developing the gambler's lingo) there are not many others who started with only one chip.

However, as I stated in the beginning, I am NOT a gambler. I had no desire to try my luck at any of the other casinos we passed—and nearly every town in France has one.

I merely wanted to say that I'd played roulette at Monte Carlo. The win was coincidental. However, let me confess something.

My winnings were spent many times over, for whenever I was tempted to buy some fascinating little souvenir as we wandered around Europe, I would always ease my conscience by saying, "I'll buy that with my Monte Carlo winnings."

until now there was no cosmetic cream to beautify your smile . . .

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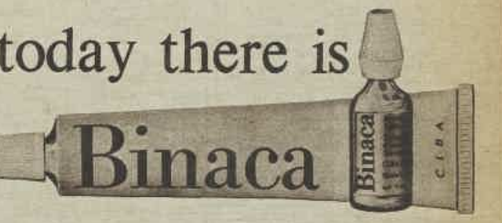

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Problem solver today . . .

Today, Johnny topped an arithmetic test. "But yesterday", says Johnny's mother, "he was cross and cranky and wouldn't settle down to homework. Then I remembered Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Today he's as good as gold. Eating well, too."

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Women the world over are now using eye make-up to emphasise the colour and lend greater depth but it is of the utmost importance for eye shadow to be applied over a film of nourishing tropical moist oil. Skin tissue in the eye area is paper thin so beautifying moist oil of Ulan will ensure that those tiny crinkles and crepey texture do not put in an early appearance.

. . . *Margaret Merril*

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ONLY SON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

next moment, he went out of the room and—she heard him fall. No cry, no pain. The perfect way to go! How many times had well-meaning people said those words to comfort her? Didn't she know it? But oh, the shock, the unbelievable sudden emptiness! Eight years later, incredulity at his absence could still strike her heart and take away her breath like a dizzying blow.

She had one son. Why only one? She often pondered this question. Life had been so good, so full, when she and Jo were young and newly married. For four years they simply hadn't bothered to have a baby because they felt that any factor more or less would detract from the perfect sum of their happiness. At last, when she was twenty-seven, Alec had cropped up more or less incidentally.

Having been uncertain whether they really wanted him, whether he might not interfere with the life that they rather complacently considered ideal, they soon began to realise that it was a miracle they had survived so long without him. He became their crowning joy, their "one ewe lamb."

THEY thought of having more children, but when none appeared they did not worry. Alec was now part of their perfect sum, and they asked themselves whether a second child would not unbalance the beautiful equation.

However, as Alec grew up and became not just an adorably cuddly adjunct to their lives but a person, the first serious doubts and bewilderments of her life beset Mrs. Hadden. She adored the boy; he was handsome and clever, witty and popular; but neither in temperament nor in looks was he like her or like his father. It was as if she had given birth to somebody else's son. All his reactions were alien to her, and although he loved her dearly he could not make concessions to her in any matter of behaviour or opinion that seemed important to him.

It was not merely possessiveness that made her so uneasy. She longed to be close to him, to understand and share his problems and views, while fully realising that these must differ from her own. She was willing to let him make his own friends, form his own opinions with a wide-open mind and a desire to live empirically. But when it came to watching the fruits of her method of child-raising in the person of her rapidly developing son, she wondered whether she had made a mistake.

Should she have given him more guidance—held him in more, done more to form him in his parents' image? For by the time he was eighteen he was like a stranger—a loving, familiar stranger, yet one whose every belief was so starkly different from theirs that almost every remark he made seemed to be an affront.

To take only one example, Alec was a convinced Socialist. At first they didn't worry about this, taking it as the idealistic phase through which most young men pass before they learn that humanity hasn't yet reached the stage when brotherly love guarantees progress. They thought he would get over it; but he didn't. His conviction that Conservatism was basically wrong and Socialism obviously right deepened, and his three years at Cambridge only strengthened his belief that the whole ethical, moral, and political basis of English middle-class life was at fault.

He emerged from the best education that money could buy as a convinced Left-winger, an atheist, an inverse snob, an anti-monarchist and anti-colonialist, and a free-thinker (plus, where women were concerned, a free actor). This left the senior Haddens with scarcely one serious subject they dared broach by way of normal family conversation.

They talked about the problem between themselves by the hour. Night by night they lay in bed and, holding hands as they always had, discussed their son in anxious whispers. Useless for Jo to try to reassure his wife: "I was a bit pink myself at that age . . ." She was not to be consoled. She wanted her son; not his mere physical presence but his companionship and his admiration, and how could you have these with a son who did not share one basic premise with you? Despite her love for her husband, she was lonely to her soul, hungry for the son she could not reach.

It was then that she began to dream of the daughter she had never had. Daughters were different. She looked round at her friends, whose growing girls seemed to her envious eyes to share so much with their mothers. She was forty-seven. Was it too late to adopt a baby girl, or even . . . ? But of course it was. She never mentioned these notions to Jo, who was well over fifty and working as he had never worked before.

Working for what? To clear his debts and keep up his insurance payments and try to put aside a little for his retirement. That was all. Not, as he once had, to build up a practice to hand over to Alec. No dream of hers could be farther from reality than this old one of his which he had long since put aside. For Alec had no leaning whatever toward medicine. He wanted to be an artist.

He never put his costly university education to any practical use. He went to work in the first job that offered itself, and stayed in it just long enough to make enough money to go to Paris. There, he said, he would live and study art.

It was then that the real rows began. There had never been real rows in the family before, and they did terrible things to her, and to Jo and Alec as well. Because one definition of a "real row" is that in the course of it love dies, or is held in suspended animation, and out from behind its helpless body come all sorts of hateful, deep-rooted words, which, even afterward when love has revived, can never be taken back.

To her horror, Mrs. Hadden found the whole atmosphere within her home changing — spoiling. But she could do nothing about it. Something compelled her to fight her son on his Paris decision. Before, she had tried to steer him, to persuade or dissuade him; but she had never stood in his very path, and, like some frantic bird, tried to batter him into turning back.

She used every weapon, the fair and the unfair. She told him his father had gone into debt to send him to Cambridge. She told him Jo's dream of leaving him the practice. She told him that her own heart would break if he persisted in going to Paris to lead this squalid, pointless existence. She even committed the unforgivable sin of telling him that he had no talent whatever in the field he had chosen, something which she sincerely believed, since she could make neither head nor tail out of his highly abstract paintings.

But apart from making him feel miserable and guilty she achieved nothing. By the time he actually left, their contact had broken utterly. Mother and son might have existed on different planets for all the communication they had by the time he kissed her cold cheek and carried his small haversack of belongings and his large box of paints and tools out of the house for the last time.

Five months later Jo died.

Lost and drowning in a great ocean of pain, Mrs. Hadden grasped at the thought of her son like a straw. He came home for the funeral and stayed for a little while, and they tried to reach out to each other. But it was useless. Mrs. Hadden could not look at him without seeing a double image: the neatly dressed, sober, dedicated young doctor she and Jo had longed for, and Alec as he was — blue-jeaned, bearded, with dirty fingernails and the hot, far-fixed eyes of the artist (or the madman).

When the practice was sold to a plump, swarthy little foreigner who had arrived in the country as a refugee only two years before, Mrs. Hadden's feelings for her defecting son collected a further calcifying layer of hardness. When she saw him off again to Paris, she said goodbye with a frozen heart and thought that she would not care if she never set eyes on him again.

With that stunning thought fresh in her mind, she went home, carried the two incomprehensibly streaked canvases he had brought her up to the attic, put his photograph away in her desk, and then stood for a long time looking out of the window.

"You're a widow," she said to herself at last. "Your husband is dead, and your relationship with your son has been damaged beyond repair. Now you're alone. It's a terrible situation, but you can't escape from it. You've made mistakes; but you're not a weak woman and you're not a fool. Face facts; go on from here. Do the best you can. It's not for ever, because one day you'll die, and that day could be tomorrow."

It was a very odd thing to get comfort and strength from such a thought, but she did.

Somehow, brick by effortful brick, she built her life again. The happiness she had had from her marriage made a good foundation. At first, she used books as her means of escape when the pain of loss was too great to bear. Later, when she felt stronger, she enrolled for a course of lectures on English literature. Her ability to concentrate waned, and waxed, and waned again; but she stuck to it, and at last was rewarded by the certain knowledge that she was learning, and that this was making her grow.

She made new friends — a few. She preferred their company to that of people who had known Jo and Alec, as a man badly scarred prefers to be with people who never knew him in the days of his wholeness. With these new friends and the new interests they brought, she gradually began to enjoy life again instead of merely enduring it.

Alec wrote to her, not often. At first, she read his letters with cold indifference as if he had no connection with her at all. But as her sorrow faded, so her natural interest in her son reasserted itself. After three years of poverty-stricken struggle (at which she could only guess by the scarcity of letters and the dearth of news in them), his life and career seemed to take a turn for the better.

He began to sell an occasional canvas, and after that he didn't stay in Paris. He hitchhiked to all corners of France, painting as he went, then somehow managed to get a free passage to Cyprus. From there he went to North Africa, where he stayed for a whole winter, travelling about; he was very ill for a time, but she didn't learn about that until he was better. It frightened her in retrospect to wonder in what conditions he had lived through that illness.

Afterward he moved off again, journeying slowly through the Middle East, back to Cyprus, to Italy, and finally settling down in some out-of-the-way little hill town which he blithely described as "having all the paintability of Assisi, without St. Francis to attract the tourists."

To these letters she replied briefly, giving such pieces of news as she thought might possibly interest him. She never confided in him, or burdened him with her emotions. She told herself she had let go of him completely, that she no longer felt like his mother; the cord was cut, they were now two quite distinct and separate people.

She hadn't seen him for five years; she could no longer remember clearly what he looked like. Her life was now self-contained, independent of him. Her belief that this was so gave her a sense of security, of self-respect. Then one day he wrote to say he was married.

Mrs. Hadden was aghast at the pang that shot through her when she read this news. It left her wounded, numb. She couldn't understand why she should feel so strongly about it, and when the reaction wore off a little she began to examine her feelings closely. Was she — could she be — upset because he had married without telling her in advance? Surely not. Could she be jealous of the woman her son now belonged to? No, it was certainly not that.

Then — what? Why this bruised feeling of dismay? It took her completely by surprise, because of her conviction beforehand that she had severed her emotions from her son's life. But that instinctive pang had given the lie to that comforting belief.

She must face it: Deep down she still loved Alec and craved for him in some way, still regretted losing him. Her maternal nature wailed, in some secret place, for the natural course of events — the close relationship with the adult son, the day-to-day interest and affection of two lives lived adjacent and with things in common. She had been cheated of this, and also of the courting period and the wedding day.

Through the sudden, unlooked-for tears that these realisations brought, Mrs. Hadden thought, with a rueful half-chuckle: Go on, admit it; you want to be a grandmother. You want the girl-child still, even at one generation removed.

She blew her nose and read the letter through again.

He had described his bride fairly fully. She was Italian, of course — "a simple girl" (a peasant, he means, she thought grimly), daughter of the family with whom he had been lodging. She had a "beautiful body" and had modelled for him many times.

She was also, he mentioned with a sheepishness that drew a tight smile from his mother, a staunch Roman Catholic—"but I'll soon talk her out of that." She was only seventeen, nine years younger than Alec.

Mrs. Hadden felt anger rising in her unbidden. She crushed the letter. Folly. Madness. Idiocy. Everything he said about the girl proclaimed clearly that in marrying her he had bound himself for ever to this backwoods existence.

She tried to get a grip on herself. What did she care whom he married? She had long ago stopped caring what he did.

She wept some more. She couldn't seem to stop weeping. All the old wounds reopened. She had to start her fight to heal, and to be immune to the pains of love, right from the beginning.

. . . . . .

Two years passed. Maria, Alec's wife, had two babies, a boy and a girl.

Far away from the little hill town where her son lived and painted, and, evidently, failed to convert his wife to atheism and birth control, Mrs. Hadden fought conflicting impulses. One was to drop the impersonal tone of her letters, to write to him in scorching terms and ask what he thought he was doing, raising a family in poverty, bringing more children into an overcrowded world where, in order to be anything but a burden to themselves or society, they would need an education he could not possibly afford to give them.

The other impulse was to catch a plane and go to see her grandchildren.

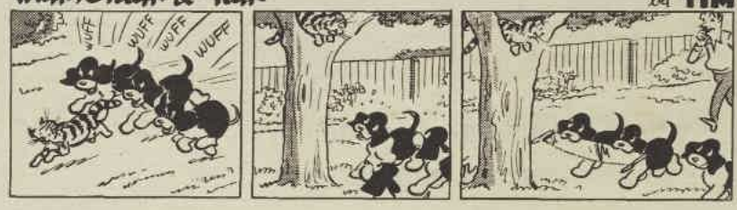
But she did neither. She stayed aloof, and wrote cool, uninvolved letters, and sent such presents as she thought would not embarrass Alec or his family.

For he had a new family now — a big, warm, noisy, many-branched Italian one. He wrote about them with affection, describing their weddings and funerals, attended by dozens of relatives and celebrated with jolly, chaotic outdoor meals, eaten at long trestles while their children

To page 41

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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EIGHT-PAGE
PATTERN PARADE
SUPPLEMENT

SUN FUN FASHIONS

● This fashion feature shows FORTUNA cottons in swinging sun fun colors for summer, 1967, made up in BUTTERICK Patterns with DOROTHY GRAY'S color co-ordinated Confetti make-up, SEA & SKI suntan preparations, and SUNOROID sunglasses.

Left to right

Butterick 4378.—Poncho and pants.

Butterick 4415. — Slim dress, square armholes.

Butterick 4365.—Straight dress, stand-up collar.

Butterick 4380. — Cover-up with patch pockets (centre front).

Full pattern details are overleaf on p3.

SEE THESE FASHIONS AT STORE PARADES

Details overleaf

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Browned off. Outrageously.

The type of tan that turns heads. Wins admiring glances. Even envious ones. That's SEA & SKI's summer promise to you. And, most important, whatever your skin type SEA & SKI has . . .

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Choose the one for your skin — and the tan you want. **Dark Tanning Lotion:** gives normal skin a fast, deep tan. **Suntan Lotion:** gives sensitive skins a glowing tan without sunburn. **Indoor/Outdoor:** gives a rich natural tan without the sun and protects outdoors as the indoor tan deepens. **Dark Tanning Oil:** gives skin that can take it a deep glossy tan. SEA & SKI in unbreakable bottles and tubes. Ask your chemist.

BROWN WITHOUT BURN—FOR A SUMMER FULL OF SUN-DAYS

'Sea & Ski' is a product of Menley & James Laboratories.

SEA & SKI

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COOL, CAREFREE COVER-UPS

● There's no end to the wearability of these new-season, ankle-length prints which are highlights from Fortuna's exciting range of colorful cottons.

The accompanying make-up — Dorothy Gray's new Confetti color co-ordinates in sheer, pearly suntan colors—blends perfectly with the gay, sun fun fashion story.

In this make-up scheme: two translucent liquid foundations, both flattering—deep beige for early in the season when skin is just starting to color, and bronze which imparts a deep glow to a full tan.

Go-together Confetti lipsticks and nail enamel in pretty pinks with just a hint of shimmer in them complete the beauty look of mouth, fingers, and toenails.

Do you yearn for a deep, glowing suntan to keep you in the summer picture this year? Or would you be just as happy with a light and lovely touch of color on a sensitive complexion? Perhaps you'd settle for a fake tan instead, just as a temporary measure?

All can be achieved only by keeping the skin pampered all along the line with good sun products such as the Sea and Ski suncare range which is specially formulated to do a job of maximum skin protection.

These preparations take the form of lotions, oil, and even spray, and the question of choice is very much a personal one.

Dawdle in the sunshine, park yourself on a patio, or live it up around the swimming-pool, just so long as you take the same protective attitude toward your eyes.

According to Sunoroid, your first look at summer can be big and bold or petite and pixy.

Sunglasses can improve your looks as well as protect your eyes from glare if you choose frames to flatter the shape of your face. Try for a shape that bends toward the temples—too straight a frame leaves gaps at the sides.

PARADES AT LEADING STORES

● Fashions in this supplement will be paraded at:

BRISBANE: McDonnell & East, September 25-29.

SYDNEY: Six Grace Bros. Stores, September 20-29.

A.C.T.: J. B. Young, October 4-7.

ADELAIDE: John Martins, October 10-13.

PERTH: Boans, October 10-13.

MELBOURNE: Waltons, October 9-13.

HOBART: FitzGerald's, October 9-13.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132, also leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

Here are full details of the four patterns shown on the previous page:

4378.—Poncho and pants. Poncho with contrast inset and rolled collar is lined to edge. Pants have straight legs. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.

4415.—Slim dress with square armholes and jewel neckline is slit at sides. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 4415 Butterick Pattern, price 65c includes postage.

4365.—Straight dress with stand-up collar and bias front band with button trim has full-length sleeves with buttoned cuffs. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 4365 Butterick Pattern, price 65c inc. postage.

4380. — Full cover-up with patch pockets gathers into band at neck with side-ties. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 4380 Butterick Pattern, price 65c inc. postage.

4238. — Ankle-length caftan with front pleat and front tab with button closing has bias finishing at neckline. Full-length sleeves are set into square armholes. Top stitch trim. Sizes, small (10-12 for 31-32in. bust), medium (14-16 for 34-36in. bust), large (18-20 for 38-40in. bust). 4238 Butterick Pattern, 65c includes postage.

4379.—Smart A-line halter dress in the fashionable ankle-length has turtle-neck collar continuing into tie at back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 4379 Butterick Pattern, price 65c includes postage.

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New! A mad-cap Mardi Gras of Dorothy Gray make-ups!

Confetti Colours Festival

Be a beautiful scene stealer in these knockout new frosted Confetti Colours . . . Cheeky — Candy — Kinky. You never looked lovelier!

Exclusive Sun Filter Protection in all Dorothy Gray Lipsticks

Frosted Lipsticks and Nail Enamels in Confetti Cheeky, Confetti Candy and Confetti Kinky — all with Colour Co-ordinated liquid Make-up and Pressed Powder. From $1.15.

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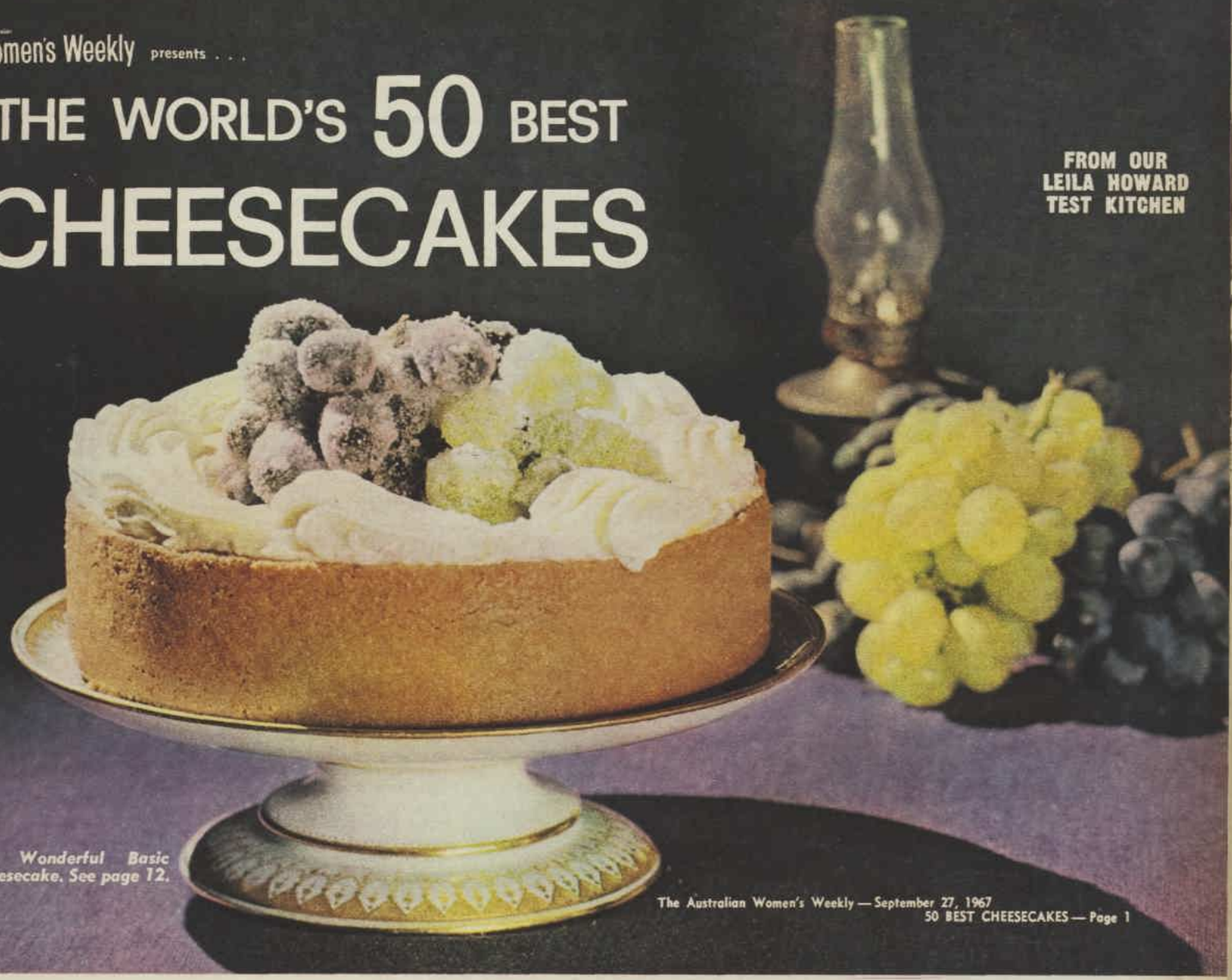
The Australian Women's Weekly presents . . .

THE WORLD'S 50 BEST CHEESECAKES

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



Our Wonderful Basic Cheesecake. See page 12.

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HOW TO MAKE CHEESECAKES

Cheesecake is one of the world's most popular desserts . . . certainly the most fashionable. In this book we give a selection of cheesecake recipes from many countries.

CHEESECAKE is so rich, so luscious, you need to serve only small slices. So, although it is not the dessert to make when you're on a budget, one cheesecake will go a long way; in an 8 or 9in. size, it will give up to 12 servings.

Cheesecakes can be baked or unbaked (set in the refrigerator), and we have given a wide variety of recipes of both types in this book.

For baked cheesecakes, cooking times should be followed carefully. Don't over-cook them. At the end of the specified cooking time, the cheesecake might still appear soft in the centre; but it becomes firmer as it stands.

An over-baked cheesecake develops grainy texture; it is inclined to shrink, crack, and become dry as it cools.

Some chefs believe all cheesecakes shrink on cooling; it's a scientific inevitability and nothing to worry about.

But if you cool the cheesecake by the following method you'll find there is very little shrinking, and the cheesecake does not fall in the centre. When baking time is over, turn off the oven heat, leave the oven door ajar, and let the cheesecake stand undisturbed in the oven until it is quite cool. This helps to set the soft centre and prevent it falling. It will not cause over-baking. When the cheesecake is cool, refrigerate until it has set firmly.

Large cheesecakes are best if made the day before they are to be served and refrigerated overnight; the filling sets firmly and they're easier to cut.

How many crumbs?

For a crumb crust that will hold its shape without crumbling, and cut well, the ideal proportions are: Half the amount of butter or substitute to the weight of biscuit crumbs. For example, a crumb crust which used 8oz. biscuit crumbs would hold together well with 4oz. melted butter or substitute.

Recipes in this book which use a crumb crust specify them in a particular size to hold the quantity of filling: for example, "7in. crumb crust," "8in. crumb crust."

The 7in. crumb crust indicates a 7in. sandwich tin with a removable base. All others are for springform pans (except where a pie plate and its size is specified).

Below are the various proportions of biscuit crumbs and butter needed for each particular size. To this may be added a little cinnamon, nutmeg, etc. — any flavoring which will blend with filling.

CRUMB CRUSTS

7in. sandwich tin with removable base:
6oz. plain, sweet biscuit crumbs,
3oz. butter or substitute.

8in. springform pan:
8oz. plain, sweet biscuit crumbs,
4oz. butter or substitute.

9in. springform pan:
12oz. plain, sweet biscuit crumbs,
6oz. butter or substitute.

10in. - 11in. springform pan:
1lb. plain, sweet biscuit crumbs,
8oz. butter or substitute.

8in. - 9in. pie plate:
6oz. plain, sweet biscuit crumbs,
3oz. butter or substitute.

The springform pan

Cheesecakes are easier to turn out if you use a springform pan. These have an adjustable case with a clip at the side; the base is removable.

SPRINGFORM PAN with adjustable clip at side is shown at back. In front is the 7in. sandwich tin with removable base. It's easy to remove cakes from both types.

● Picture on page 1 by Don Cameron.

Springform pans come in 8in., 9in., and 11in. sizes; prices range from about 70 to 95 cents. Springform pans in 7in. and 10in. are more difficult to obtain. A 10in. springform pan, imported, of stainless steel, is available; cost is about $4.

In this book, where a 7in. crumb crust is specified in recipes, it refers to crumb crust pressed into a 7in. sandwich tin with removable base. Cost of these is about 45 cents. The chilled cheesecake can be removed from this tin by gently pressing base, with cake, up through ring.

To serve cheesecake

After the cheesecake has been removed from the tin and the crumb crust neatened, let it remain on the springform-pan base.

Simply lift it, with base, on to serving dish. (There's a possibility of the crumb crust cracking or crumbling if you tried to remove cake from base.)

But if you do want to serve the cake without the base, here's a hint: Reverse the base of the springform pan before pressing in the crumb crust. It is the slight ridge on the springform base which makes it difficult to remove cheesecake. You'll now be able to take a long-bladed knife or spatula, work it gently under the crumb crust and carefully slide the cheesecake on to serving plate.

Cut cheesecake into wedges for serving. A thin, flexible metal spatula makes it easy to remove individual wedges.

Or use a thin, sharp knife; slip it under the crumb crust of each wedge, separating it from the base, then lift out carefully.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

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SLICES

Cheesecake slices, introduced from Europe, have become one of the most popular small cakes to serve for afternoon tea or supper, or as dessert.

CONTINENTAL CREAM CHEESE SLICE

(Picture on this page)

Pastry

1½ cups plain flour
scant ½ cup custard powder
2 tablespoons icing sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
4oz. butter or substitute
milk

Sift into basin the flour, custard powder, icing sugar, and baking powder. Rub in the butter or substitute, add sufficient milk to make into a stiff dough (approximately 2 to 3 tablespoons of milk). Roll out 2-3rd of the pastry and line 7in. x 11in. x 1½in. greased tin, bringing pastry ½in. up the sides. Prick base and bake in moderate oven 10 minutes; cool.

Filling

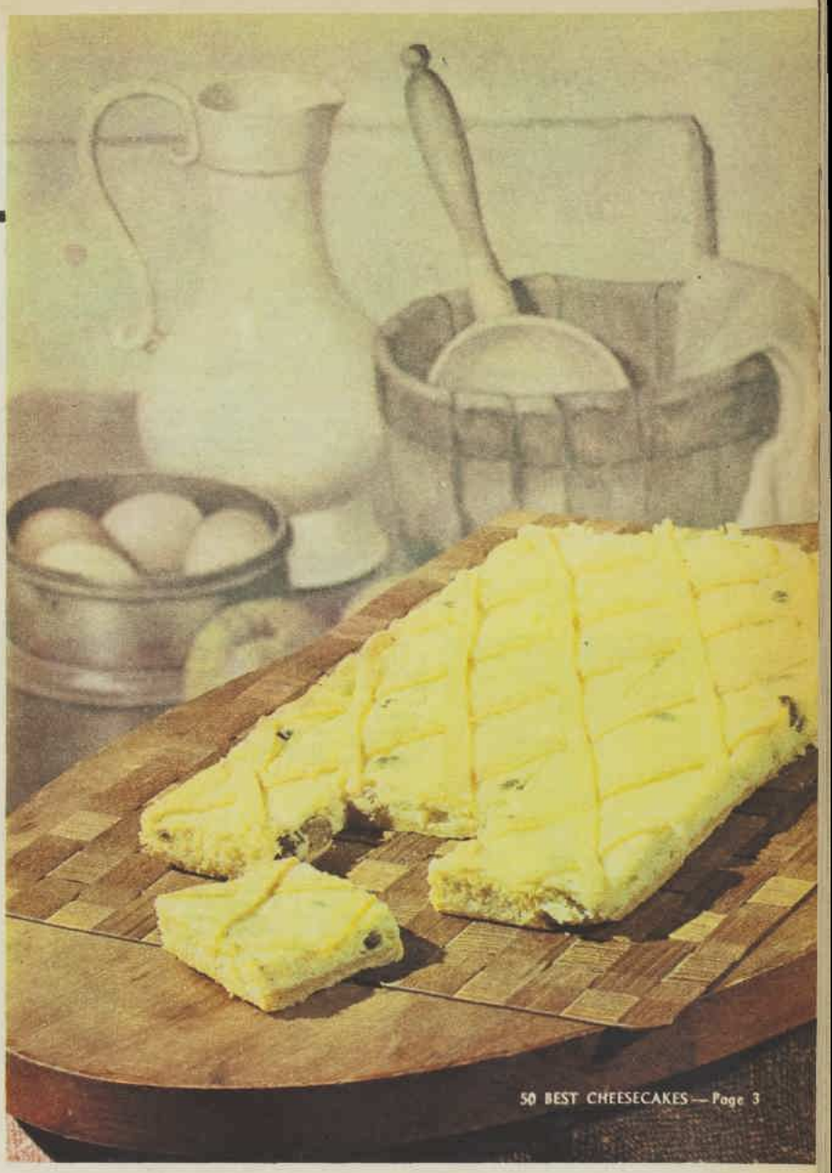
10oz. cream cheese
2oz. butter or substitute
2 eggs
¼ cup sugar
2oz. sultanas
grated rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cream butter or substitute with cream cheese until soft and creamy. Beat eggs and sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually add to cream cheese mixture, beat until smooth. Fold in sultanas, lemon rind, and juice.

Smooth filling over cooked pastry shell. Cut remaining pastry into long strips and place diagonally over filling in lattice form. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes; while still warm, cut into slices; leave in tin until cool, then refrigerate.

Continued on page 5

***CUT INTO SLICES** while still warm, this Continental Cream Cheese Slice is one of the most popular of cheesecakes.*



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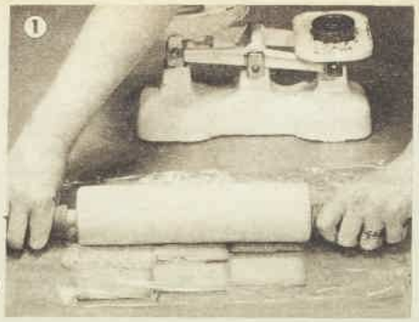
How to make a perfect crumb crust

Step-by-step directions for making a perfect crumb crust, and some hints on removing the completed cheesecake successfully from the tin and trimming it neatly.



1. Put biscuits into plastic bag, crush finely with *rolling-pin*, then *sift or* put through fine sieve. Or, if using electric blender, break up biscuits roughly, drop into blender a few at a time.

2. Add to crumbs the melted butter, sugar, any *flavorings*; mix to combine well. Mixture should cling together when pressed between fingers. Grease inside of pan lightly, scatter mixture across base, then press on firmly with tablespoon.

3. Now turn tin on its side and put large spoonfuls of crumbs in place on side; press on with back of spoon. Continue until all sides of tin are coated with a firm, even layer of crumbs. You can relax while doing this. Sit down with the tin on your lap.

4. Stand tin firmly on table, take a straight-sided glass, work it smoothly over base and sides of tin. If coating is uneven in any place, work glass gently against tin until crumbs are even. Refrigerate 1 hour or bake 10 minutes to set crumbs. Pour filling in carefully, refrigerate or bake, according to recipe.

5. Do not remove cheesecake from tin until well refrigerated, preferably overnight. Release catch at side of tin, lift tin up, put hand firmly underneath, then gently push base up, easing side of tin away. If hard to remove from tin, run hot, wet towel or sponge round outside of tin to soften butter which may be holding the crust.

6. When *removed from tin*, neaten edge of crumb crust, as shown, by pressing sharp knife gently across; work carefully. Use pastry brush to brush off lightly any crumbs on top of filling.

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SLICES . . . continued from page 3

BANANA CREAM CHEESE SLICES

Pastry

1½ cups plain flour
pinch salt
3 tablespoons sugar
3oz. butter or substitute
1 small egg

Filling

2oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup sugar
2 eggs
6oz. cream cheese
3 bananas
juice and rind 1 lemon
2oz. chopped raisins

Pastry: Sift flour, salt, and sugar in basin, rub in the butter or substitute. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg. Knead on lightly floured surface, divide into 1-3rd and 2-3rd portions. Roll out large portion and line lamington tin (7in. x 11in.). Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven and cool.

Filling: Separate eggs, mash bananas, cream butter or substitute and sugar, beat in egg-yolks. Stir in softened cream cheese, banana, rind and juice of lemon, and raisins. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture. Spread over cold partly cooked pastry. Roll out remaining portion of pastry, cut into ½in. strips, place criss-cross or lattice fashion on top of filling. Return to oven and bake further 20 to 25 minutes. Cool in tin, then cut.

CHOCOLATE SWIRL SLICE

Crumb Crust

5oz. plain sweet biscuits
1 tablespoon drinking chocolate
3oz. butter or substitute

Filling

½ cup water
3 teaspoons gelatine
1 cup sugar
½ cup evaporated milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 4oz. packets cream cheese
1 large can evaporated milk, extra
¼ cup cocoa

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, add drinking chocolate and melted butter; mix well.

Press crumb mixture on to the base of 13in. x 9in. x 2in. baking pan; chill.

Filling: Pour large can evaporated milk into cake pan, freeze until icicles form. Dissolve gelatine in water over low heat, stir in ½ cup sugar and ½ cup evaporated milk; cool. Beat together cream cheese and the remaining sugar, add vanilla. Blend in the gelatine mixture. Whip frozen milk until it forms stiff peaks. Fold into the cream cheese mixture. Place 1-3rd of mixture into small bowl. Blend a little of mixture with the sifted cocoa, fold blended cocoa into the 1-3rd portion.

Alternately spoon vanilla and chocolate mixtures into the crumb base. Smooth top gently. Take skewer and pull it through mixture at intervals to marble; chill overnight.

Cut into bars or squares.

Mocha Swirl Slice: When blending in cocoa for filling, blend in also 1 dessertspoon instant coffee.

SOUR CREAM SLICE

Pastry

2½ cups plain flour
8oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 dessertspoon rum
1 tablespoon sour cream

Filling

3oz. butter or substitute
2 eggs
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1-3rd cup raisins, chopped
grated rind ½ lemon
10oz. cream cheese
¼ cup sour cream

Pastry: Sift flour, rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar. Beat egg, rum, and sour cream together. Work to a fairly soft dough with the liquid; chill 1 hour. Press half pastry on to base of lamington tin (7in. x 11in. x 1½in.), bake in slow oven 10 to 15 minutes. Refrigerate remaining half of pastry.

Filling: Separate eggs, cream butter or substitute, egg-yolks, vanilla, sugar, lemon rind, cheese, and sour cream. Fold in raisins, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour on to slightly cooled pastry.

Roll out remaining well-chilled pastry, place on filling. Brush with sugar glaze, made by dissolving 1 tablespoon sugar in 2 tablespoons hot water, allow to cool. Sprinkle with extra sugar. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cool, cut into rectangles 1½in. x 3in.

APRICOT SLICE

Pastry

2 cups plain flour
4oz. butter
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg
3 tablespoons milk
egg glazing

Filling

4oz. dried apricots
water
little sugar
10oz. cream cheese
2oz. butter
¼ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tablespoon milk
rind 1 lemon

Pastry: Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Add milk, lightly beaten egg, mix lightly. Turn on to floured board, knead gently; chill 30 minutes. Divide in 2 portions (approx. 2-3rds and 1-3rd). Roll out larger portion, fit in lamington tin (7in. x 11in.), bringing pastry a little up sides. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, remove and cool.

Filling: Soak apricots in little water about ½ hour, then simmer gently until tender, adding a little sugar to sweeten toward end of cooking. Cool, strain off excess water. Spread over base.

Press cream cheese through sieve. Cream butter and sugar; beat in egg-yolks; add the cream cheese, milk, and lemon rind. Beat egg-whites until stiff, then fold into cheese mixture. Spread on apricot mixture. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into ½in. strips. Place lattice fashion on top of filling. Glaze pastry with a little egg glazing, bake in moderate oven further 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, cut into squares.

YOGHURT AND HONEY SQUARES

Crumb Crust

5oz. plain sweet biscuits
2½oz. butter or substitute
1 dessertspoon honey

Filling

1 cup yoghurt
2 4oz. packets cream cheese
2 tablespoons honey
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons gelatine
1 dessertspoon hot water

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits. Melt butter or substitute and honey, add to biscuit crumbs; mix well. Press crumb mixture on to base of greased and lined 7in. x 11in. x 1½in. lamington tin; refrigerate.

Filling: Beat yoghurt, cream cheese, honey, vanilla, and lemon rind until smooth and creamy. Fold in gelatine which has been dissolved in water. Pour on to base, refrigerate until firm.

Serve cut into squares.

CRUMB-TOPPED CHEESE SLICE

Make pastry and filling as for Banana Cream Cheese Slices, on this page, but omit lattice topping.

When cheesecake is taken from oven, take some sweet cake crumbs (you will need about 1lb. crumbs), pack firmly on top of cake. Return to oven for 2 to 3 minutes or until topping browns and firms.

Continued overleaf

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SLICES . . . concluded

LEMON CREAM CHEESE SLICE

(Picture on this page)

5oz. plain sweet biscuits
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2½oz. butter or substitute

Filling

8oz. cream cheese
2 egg-yolks
rind and juice ½ lemon
¼ cup sugar
1oz. currants
1oz. mixed peel
2 egg-whites

Crumb Base: Crush biscuits, add cinnamon, mix in melted butter. Press on to base of greased and lined lamington tin; refrigerate.

Filling: Beat cream cheese and egg-yolks together, add grated lemon rind, juice, sugar, currants, and peel. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into cheese mixture. Spoon on to crumb base. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes; cool. Before serving, cut into squares, sprinkle with little extra mixed peel.

CUSTARD CREAM SLICE

6oz. plain sweet biscuits
3oz. butter or substitute

Filling

4 4oz. packets cream cheese
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons plain flour
2 tablespoons sour cream
1oz. raisins
½ teaspoon vanilla
pinch salt
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind
2 eggs

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, add melted butter, mix well. Press half crumb mixture on to base of greased, lined 8in. square slab tin. Reserve remainder.

Filling: Beat together cream cheese, sugar, flour, sour cream, raisins, vanilla, salt, and grated lemon rind. Beat eggs until frothy, then lightly fold into cheese mixture. Pour on to crumb base, sprinkle with reserved crumb mixture. Firm crumbs by lightly smoothing over with back of tablespoon. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes; cool. Refrigerate overnight. Before serving, cut into squares or fingers.

MIXED PEEL AND CURRANTS give flavor to Lemon Cream Cheese Slice.

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THESE ARE UNBAKED

BRANDIED ALMOND CHEESECAKE

Crumb Crust

- 10oz. plain sweet biscuit crumbs
- 4oz. ground almonds
- 1-3rd cup icing sugar
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon
- 7oz. butter or substitute
- 1½ tablespoons brandy

Filling

- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water
- 2 eggs
- 2-3rd cup milk
- 1 cup sugar
- pinch salt
- juice 1 lemon
- 1lb. cream cheese
- 2 teaspoons brandy
- ½ pint cream

Crumb Crust: Melt butter or substitute and combine all ingredients until well blended. Press over base and sides of 9in. springform pan; chill.

Filling: Separate eggs. Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine beaten egg-yolks, milk, sugar, and salt in the top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, add softened gelatine, stir until gelatine is dissolved; cool. Combine cheese, lemon juice, and brandy, beat until smooth. Add cooled yolk mixture, rub through sieve. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into whipped cream. Then fold into cheese mixture. Pour into crumb crust, chill overnight.

Before serving sprinkle top lightly with cinnamon.

CHERRY CREAM PIE

Pastry

- 1 cup plain flour
- 1 tablespoon castor sugar
- 4oz. butter or substitute

Filling

- 3oz. cream cheese
- ½ cup castor sugar
- grated rind ½ lemon
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup cream

Topping

- 1 can or jar dark cherries
- 1 dessertspoon cornflour
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- few drops almond essence

Pastry: Blend all ingredients until crumbly. Press evenly over bottom and sides of greased 9in. pie plate. Prick well with fork, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned; cool.

Filling: Beat together until smooth the cream cheese, sugar, rind, and vanilla. Whip cream until thick, carefully fold through cheese mixture. Turn into cooled pie shell, spread evenly. Spoon the cooled topping over; refrigerate until set and well chilled.

Topping: Drain cherries, put syrup into saucepan with sugar, cook over high heat until liquid is well reduced; remove from heat. Stir in cornflour previously blended with a little water; cook, stirring until mixture is thickened and clear. Add a few drops of red food coloring, if necessary, to give bright cherry color. Stir in essence and cherries; cool.

COFFEE CHEESECAKE

Crumb Crust

- 5oz. plain sweet biscuits
- 2 tablespoons powdered milk
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 3oz. butter or substitute

Filling

- 1lb. cottage cheese
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon instant coffee
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 4oz. can reduced cream
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 2 tablespoons water
- ¼ cup brown sugar

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, add powdered milk and cinnamon. Melt butter or substitute and add to dry ingredients, mix well. Press crumb mixture into greased 8in. springform pan; refrigerate.

Filling: Separate eggs. Sieve cottage cheese. Add ½ cup brown sugar, coffee, vanilla, egg-yolks, reduced cream, and gelatine dissolved in water; beat thoroughly. Whip egg-whites, gradually beat in ¼ cup brown sugar, fold through coffee mixture. Pour into crumb crust, refrigerate until set.

Serve with whipped cream, sprinkled with cinnamon.

CINNAMON-TOPPED CHEESE PIE

Crumb Crust

- 4oz. biscuit crumbs
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 1½ tablespoons sugar
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ cup finely chopped walnuts
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon

Filling

- 2 4oz. packets cream cheese
- ½ cup sweetened condensed milk
- cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon lemon rind
- ½ cup cream

Crumb Crust: Mix all ingredients together in basin; blend well, press into 9in. pie plate. Refrigerate while preparing filling.

Filling: Sieve cream cheese, add condensed milk, lemon juice, rind; beat until smooth. Fold in whipped cream. Spoon into prepared pie case, refrigerate.

Before serving, decorate by laying paper doily on top of pie and sprinkling generously with cinnamon. Make sure the cinnamon sifts through doily pattern; remove doily carefully.

Peach Glazed Cheesecake: Omit cinnamon topping from above recipe. Drain 1 small can peaches, reserving 2-3rd cup of syrup. Soften 1 teaspoon gelatine in 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, add to reserved syrup, bring to boil. Cool until mixture mounds when dropped from spoon. Arrange peach slices decoratively on cheesecake, spoon glaze over; chill.

PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE

Crumb Crust

- 2-3rd cup biscuit crumbs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Filling

- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons gelatine
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup evaporated milk
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 8oz. cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- ¼ cup sugar (extra)
- ¾ pint cream
- 1 cup drained canned crushed pineapple

Mix together all crumb-crust ingredients, line base of 8in. springform pan with the mixture.

Filling: Separate eggs. Combine in top of double saucepan the sugar, gelatine, salt, beaten egg-yolks, evaporated milk. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until gelatine is dissolved and mixture thickens slightly (approximately 10 minutes). Add grated lemon rind; cool. Press cheese through strainer, stir in lemon juice and vanilla, blend with first mixture. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture is partially set. Beat egg-whites until peaks form; gradually add extra ¼ cup sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved and egg-whites are stiff. Fold into gelatine mixture. Beat cream until thick, fold in cream, then drained crushed pineapple. Pour mixture over pie crust. Chill until filling is firm.

Decorate, if desired, with halved pineapple rings and glace cherries.

Continued overleaf

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TROPICAL mango flavor is featured in the cheesecake above, and a rich coffee flavor in the one at right. Recipes on this page.

MOCHA CHEESECAKE

(Picture at right)

Crumb Crust

½lb. sweet plain biscuits
3 tablespoons drinking chocolate
1 dessertspoon instant coffee
4oz. butter

Filling

3 eggs
¼ cup milk
3 dessertspoons instant coffee
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 4oz. packets cream cheese
½lb. bulk cream cheese
¾ cup sugar

Crumb biscuits, melt butter with chocolate and coffee. Mix with crumbs, press over base, sides of greased 8in. springform pan; chill. Separate eggs, blend yolks, milk, coffee. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens. Soften gelatine in water, add to custard, stir until dissolved; cool. Cream together all cheeses, vanilla, sugar. Beat in coffee custard until smooth, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into crumb case; chill. Top with whipped cream and chocolate discs.

MANGO CHEESECAKE

(Picture at left)

1½ tablespoons gelatine
1 lemon
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup hot water
1-3rd cup sugar
2 egg-yolks
2 4oz. packets cream cheese
15oz. can mango pulp
3oz. iced water
½ pint sour cream
8in. crumb crust

Finely grate rind of lemon. In electric blender place gelatine, lemon juice and rind, and hot water. Cover, blend on high speed 40 seconds. Add sugar, egg-yolks, and cream cheese; cover, blend 15 seconds. Add ¾ cup mango pulp (reserve remainder for topping), iced water, and sour cream. Blend another 15 seconds or until all ingredients are well combined. Pour mixture into prepared crumb case, refrigerate until set. Before serving, spread reserved mango pulp over top of cheesecake, decorate with whipped cream.

THESE ARE UNBAKED . . . . .

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APRICOT CHEESE PIE

8oz. cream cheese
¼ cup condensed milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ pint cream
9in. pie plate crumb crust

Topping

1 teaspoon gelatine
2 tablespoons water
1 cup apricot jam
2 tablespoons sugar

Sieve cream cheese, add condensed milk, lemon juice; beat until smooth. Fold in whipped cream, pour into prepared crumb crust. Chill, prepare topping.

Topping: Soften gelatine in 1 tablespoon water, sieve jam, add sugar and remaining water. Cook until sugar dissolves, bring to boil, boil 2 minutes without stirring. Remove, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Cool slightly, pour over filling; chill well before serving.

continued

LIGHT CRUMB CRUST forms a base for the Refrigerator Rum Cheesecake above. At left, Ginger Cheesecake. Recipes overleaf.

LEMON CHEESECAKE

1lb. cream cheese
1 cup sweetened condensed milk
4 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons vinegar
1 cup cream
extra cream, nutmeg
8in. crumb crust

Sieve cream cheese, add condensed milk, lemon juice, and vinegar. Beat until mixture is creamy. Fold whipped cream into cheese mixture. Pour into crumb crust; chill overnight. Top with extra whipped cream, sprinkle with nutmeg.

Continued overleaf

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STRAWBERRY CHEESECAKE

Crumb Crust

4oz. butter or substitute
8oz. plain sweet biscuit crumbs
1oz. castor sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Filling

2 dessertspoons gelatine
1 cup water
3 eggs
¼ cup sugar
1lb. cream cheese
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup cream
1 cup halved strawberries
1 tablespoon brandy
extra whole strawberries
4 tablespoons red currant jelly

Crumb Crust: Melt butter, add to sugar, crumbs, and cinnamon; stir well. Line base and sides of greased 8in. springform pan with crumb mixture. Refrigerate while preparing filling.

Filling: Cover halved strawberries with brandy and set aside; stir occasionally.

Soften gelatine in ½ cup water. Separate eggs, put egg-yolks, sugar, and remaining ½ cup water into double boiler, cook together until thickened, stirring. Add softened gelatine, allow to dissolve in hot mixture. While mixture is still warm, strain into sieved cream cheese, beat until smooth and creamy; add lemon rind, juice, and salt. Chill until beginning to thicken. Whip cream lightly, add to mixture with stiffly beaten egg-whites. Lastly, fold in brandied strawberries; be careful not to crush berries.

Pour mixture into prepared crumb crust, refrigerate 6 hours or overnight. Before serving arrange strawberries round edge of cheesecake, glaze them with melted red currant jelly.

CHESTNUT CHEESECAKE

(Picture on opposite page)

Crumb Base

6oz. plain sweet biscuits
3oz. butter or substitute

Filling

2 4oz. packets cream cheese
16oz. can chestnut puree
½ cup condensed milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon vinegar
½ cup whipped cream
2 teaspoons rum

Crumb Base: Crush biscuits finely, push through sieve, add melted butter; combine well. Press over base of 8in. springform pan.

Filling: Remove chestnut puree from can, divide in two equal parts; reserve one part for topping. Sieve remaining puree, beat with the creamed cheese; add condensed milk, lemon juice, vinegar. Beat until mixture is richly creamy. Fold in whipped cream and rum. Pour over prepared crumb base; refrigerate. When filling is firm, smooth topping over, refrigerate again until topping has firmed.

You might like to serve a bowl of whipped cream separately.

We have given a choice of two toppings — the first is like a rich chestnut mousse; the second retains more of the true chestnut flavor. But they're equally delicious!

Topping No. 1

2oz. butter
2oz. castor sugar
chestnut puree
2oz. dark chocolate
2 tablespoons boiling water
1 tablespoon rum

Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy; sieve reserved chestnut puree, add to butter mixture, beat well. Melt finely chopped chocolate in the hot water, add to creamed mixture, beat well; beat in rum. Spread on top of cheesecake, refrigerate until firm.

Topping No. 2

½ cup water
2-3rd cup sugar
chestnut puree
1 tablespoon cream
1 teaspoon rum

Make a syrup by placing water and sugar into heavy saucepan, bring slowly to boil, stirring constantly. When all sugar has dissolved, boil rapidly until syrup forms soft ball when a little is dropped into glass of cold water. Blend syrup into reserved sieved chestnut puree, beat well. Add cream and rum, beat until smooth.

GINGER CHEESECAKE

(Picture on page 9)

Crumb Crust

10oz. sweet biscuit crumbs
5oz. butter or substitute
3oz. chocolate
1 teaspoon powdered ginger

Filling

4 4oz. packets cream cheese
½ cup brown sugar
2 eggs
3 dessertspoons rum
2 tablespoons preserved ginger
1 dessertspoon ginger syrup
1 tablespoon gelatine
1 tablespoon water
1 cup evaporated milk

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, melt butter or substitute with chopped chocolate over low heat. Add ginger and melted ingredients to biscuit crumbs. Press over base and sides of 10in. springform pan; chill.

Filling: Separate eggs. Beat cream cheese and brown sugar until smooth, add egg-yolks, beat well. Add rum, finely slivered ginger and syrup. Dissolve gelatine in water. Beat well-chilled evaporated milk until thick, beat in dissolved gelatine. Fold through cheese mixture. Whip egg-whites until stiff, fold in. Pour into crumb case; chill.

Topping: Whip 2 egg-whites, gradually beat in 1 tablespoon sugar; beat until of meringue consistency. Whip ½ pint cream, beat in 1 dessertspoon rum, carefully blend in 1 tablespoon preserved ginger and beaten egg-whites. Spread over filling, sprinkle with extra chopped ginger; drizzle 1oz. melted chocolate decoratively across top.

REFRIGERATOR RUM CHEESECAKE

(Picture on page 9)

Nut-Crumb Crust

2-3rd cup sweet biscuit crumbs
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon sugar
1oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup almonds, finely chopped

Filling

2 tablespoons gelatine
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons rum
1½lb. cream cheese
1 cup cream

Crumb Crust: Melt butter, add almonds, and brown lightly; do not burn. Add to dry ingredients, mix well. Sprinkle half crumb mixture on base of 8in. springform pan, press on firmly; reserve remainder.

Filling: Separate eggs. Mix gelatine, ¾ cup sugar, and salt in top of double saucepan, beat in egg-yolks and milk. Cook over boiling water until gelatine dissolves and mixture thickens (approx. 10min.), stirring occasionally. Add lemon rind, juice, and rum; cool. Whip cream cheese until smooth, stir in cooled gelatine mixture.

Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually add remaining sugar, beat until very stiff. Fold into custard mixture; fold in whipped cream. Pour into prepared springform pan, sprinkle with reserved nut-crumb crust. Smooth over with back of spoon; refrigerate overnight. Decorate with toasted almonds.

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DELIGHTFUL TANG of fresh orange juice is added to the filling and topping of the Orange Cheesecake shown at right. Recipe on this page.

SUPERB and suitable for all occasions is the Chestnut Cheescake below. The recipe on opposite page gives a choice of two toppings.

ORANGE CHEESCAKE

(Picture above)

3 dessertspoons gelatine	½ cup orange juice
3 tablespoons water	grated rind ½ orange
¼ cup boiling water	grated rind 1 lemon
2 4oz. packets cream cheese	3 egg-whites
¼ cup sugar	8in. crumb crust

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add boiling water, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Beat cream cheese, gradually adding sugar, orange juice, and rinds. Add dissolved gelatine, beat thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, turn mixture into prepared crumb crust, refrigerate until set.

Orange Glaze

1 tablespoon gelatine	½ cup sugar
¼ cup cold water	1 cup orange juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place sugar and orange juice in saucepan, stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, add softened gelatine, stir until glaze is clear. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Cover top of cheesecake with glaze. Serve well chilled.

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THESE ARE BAKED

WONDERFUL BASIC CHEESECAKE

(Picture on page 1)

1½lb. cream cheese
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 dessertspoon lemon juice
8in. crumb crust

Press cream cheese through strainer, blend with vanilla. Beat eggs until thick, beat in sugar gradually. Continue beating while adding cheese mixture in small portions, mixing each time until smooth. Mix in lemon juice.

Spread into crumb crust, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate. Just before serving, top with whipped cream, sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg.

To decorate as shown on page 1, take small bunches of green and black grapes, wash well, dry. Brush over with lightly beaten egg-white, then roll or press lightly in sugar; set aside until dry, then arrange on top of chilled cheesecake.

ALMOND CHEESECAKE

2oz. butter or substitute
3oz. castor sugar
2 eggs (separated)
1½oz. ground almonds
½lb. cream cheese
1oz. semolina
2oz. raisins
rind and juice of 1 lemon
2 tablespoons cream
8in. crumb crust

Cream together butter or substitute and sugar until light and creamy. Add lightly beaten egg-yolks, ground almonds, cream cheese, semolina, chopped raisins, grated rind and lemon juice; beat well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and cream. Turn into crumb crust; bake in moderately slow oven 50 to 60 minutes or until filling is set.

ELEGANT COTTAGE CHEESECAKE

1½lb. cottage cheese
1 tablespoon rum
4 egg-whites
1 cup sugar
½ pint cream
2oz. dark chocolate
8in. crumb crust

Press cottage cheese through sieve, mix with rum until soft and creamy. Beat egg-whites until they form soft peaks, then gradually beat in sugar. Fold into cheese until well blended; spoon into crumb case. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate. Whip cream, gradually beat in melted chocolate, spread over top. Refrigerate again until topping has set.

LEMON-TOPPED CHEESECAKE

1½lb. cream cheese
1 tablespoon rum
4 egg-whites
1 cup sugar
9in. crumb crust

Topping

2-3rd cup sugar
3 dessertspoons cornflour
pinch salt
1 dessertspoon butter or substitute
¾ cup boiling water
1 egg
3 dessertspoons lemon juice
grated rind 1 lemon
½ teaspoon vanilla
whipped cream

Press cream cheese through sieve, mix with rum until soft and smooth. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, continue beating until of meringue consistency. Fold meringue into cheese mixture until well blended. Pour into prepared crust, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool, spread over the Lemon Topping, then refrigerate.

Just before serving, pipe whipped cream decoratively round edge.

Topping: Mix together sugar, cornflour, rind, and salt. Slowly add to boiling water, cook until thick. Add some of hot mixture to beaten egg, then stir back into remaining mixture, with the butter; cook 2 minutes more.

Remove from heat, blend in lemon juice and vanilla. Cool before spreading over cheesecake.

ITALIAN APPLE CREAM PIE

Pastry

1¼ cups plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons lemon rind
4oz. butter or substitute
1 egg-yolk
2 tablespoons sherry

Filling

2 apples
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons plain flour
2 teaspoons lemon rind
½ cup cream
8oz. cream cheese
1 tablespoon mixed peel
¼ cup raisins
¼ teaspoon salt

Pastry: Sift together dry ingredients, add grated lemon rind. With pastry blender or 2 knives, cut in butter or substitute. Beat egg-yolks and sherry together. Add to flour mixture; mix well, forming smooth ball. Roll out, line square 8in. sandwich tin; trim edges.

Filling: Peel and core apples, cut into quarters, then slice thinly. Arrange in overlapping lines in pastry shell. Beat eggs and sugar until thick; gradually add sifted flour, lemon rind, cream, cream cheese, chopped peel, raisins, and salt. Pour over apple. Bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours.

Serve slightly warm or cold with whipped cream.

FRENCH SUPERB CHEESECAKE

4oz. sweet short-crust pastry
1½lb. cream cheese
2 tablespoons self-raising flour
rind ½ lemon
½ pint sour cream
2 eggs
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup milk

Roll out pastry, line base of 8in. springform pan.

Beat together cream cheese, flour, grated rind, and sour cream. Beat egg-whites and sugar until light and fluffy, add milk. Gradually beat into cheese mixture. Pour on to pastry, bake in moderate oven 1½ hours.

LUSCIOUS GOURMET CHEESECAKE

1½lb. cream cheese
1½ cups castor sugar
2½ dessertspoons plain flour
pinch salt
1 egg
6 eggs, separated
1 whole egg, extra
1½ cups sour cream
juice 1 lemon
3 tablespoons extra castor sugar
10in. crumb crust

Beat cream cheese until softened, combine with sugar, flour, and salt, beat well. Beat in the whole egg plus the 6 egg-yolks, sour cream, and lemon juice.

Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, beat in extra sugar, fold into cream cheese mixture. Pour into prepared crumb crust, bake in moderately slow oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Allow to cool in oven. Refrigerate until nicely firm.

CHOCOLATE-CREAM CHEESECAKE

3oz. dark chocolate
3 eggs
¾ cup sugar
8oz. cream cheese
¾ cup cream
3 tablespoons plain flour
pinch bicarb. soda
pinch salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon rum
extra whipped cream
extra melted chocolate
8in. crumb crust

Chop chocolate, melt over hot water, set aside. Beat eggs until thick and fluffy. Add sugar gradually, beating well until thick and lemon-colored. Beat together cream cheese and cream until smooth and thickened. Add melted chocolate, stir until well blended. Fold egg mixture into chocolate-cream mixture with rum and vanilla. Sift together flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda; add to creamed mixture. Pour into crumb crust in 8in. springform pan. Bake in slow oven 55 to 60 minutes. Allow to cool, then refrigerate until well chilled.

Top with whipped sweetened cream, drizzle over melted chocolate.

Continued overleaf

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SOUR CREAM-TOPPED CHEESECAKE

Crust

5oz. plain sweet biscuits
2 tablespoons powdered milk
1 tablespoon water
3oz. butter or substitute

Filling

2 4oz. pkts. cream cheese
¼ cup castor sugar
2 eggs
3 tablespoons powdered milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Topping

2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ pint sour cream

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits, add powdered milk. Melt butter or substitute and add to biscuit mixture with water. Press into greased 8in. springform pan, bake in moderate oven 5 minutes, cool.

Filling:. Cream together cheese and sugar, add powdered milk. Add eggs and vanilla, beat until smooth. Pour into crumb crust, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until set. Remove from oven, cool.

Topping: Blend ingredients together and spread over top of cooked cheese mixture. Bake further 10 minutes, then refrigerate.

Serve well chilled.

YOGHURT CREAM PIE

Crumb Case

6oz. plain sweet biscuits
1 tablespoon brown sugar
3oz. butter or substitute

Filling

½ pint yoghurt
4oz. packet cream cheese
2 tablespoons plain flour
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup powdered milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla

Crumb Case: Crush biscuits and mix with brown sugar. Melt butter and stir into mixture. Press firmly into deep 9in. pie plate.

Filling: Mix together yoghurt, cream cheese, flour, and powdered milk until smooth. Beat eggs and sugar together. Stir into yoghurt mixture, add lemon juice and vanilla. Pour into crumb case, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Cool, refrigerate, and serve with whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg.

PINEAPPLE WINE CHEESE PIE

9in. uncooked sweet pastry case
½lb. cream cheese
1 cup sugar
2oz. softened butter or substitute
¼ cup plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 large can crushed pineapple
1 tablespoon cornflour
½ cup sweet white wine

Sieve cream cheese, gradually beat in sugar. Add softened butter. Blend in sifted flour and salt. Add eggs alternately with the milk, beat in vanilla.

Drain pineapple. Place in saucepan over gentle heat; when hot, add cornflour blended with wine; cook 1 minute, stirring. Cool, pour over base of pastry. Pour over cheese mixture. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce temperature to moderate, bake further 30 minutes or until filling is set. Cool, then chill.

RUBY-GLAZED CHEESECAKE

8oz. shortcrust pastry
8oz. cream cheese
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 small jar red currant jelly
whipped cream

Roll out pastry on lightly floured board, line 7in. flan tin. Carefully prick base and sides of pastry, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool while preparing filling. Combine the cream cheese and sugar in basin, and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in lemon juice. Pour into prepared pastry shell. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate. Place red currant jelly in saucepan, heat gently; cool. Pour over top of cheesecake, allow to set.

Decorate with whipped cream before serving.

CHOCOLATE MARBLED CHEESECAKE

Pastry

4oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
¾ cup plain flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
pinch salt

Filling

1oz. unsweetened chocolate
6 4oz. packets cream cheese
1¼ cups sugar
6 eggs (separated)
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 tablespoons plain flour
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cream

Pastry: Cream butter or substitute with sugars until light and fluffy; gradually add sifted flour, baking powder, and salt; mix well. Press evenly over base of 9in. springform pan. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Remove, cool in pan.

Filling: Melt chocolate in heatproof basin over simmering water; set aside. Soften cream cheese in large bowl; gradually beat in sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg-yolks until just blended; stir in sifted flour, lemon rind and juice, and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until they form soft peaks. Beat cream until stiff. Fold beaten egg-whites, then cream into egg-yolk mixture.

Spoon one-third on cooled crust; drizzle 1 teaspoon of melted chocolate over; repeat twice, ending with chocolate. Cut through mixture to swirl chocolate. Bake in slow oven 1 hour. Leave in unlit oven 1 hour longer. Cool, then refrigerate.

PASSIONFRUIT CHEESECAKE

1lb. cream cheese
½ cup sugar
3 eggs (separated)
3 tablespoons plain flour
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup cream
1 small can passionfruit pulp
8in. crumb crust

Soften cream cheese, gradually beat in sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg-yolks until just blended, stir in sifted flour, lemon rind, juice, and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until they form soft peaks. Beat cream until stiff. Fold beaten egg-whites, then cream into egg-yolk mixture with 1 tablespoon of passionfruit. Spoon into prepared crumb case; bake in slow oven 40 minutes to 1 hour; turn off heat. Leave in oven 1 hour longer. Cool, then chill. Top with remaining passionfruit.

AUSTRIAN CHEESECAKE

Crumb Base

4oz. crushed cornflakes or sweet biscuit crumbs
¼ cup castor sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2oz. butter

Filling

1lb. cream cheese
2 eggs
½ cup castor sugar
juice ½ lemon
½ pint sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place crushed cornflakes or biscuit crumbs in bowl, add sugar and cinnamon; rub in butter. Press on to base of 7in. sandwich tin with removable base. Beat cream cheese until soft and smooth. Whisk eggs and three-quarters of sugar together until thick, add to cheese with lemon juice; spoon over crumb crust. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 minutes. Mix together sour cream, vanilla, remaining sugar; pour over top. Return to very hot oven for 10 minutes to set topping. Cool.

Continued overleaf

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THESE ARE BAKED . . .
. . . continued

SULTANA CREAM CHEESECAKE

(Picture on this page)

3 4oz. packets cream cheese
1 egg
¼ cup sugar
rind 1 lemon
2 tablespoons sultanas
2 tablespoons slivered almonds
7in. crumb crust

Beat cream cheese until soft, beat in egg, sugar, and lemon rind; beat until light and fluffy. Stir in sultanas. Spoon into crumb crust, sprinkle with almonds. Bake in slow oven 30 to 35 mintues. Cool, then refrigerate. Just before serving, decorate with whipped cream.

COLONIAL CURD CAKE

Pastry

3oz. butter
2oz. castor sugar
1 egg-yolk
1¼ cups plain flour

Filling

1lb. cream cheese
2oz. soft butter
½ teaspoon vanilla
rind 1 lemon
2-3rd cup sugar
2 tablespoons milk
3 large eggs
1½ tablespoons cornflour
½ cup evaporated milk or cream

Pastry: Cream butter or substitute and sugar. Mix in egg-yolk, then the sifted flour. Roll out pastry and line 8in. spring-form pan.

Filling: Sieve cream cheese. Cream butter with half the sugar, the vanilla, and grated lemon rind. Add remaining sugar and milk, mix well. Beat in egg-yolks and cornflour, then sieved cheese in alternate quantities with evaporated milk or cream. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into prepared pastry.

Bake in hot oven 8 minutes, reduce heat to moderately slow, bake a further 40 to 50 minutes or until nearly set in centre. Turn off heat, but leave curd cake in oven at least 15 minutes. Cool, cover with whipped cream, sprinkle with nutmeg. Chill for several hours before serving.

ALMONDS, cut into slivers, give an unusual, crunchy topping to this Sultana Cream Cheesecake. Whipped cream is used to decorate. Recipe this page.

HUNGARIAN PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE

Pastry

2 tablespoons butter or substitute
2 egg-yolks
1 tablespoon lemon juice
pinch salt
1½ cups plain flour
½ teaspoon baking-powder
1 tablespoon cold water

Filling

6oz. cream cheese
1 cup sour cream
1-3rd cup sugar
pinch salt
3 eggs
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 egg-white (extra)
1 cup crushed canned pineapple
½ cup chopped raisins
whipped cream

Pastry: Cream butter until light and fluffy, beat in egg-yolks, salt, and lemon juice. Combine with sifted dry ingredients, work to firm dough with water. Chill 1 hour. Roll out to ¼in. thickness, press with fingers over base and sides of 8in. spring-form pan. Allow to chill further 1 hour.

Filling: Rub cream cheese through sieve, add sour cream, sugar, salt, well-beaten eggs, and grated lemon rind; beat well together. Brush pastry case with extra egg-white, sprinkle evenly with drained pineapple and raisins. Carefully pour cheese mixture over. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 20 minutes or until nicely browned. Cool, then refrigerate.

Decorate with whipped cream.

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Recipes from the restaurants

Many Australian restaurants, well known for their excellent food, have made a specialty of cheesecakes. On this page we give, by permission of the restaurants concerned, some of these famous cheesecake recipes.

THE RHINE CASTLE BISTRO, SYDNEY

Crumb Crust

½lb. plain sweet biscuits
4oz. butter or substitute

Filling

6 4oz. packets cream cheese
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
whipped cream

Crush the biscuits into fine crumbs, melt butter or substitute, add to crumbs, and make a shortbread. Line 9in. or 10in. springform pan.

Cream the cheese and sugar together, add eggs one at a time, then add vanilla, and beat well. Pour mixture into the crumb crust. Bake 30 minutes in a slow oven. Leave in the oven until cool. Refrigerate at least 2 hours (overnight is better still).

When ready to serve, top with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg.

YE OLD CRUSTY CELLAR, SYDNEY

Chef: Ron Prentice

2lb. cream cheese
4 egg-yolks
1 can condensed milk
grated rind and juice 5 medium lemons
1 cup sugar
½ pint sour cream
4 teaspoons gelatine
1 cup warm water
9in. crumb crust

Beat together for 15 minutes cream cheese, egg-yolks, condensed milk, lemon rind and juice, sugar, and sour cream. Add gelatine dissolved in warm water and beat further 10 minutes. Pour into prepared crumb crust, refrigerate overnight.

THE LITTLE REATA RESTAURANT, MELBOURNE

Chef: Mrs. Elizabeth Balizs

The Little Reata Cheesecake

Crumb Crust

37 (approx. 15oz.) chocolate ripple biscuits
½lb. unsalted butter
3 tablespoons brown sugar

Filling

7 4oz. packets cream cheese
7 eggs
3 tablespoons sugar
½ vanilla stick
whipped cream

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits finely, add melted butter and sugar, mix well; allow time for crumbs to absorb as much shortening as possible. Press firmly into ungreased 9in. or 10in. springform pan. Refrigerate while preparing filling.

Filling: Beat together cheese, eggs, sugar, and vanilla stick; remove vanilla stick. Pour mixture into the crumb crust. Place on oven slide and bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Turn off heat, but leave cake to cool off in oven; refrigerate. Before serving, decorate with whipped cream.

Cut cheesecake with a hot, wet knife.

Although cheesecake is one of the most popular of desserts, some restaurants also serve it as a delicious specialty-of-the-house with afternoon tea or coffee. It's an idea worth copying if you're entertaining at home.

THE WENTWORTH HOTEL, SYDNEY

Executive Chef: V. P. Wirthlin

Pastry

1½ cups plain flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
4oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup sugar

Filling

2 4oz. packets cream cheese
1 tablespoon self-raising flour
½ cup sugar
1 egg
¾ cup milk
grated rind ½ lemon
4 drops vanilla
cinnamon

Pastry: Sift flour and baking powder into basin. Lightly rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar and press all ingredients together. Chill pastry ½ hour, roll out on a floured board. Line greased 7in. sandwich tin with pastry.

Filling: Prepare oven by preheating to hot, reduce to moderately slow, and leave 10 minutes before placing cheesecake in oven.

Beat together cream cheese, flour, and sugar until smooth and fluffy. Add egg and gradually blend in milk; add lemon rind and vanilla. Pour mixture into pastry shell and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in prepared oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate before serving.

FANNY'S RESTAURANT, MELBOURNE

Chef: Loreto Marino

Crumb Case

½ cup biscuit crumbs or dried breadcrumbs
1½oz. butter

Filling

12oz. cream cheese
¾ cup sugar
4 eggs (separated)
2 tablespoons plain flour
1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups scalded cream

Crumb Case: Grease 8in. springform pan thickly with the butter. Turn pan on its side, dusting sides evenly with crumbs. When sides are well coated, shake a little coating of crumbs on to the base. Place springform pan in freezer 30 minutes or refrigerate 2 hours.

Filling: Beat cream cheese, sugar, egg-yolks, flour, vanilla, and salt together until smooth. Gradually blend in cooled scalded cream. Whip egg-whites until stiff but not dry, fold lightly into cheese mixture. Pour mixture into prepared pan, bake in slow oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Refrigerate at least 6 hours before serving.

RENZO'S NEW ORLEANS RESTAURANT, SYDNEY

Crumb Crust

¾lb. plain sweet biscuits
6oz. butter or substitute
pinch cinnamon

Filling

4 4oz. packets cream cheese
¼ cup sugar
3 egg-yolks
2½ tablespoons condensed milk
juice 3 lemons
½ pint sour cream
1 tablespoon vanilla
3 dessertspoons gelatine
4 tablespoons water
whipped cream

Crush biscuits, stir in cooled melted butter or substitute and cinnamon. Press over base and sides of 9in. springform pan; refrigerate.

Beat cheese until smooth. Beat egg-yolks and sugar until light and fluffy, add to softened cheese. Stir in sour cream, condensed milk, lemon juice, and vanilla. Dissolve gelatine, which has been softened in the water. Add to cheese mixture. Fill into prepared crumb crust and refrigerate until set.

Serve decorated with whipped cream.

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GAY COLOR TAKES A NEW FASHION FLING

4295.—A-line coat with button-loop closing has long sleeves, patch pocket, is lined to edge. Sleeveless A-line dress features jewel neckline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 4295 Butterick Pattern, price 65c includes postage.

4363. — A-line dress with caftan neckline and button trim (centre) has elbow-length, belled sleeves and banding at hemline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern, price 70c includes postage.

4297.—Safari co-ordinates. Jacket has notched collar, patch pockets, sleeves with button trim. Ankle-length pants are darted into waistband. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 4297 Butterick Pattern, price 65c includes postage.

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I took one look at the new Sunoroids – and I thought "wonder where these came from?" Right here! Sunoroids are the best in the world. The best, the best, the best. And that's the whole point of my trip – to prove it by taking them to New York and London and Paris to see how they stack. If it's anything like last time, they'll want the Sunoroid sunglasses.

I've got a whole flight bag full of Sunoroids. Three favourites: Style 767M in black, $4.65. Style 671L in red and white. The biggest – Style 665, $4.45. Other colours available. You see, I can be quite technical when I want to.

This one little Pan Am ticket around the world lets me stop off anywhere on the way to New York. (That's where I'm going first.) Can't you see my Sunoroids in Noumea, Nandi, Papeete, Pago Pago, Hawaii..

This is the camera to take the shots to send from New York and London and Paris. (Note the authentic optical glass lens – ever see a camera with a plastic lens?)

Pow!

This is the tag to watch for. Don't be sold off. The looking will be great.

It's not Eliza Doolittle; it's me packing for the umpteenth time. Hope the hems are right for New York. I'll soon let you know.

Hooray for the red, white, and blue, and black, and tan, and honey amber.

"Pan Am makes the going great.."

The authentic story of Amelia B. Pepper in her quest to prove a point. (The next ad will be from New York. Oct.18)

Should see the guy I'm sitting next to. But I'm going to keep that picture for myself. He's wearing Sunoroids too.

Sunoroid International Sunglasses Collection 67/68

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LIVELY LOOKS for EASY LIVING

4386. — Sleeveless A-line dress with extended shoulders has front inverted pleat falling below a high-cut, bow-trimmed yoke. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust 4386 Butterick Pattern, price 65c includes postage.

4404. — Front-zippered tent dress (centre) with flap-and-button trim has standing collar with top-stitch trim. Make as shown or with sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 4404 Butterick Pattern, price 70c includes postage.

4423.—Ankle-length culottes are darted at waist. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. 4423, Butterick Pattern, price 60c includes postage. 3885.—Cowl-necked overblouse. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36. 38in. bust. Price 50c includes postage.

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portrait of a lady who couldn't make up her mind

which of Chico's 48 Sun Fun colours she preferred. So she used them all.
At around 80 cents a yard why not? Pure cotton is in. And Chico is the best pure cotton to be in. Chico is cool, crisp, confident cotton with cotton's colourful, colourfast, shrinkproof qualities. And exclusively, Chico has the Nittobo creaseless finish. And have you seen Chico's intriguing textured surface? Think of a name and make it up in Chico. . . . Kaftan, Djellaba, Culotte, party pyjamas, blouse, shift, skirt or tent — you'll never run out of colours! And why stop there? How about children's wear — school-wear, play-wear, best-wear? Why not? Chico is pure cotton, remember! You can buy Chico for every wear, anywhere, at around 80 cents a yard. Get the picture? You'll look one in Chico — this summer, next summer.

sun fun

chico

Nittobo Creaseless Finish

ANOTHER **fortuna** FASHION FABRIC

Cotton for confidence — a fashion natural

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ONLY SON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

scampered and screamed and gobbled underfoot . . . Mrs. Hadden guessed they were fairly poor, and wondered how they felt about having an artist, instead of a worker, in the family.

But Alec wrote that his painting was improving and, at last, in answer to an almost subconscious wish, he sent his mother a portrait of his wife.

It startled her. His style had changed radically. It was not abstract, yet it was not exactly figurative — the girl's face appeared only when you stood back from the canvas and squinted a little, and then it glimmered obscurely, as if veiled or seen through stained-glass panels. The half-hidden quality fascinated Mrs. Hadden, drawing her back again and again to look at the painting from different angles, different distances.

A hungry curiosity compelled her to try to solve the mystery — what did the girl actually look like? Despite her pleasure in the fact that Alec evidently had talent after all, she would gladly have swopped the painting for just one good clear passport photograph.

Sometimes the girl looked rather lovely — dark, with large black Italian eyes; at other times she looked as Mrs. Hadden subconsciously expected a peasant girl to look — a rather wooden, empty face with a stubborn jaw and faintly coarse features. Her hands were unambiguous, clearly and even defiantly outlined at the bottom of the picture — square, capable, graceless, with short, ugly nails.

And now, suddenly, frighteningly, they were coming to London.

Alec wrote a letter lit by a mixture of hilarity, triumph, and simple excitement. He himself found it hard to believe that he had been "discovered" by a London gallery owner who, on holiday in Florence, had chanced to see one of Alec's paintings in the home of a friend. ("What incredible luck! It was one of the few I've managed to flog to the great big world outside.")

The Londoner made the journey to the little hill town, looked long and hard at the canvases in Alec's small attic studio, and offered him an exhibition in London.

"So we're on our way, caloo, calay! If you have fatted calves, prepare to roast them now. I'm bringing Maria and the kids — Maria because I couldn't bear to leave her behind, the kids because she couldn't bear, etc. Don't ask where the fares came from. My benefactor advanced mine, and the family had a whip-round for Maria and young. Please heaven (hers — I borrow it in moments of stress) I shall sell enough in London to pay it all back."

There was a long P.S. "Not the least exciting part of the whole adventure will be seeing you again. I know it sounds ridiculous, but could you possibly come to Victoria to meet us? I always remember looking out of the train window as I came home from school each time, and how nice it was to see you standing there in your blue coat."

. . . .

She had arrived much too early at the station, and the boat train was very late. She had had time to re-read this letter and the wire that had followed it a number of times before the distorted voice over the loudspeaker finally blared out an announcement that the Dover train would arrive in five minutes.

She felt a surge of panic, a desire to fidget, even to run. But what use was it to get the mirror out of her handbag and look at herself again? She was eight years older — he would expect that—and apart from that she looked as nice as she was able.

There was a roast of beef (Alec's favorite) waiting to go into the oven at home, and the top floor of her maisonette had been turned hastily into a flatlet which might just take a family of four. She had done all that could be done, sight unseen.

Now there was nothing to do but sit there quietly for those last few minutes, her fingers trembling a little as she extinguished her cigarette and put the letter away. But the agitated blood still beat in her throat, and within her a voice cried for Jo to hold her hand and help her. She drew a deep, steadying breath.

I'm a widow, she thought, my husband is dead. She still had to remind herself that that hollow, lonely word applied to her. But today, even in that damp, gloomy place, its ring was less desolate than ever before.

The train, a black monster glistening and sweating with rain, exploded in under the glass roof, filling the false sky with smoke and steam. She stood on the platform in her blue coat—a new one, but the same color as the one he had unexpectedly remembered — and searched the many-headed moving windows for the half-forgotten face.

She saw it, coming slowly toward her. The beard was gone; he looked young, brown, happy — a schoolboy face. He grinned, shouted something — disappeared for a moment, then popped out again. Beside him, blurred and indistinct as it had been in the portrait, was the face of her daughter-in-law.

She appeared to be neither beautiful nor plain; each interpretation of the portrait had been an extreme of the very ordinary little face in the train window. In repose it would, inevitably, have something of the heavy, peasant quality Mrs. Hadden had expected; but, smiling and alight, as now, there was no denying that it was a warm, attractive face, a natural face without a trace of worldliness or affectation, no mark of sophistication, cynicism — or sorrow.

As the train ground slowly to a stop, the two faces passed by, quite close to her own, and for a moment clearly etched. She saw their eyes fastened on her with anxiety, tension, and hope. She saw their married hands clutching each other on the grimy edge of the window, their other hands reaching out toward her — the girl's, too.

A fluid feeling of relief flooded her. She put one hand in each of theirs and walked beside the train until it stopped.

(Copyright)

FROM THE BIBLE

● *There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God.*

—1 Samuel 2; 2.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Smart dress is available cut out to make in turquoise/white, navy/white, or pink/white striped pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $6.65; 36 and 38in. bust, $6.85. Postage and dispatch 40 cents extra.

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640

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AT HOME . . . *with Margaret Sydney*

● The nicest thing about getting home is, undoubtedly, getting home. It's not only pleasant, but there's a sort of miraculous quality about it, too.

JUST getting back is miraculous enough to anyone who's flown round the world without any real conviction that the heavier-than-air machine is a workable device.

What doubles the miracle is to find that none of your worst fears has been fulfilled. Contrary to expectations, your family has managed without you. Nobody has got run-over, leprosy, pneumonia, expelled, burnt, appendicitis, married, glandular fever, desperate, fired, lost.

In fact, none of the dreary or dramatic possibilities which have occurred to you in off moments while you wait in foreign airports in the small hours of the morning has occurred. Your absence has proved you're dispensable — and also that you're extremely useful in all sorts of ways that no one had actually totted up before.

I didn't want to fly. I flew only because it was a case of fly or don't go at all. To me it seemed a pretty sad sort of compromise, after decades of day-dreaming about, slowly and solemnly sailing into the world's great ports aboard one of the world's great and stately liners.

I climbed aboard my first couple of planes with the stoical calm of someone about to undergo a major operation. No anaesthetic, though. I flew the first long leg in the state of super alertness, helping the pilot every inch of the way.

After about the third or fourth take-off and landing my alertness began to fade, and oddly enough the pilots seemed to manage just as well without my being on deck to do their worrying for them.

By the time I'd got a third of the way round I'd completely changed my views. Flying, I decided, was the only way unless you happened to be one of the fortunate few with no responsibilities and an infinity of time.

At least as regards travelling, the old saw about it being better to travel hopefully than to arrive, is OUT. The thing is to arrive as quickly as possible, and so have all that marvellous extra time (which won't be half enough, anyway) for sight-seeing.

As it was, I flew all the way round, looking regretfully over my shoulder, mourning because I hadn't had more time in whatever place I happened to be leaving at the moment.

If I'd been travelling by ship with only a day or two at each port of call, I probably would have gone quietly mad, or else jumped ship somewhere and disappeared into the hinterland.

Seeing home through a tourist's eye

I DISCOVERED when I got back that your tourist's eye lasts only about a week, but that in that week you see all sorts of things in your own city you'd never seen before.

You can see right down a city street, for instance — the whole vista of road-level and skyline, the way you never do when you're going about your normal business, looking no more than a hundred feet ahead and thinking about appointments and shopping and whether there's enough meat in the fridge for that night's meal.

The things that struck me about Sydney that had never struck me before were that the Harbor and its foreshores were not just beautiful (which I knew) but quite fabulously beautiful, both on a sunny day and when they're lit at night, and not matched by anything similar I saw anywhere else.

Generally speaking, the skyline is low and squat, so that once you're away from the very heart of the city, Sydney looks like a large-scale version of one of its satellite country towns, and the city's so-called skyscraper area is oddly unconvincing, like an arrangement a child might put together with a handful of units from a ready-made building set.

Another thing I learnt (and much good may the information do me!) is that Australia has the most efficient plumbing in the world. It's also possibly the noisiest, but who cares about a bit of noise, if it works?

We've all been indoctrinated with the legend that America is a positive shrine of good plumbing. I don't believe it. MY America was full of non-operating fittings and desperate housewives forever having to stay home to wait for the plumber.

And my Europe was full of ingenious plugs operated by push-and-pull levers, which failed to keep water in a bath or a basin for more than a few minutes, and that fiendish invention, the hand-held telephone-shower, whose only real function seems to be to spray your dry towel and the mirror above the basin on the opposite wall.

So here I am, dazed, dazzled, worn-out (everyone tells me it takes a month's holiday to get over this sort of holiday), and collar-proud (haven't washed a plate, cooked a meal, made a bed for three months).

And what have I brought back, apart from a few treasured buys, ten thousand descriptive brochures, and ten million thoroughly scrambled impressions which I devoutly hope will unscramble themselves as time goes by?

Well—mainly I brought a conviction that it is utter madness to do yourself out of any travel that offers just because you have to travel alone. It may not be the ideal way to travel, but it has its compensations. You get into conversation with far more people, people beside you in buses and planes and trains.

You can enjoy their company for as long or as short a time as you want to, teaming up with newly made friends when you all want to do the same thing, going your own way when that's what suits your inclination.

Only a quite abnormally shy person could really be lonely on the sort of cram-it-all-in trip that I made, and there's at least a 50-50 chance that even that person would find it a thorough-going cure for abnormal shyness.

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● As a child who lived in tents in North Queensland, lashed by rain in the Wet, plagued by heat and flies when camp moved inland, this reader made a childish vow: If ever she had a strong, dry timber house with an iron roof, she would never leave it. Nowadays, if the family want to go camping they can go without her. She is one housewife who never wants to "get away from it all."

READERS' STORIES

My early life in the roadside tents

By ELIA STONE

MY children, and even my husband, can't understand why, in all these years I've had them, I've never been on a camping holiday.

They often begin enthusiastic planning, but somehow it always fizzles out before we actually get away to spend the nights under the stars, or under a flimsy sheet of canvas.

Once or twice I did actually wave them goodbye as they left with fishing lines and camping gear, then prepared to spend serene hours reading all the magazines and serials I'd saved until I had some time to call my own.

But no sooner had I cleared away the clutter they'd left, poured out a cup of coffee, and begun on the first page than I'd hear rumblings of thunder and my peace of mind would be shattered as I awaited their return.

But, being hardy folk, they would have set up their tent and slept the storm out (or missed it altogether) while I lived through every agony a tent-dweller has ever known. For once a tent was the only home I knew.

The golden days

On bright sunny mornings, the early songs of the birds, the fresh, sweet scent of the tropical forest are truly heavenly, and by an open fire breakfast is perfect.

Then there are tales around big campfires, singsongs and toasted sandwiches, tea, coffee, or cocoa under the stars before going to bed.

Yes, these were the lovely days of childhood, the golden days. But the sun doesn't always shine, especially in the tropical north of Queensland, where they were building the road when I was a child.

As one part of the road was finished, the camp moved on to the next. It was always exciting and sad, yet frightening at times.

It was exciting to explore new countryside. Alone, perhaps the only child for many miles, I'd explore the dense forest, the lush green pastures, the rough stony ridges.

The scenery around our tents was forever changing. I became a dreamer with only one dream —to settle in one spot, in a safe house, and never, never leave it.

When I was old enough to go to school, it was a sheer joy to meet other children, to make friends, but sometimes the schools were too far away.

But soon the road would lead to another one-teacher school, and I'd make friends, settle in, and begin to feel permanent, as though I belonged. Then little by little the road would move on, and the school and all my friends become just a memory.

The rain came down gently at first, then settled in. It whipped the tent until I thought it would tear it apart, leaving us exposed to the fury of the elements.

This was one of the longest, wettest wet seasons in history. Even the creatures of the forest sought refuge in our tents, to my delight, in the daytime. But at nights frogs, leeches, and snakes are not the most welcome under your blankets or sharing your pillow.

Our flimsy tents were no match for the rain. Everything smelt of mildew, which grew thick on the shoes and books. It speckled most of our clothes, giving them that subtle peppery look.

Little rivulets often ran across the tent floors, and I remember the day I woke to find water lapping the bottom of my bed. At first I was delighted, hoping I'd sail away for a ride in my boat.

Suddenly, the danger dawned on me and I awakened everyone. It was rather a grim business shifting tents in pouring rain. Perhaps that is when I lost all the feeling of fun paddling in the rain. (Now, when my children change into swimming-togs to splash through puddleholes, laughing joyfully in the rain, I am just thankful for the solid timber walls of our home.)

I knew exactly how Noah felt as he watched the rain, but we hadn't built an ark. We just hoped and longed for the rain to stop.

I read all the books, painted pictures on every scrap of paper, and embroidered or sewed every piece of material we had.

Still it rained, until I wondered if the heavens themselves were flooded, taking with them the sun, moon, and stars, leaving only us in our tents by the dark, mosquito-ridden jungle.

How I dreamed of a dry little house with solid timber walls and a door to keep out wind and rain. As I watched the water dripping into basins on the bed, I dreamed of an iron roof to shelter us. When I found it, I vowed I'd never leave it, ever.

They measured the rain in feet that year, when the sun again dried us all out. The trucks stopped getting bogged, the mail came through. Little by little the sense of isolation left us, and again the road wound into a town.

Goodbyes to friends

Here, for a few months, we lived in a house. A nice, solid timber house with a garden. School was just over the road. There were children everywhere to play with and shops full of fascinating things. The bookshop held me spellbound for hours at a time. If only we could live here for ever!

On wet days I'd watch the rain through the white lace-curtained windows, but already the endless road was moving through the town, going westward.

Sadly I watched the men sorting out the tents, loading the trucks, and as we packed I said goodbye to the solid timber house and garden, to the shopkeepers, schoolteacher, neighbors, schoolfriends.

Then for the last time I stood at the window and looked down at the garden and wept for the loss of my dream home with its stout iron roof where on wet nights raindrops danced. In a tent the raindrops never danced, only beat and thrashed until they got through the flimsy canvas.

The road moved on through new tobacco - farming areas, through lonely, treeless plains where dingoes howled and the curlews cried at night.

It went inland, ever inland. Here the stiff dry grass, the stunted trees, and big brown ant-hills filled the landscape. At first it seemed dreary, with no hills, mountains, or rivers, only red-brown ant-beds as far as the eye could see.

But someone explained that these were really wonderful castles full of tunnels, where lived queens, workers, and soldier ants. So I took a great interest in the nearest ant-hill, taking scraps of food, which the busy workers carried to their castle.

We were in dry country now, and rain became a memory. The hot sun blazed down mercilessly on the tents. Dust and flies invaded everything the ants missed.

Then we shifted, and found a new interest in life: goats. If they weren't actually eating the beds and chewing the tents, they ate anything there was, boots to books, and enjoyed them.

To my dream home there was added solid timber gates and doors to keep goats out, to stop them eating my dolls, books, and dresses.

Goats on the beds

If the tent doors were tied securely to keep the big goats out, the little ones squeezed in through the smallest slit. They liked the comforts of home. They wanted to sleep on the beds even as they ate the linen and mattresses from them.

Then we came down through rocky mountain sides, and back through the tropical jungles. It was like coming home to see again the green, luxurious growth, and feel the rain on our tents (and the frogs in our beds).

We camped by streams and rivers, in shady pastures, or by sugarcane fields, as the road wandered on. Life was pleasant now, and schools more accessible as we came to the well-settled coastal area.

Here our road ended. Our gipsy life was over, and we became normal, everyday people living in solid, stay-put houses.

When I married, my roots went down so deeply that no one has been able to persuade me to go on a camping holiday. I don't want to get away from it all. I want to stay with it, in my solid house, with its electricity, white lace curtains, garden, and sometimes listen to the dancing of the raindrops on our iron roof, the sweetest lullaby I know.

Yet, as we drive over the old roads it is with a sense of pride I tell my husband and children, "These were the roads our people built when I was a child, and this patch was once my home, where our tents rested a while."

For most of us there's a track winding back through childhood. Perhaps its a path through gum trees or wattles, through snow between pine trees, or even over sand and spinifex.

For me it's a solid bitumen road I watched grow from a track as I walked by its side to school.

THE SUNDAY PICNIC

● A Grafton, N.S.W., reader who was one of a family of seven also looks back to a bush childhood.

WHEN I think back over the years of our childhood, I realise what pleasure our dad gave us.

Sunday was our day. Dad would yoke up Neddy to the spring cart, fill the washing-basket with food, load his seven little Australians (whom he was rearing single-handed) into the cart, and drive miles to a creek or river, or just into the bush.

No matter if the fishing was unsuccessful — lunch was looked forward to, and the billy boiled.

Sometimes if Dad knew of a bees' nest we would take axe, kerosine tin, and the smoker. Younger brother and sisters had to be kept away because of the fear of stings, but if we were successful we had honeycomb to suck.

The rest would be put into a clean sugarbag and hung over a dish. The honey would drip into it in a golden stream.

The beeswax was not wasted. After leaving it out in the sun for the bees to sup any honey left, it was boiled and let set, ready for home use.

There was only one day off for workers in those days, and looking back on those happy times it seems to me we had a dad of real worth.

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AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay $2 for each letter used.

Book learning

● *When I was quite young my parents bought a set of encyclopedias. At the time I thought spending $80 on books was a foolish move, but now that I am in secondary school I realise what a great investment they were. The information supplied by these books has been invaluable in the past two years of my education, and I am now aware of the remarkable foresight behind this purchase.*

—JIM PORTEUS, Cessnock, N.S.W.

BEATNIK

ROUND ROBIN

Adair

FLOWERS ALL THEY SEAM!

NEW YORK dress designer Michael Diati is currently putting out floral dresses with a difference.

His dresses are made of real flowers!

Let's hope he doesn't go too far.

A belt of pines would be rather uncomfortable.

So, too, would a cactus dress.

Even though, when a girl sat down, it would be the sign of an early and long spring!

By the way, I imagine he makes mini-skirts out of dwarf varieties of flowers.

Perhaps a cleaning service offering home delivery could call itself the Peony Express.

Mr. Diati admits that his flower dresses wilt pretty quickly.

To keep the flowers fresh I suppose a girl would always have to wear hose!

Perhaps we'll see a new crop of flower-dress designers pop up.

They could be led by Leaves St. Laurent.
And what about Hardy Annual Amies?
Of course, some well-established designers could adapt.
A thought comes to mind on this score . . .

Mary Quant, Mary,
quite contrary,
How does your wardrobe grow?
With rosy smells,
And Christmas bells,
And other flowers go-go?

Well, it all sounds like a lot of fern and games.
But I don't know how the fashion will go.
Anyway, Mr. Diati has sown the seed.
Perhaps the idea will just grow on people.

LETTERS

Gifts to Vietnam

THE response at school to a collection of clothes and toys for a Vietnamese orphanage overwhelmed me. Almost immediately after the announcement there were enough gifts to be sent overseas. The girls seemed to realise that they needed to do something for people less fortunate than themselves. This is just a little example of the "selfish younger generation." — *E. Round, Flinders Park, S.A.*

It's a riot!

POP stars who are so much in the public eye, and who have such an obvious effect on the behaviour of their fans, owe it to their admirers to set a good example. It is simply not true that everybody CAN distinguish between right and wrong. Many pop fans — especially girls in their early teens — become so rapt in their heroes that they'll go to any lengths to get close to them. This is proved by the absurd behaviour at concerts, which are almost ruined by riotous hordes of fans showing their "appreciation." — *Greg Maiden, North Balwyn, Vic.*

"You are alone"

"YOU are alone with the beating of your heart.
You want to be as wild as the winds,
Proud as night.
But you are not.
You are alone,
And searching.

"And now you wear make-up, your face is not your own.
You throw your body into twisting dances,
Drive fast cars,
Smoke and drink.
But you are alone,
Among the crowding masses of people.
Still a shadow by the wayside,
Searching . . ."

— B. Longman, Ascot Vale, Vic.

CROSSFIRE

■ **Wake up, all you sober, conservative adults, and show some tolerance —that is, be willing to bear with the differences of others. Many despise our music and the way we dress. In some cases this dislike becomes a mad obsession, and adults develop an almost fanatical attitude toward teenagers and all that is modern. This transforms some young people into the "rebellious youth" whom, by rigid rules and restrictions, those same adults had hoped to prevent from developing. —** T. Olerance, Moorooka, Qld.

For teenagers

TO promote a broad outlook and to be of help in later life, I think that new subjects such as racial tolerance, psychology, yoga, all forms of sport, real estate buying, and basic law should be available for brief study at school. Maths is no longer vital as a basic business qualification — the adding machine fixed that! Our educational system should move with the times. Past facts are of little value to average people in this modern world. — Alison Ure, Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Duty-bound

WHEN I was appointed school captain I had mixed feelings. But in a matter of weeks I had become resigned to it, and have since endeavored to fulfil the few specific duties it entails satisfactorily. However, it seems that ever since my appointment many people think I am no longer human, and rubbish me continually with comments, questions, and amusing remarks that aren't amusing, because they hurt. I know these are said in fun, and I am expected to respond with a smile. But it is hard.— *"Bobby," Clayfield, Qld.*

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

Take your partner for romance

"I AM a 15-year-old girl who has been invited to a party by my girlfriend. I am quite shy with boys, and I cannot dance. However, there is one boy I like who will be there. How can I make this clear to him? He may think I'm a square. What shall I say to him if he asks me to dance?"

"Troubled," Vic.

● Why on earth should this boy think you are a "square"? Shyness and not being able to dance—though this can be a useful social grace—certainly don't make you one! On the night of the party take special pains to look your best, perhaps being a little bolder than usual with your make-up. A brand new hairdo can do wonders for a shy girl's ego, too. And if he asks you to dance—there's no reason why he shouldn't if you hang on to your smile—tell him the truth. I'm sure he'll be only too happy to give you your first dancing lesson.

Lovers' confusion

"I AM a 19-year-old girl in love with a boy of 20. We have been going steady for ten months and met six months before that. My problem is, we both feel that we are becoming too serious, because marriage isn't possible for at least another three years. I am willing to wait for him, but my boyfriend says I centre my life too much on him, and if we break up it will be hard on both of us. He says he loves me, but I am confused, because sometimes he hurts my feelings in front of other people. Do you think he feels trapped and wants to be free? If so, do I have to give him up completely? (I have told him that he can go out with other girls, but he doesn't know what he wants to do.) Please help us."

"Worried," S.A.

● You say you are confused, but so is he. Your concluding words put the whole situation in a nutshell — he doesn't know what he wants to do. Perhaps he has doubts that his love could weather a long wait. Perhaps by overstressing your feelings for him — especially by showing him that he is the centre of your life — you do indeed make him feel he is trapped. Have you asked HIM if he wants to be free? Completely free, that is? A few months' separation could do you both the world of good. At least you would discover you can live without him. It may also clear the air of all the uncertainty.

Future reckoning

"I AM deeply in love with a cousin of whom my parents do not approve. They don't know I have anything to do with him, and I don't like deceiving them. I know he is rebellious, and I don't approve of his ways. I have tried to forget him, but I couldn't and ended up going back to him. Please give me some advice. I am 15 and he is 16."

"Kissing Cousins," W.A.

● Deep down you know only too well you must try to forget him. True, a star-crossed romance cannot be discarded as easily as last year's dress, especially one "strengthened" by a boy's rebellious spirit and secret meetings. But you must bear in mind the effects this deception could have on your future. When your parents learn the truth — don't delude yourself they won't! — they may take precautions, such as restricting your freedom, to ensure you don't deceive them again.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

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Meet the exciting new Cortina. As nice a looking car as you've ever seen. Spacious enough for five adults. Priced to fit your budget. And with features that make it the most enjoyable thing that ever came between you and the road.

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Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)*

OSTI STYLE 5030

Treat yourself to a touch of pure magic! Breeze through summer in this sleek, shape-keeping slip . . . lightly aglow with the glamour of Moonspun Silver in 'Bri-Nylon'. Ask for **Osti style 5030.**

The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'!

This label* looks after the quality

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For teenagers

30c
Georgette "old-world" blouse (above).

A "poor-boy" top — from a wool off-cut:
20c

60c
was all it cost for silk crepe caftan (above).

This "Alice in Wonderland" dress required
89c

ODDS AND ENDS CAN HAVE NOT SO ODD ENDS!

HAVE you often come across those miniature market-places, the remnant stores, looked into them — but, with courage failing, kept walking?

Next time, go in. All kinds of treasures are there, begging discovery.

This was the case with a piece of grey-striped, knitted fabric I found. I bought it for 20c, and with very little sewing transformed it into a "poor-boy" top.

To trim it, I crocheted around the neck and armholes with white baby wool—which, incidentally, cost more than the fabric itself!

A 2½yd. piece of red, old-fashioned voile (cost 89c) became an "Alice in Wonderland" dress. It needed a red petticoat to complete the effect and make it a favorite outfit.

Adding inexpensive braid to my 2½yd. piece of pastel pink silk crepe, I now have a soft, slinky caftan—all for 60c.

This material was slightly marked and had to be laundered before making. Perhaps this was an advantage, as now there is no risk of shrinking.

A floaty cream blouse—made, my mother assures me, from old-fashioned georgette (about two yards)—cost 30c, and looks super teamed with a black velvet skirt for "Jane Eyre"-style formal glamor.

As well as dress lengths, small pieces of fur fabric, laces, braids, and other trimmings are available at very low cost. Lining material is also abundant.

Brushed nylon, interlock cotton, and other manufacturers' off-cuts cost very little in remnant places, and are ideal for making underwear and baby clothes.

Stories,
LORAINE BROWN

Pictures,
DON CAMERON

(PSYCHE)DELICATE DYEING

WANT to make last season's tired old pastel dress swing into psychedelic summer?

An ancient process called tie-dyeing is the answer.

All you need are a white or pale-colored dress, a packet of dye (available at any chemist for about 15c), a small skein of raffia, and some pebbles or dried peas.

Pencil in the places you want, say, circles to appear, then place the pebble or dried pea in each centre as an "anchor," wrapping the raffia around it and the fabric. Tie tightly to avoid dye seeping into the patterns.

Don't be perturbed if, when you've finished "tieing," the dress isn't recognisable as its former shape. The process does work.

All you have to do now is to follow the dyeing instructions on the packet, and when you've rinsed the garment until no more dye runs out, carefully cut the raffia.

While still damp, iron the dress to remove all the creases.

Using this basic principle, you can let your imagination run riot. You can make stripes instead of circles; tie-dye scarves, bedspreads, hankies, sheets. If you ask nicely, your mother may even let you tie-dye her living-room curtains.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These hints, sent in by readers, include practical tips for repairing and rejuvenating your wardrobe and home furnishings. Each hint wins $2 prize.

CONVERT little daughter's outgrown dress into a coverall apron. Remove sleeves and if necessary increase armhole slightly for freedom of movement; cut down centre back, hem edges, and finish off with tapes at neck and waist. — Irene Wajnblum, 3 Hemmingford Rd., East Bentleigh, Vic. 3165.

★ ★ ★

The small mesh bags in which onions and fruit are sold can be made into simple teacosies. Leave one end of bag tied up, cut other end straight across the bottom, and thread rows of thick wool through the mesh. The cosy can be lined with any suitable material.—Mrs. W. Varcoe, 52 Patton St., Broken Hill Sth., N.S.W. 2880.

★ ★ ★

When drip-drying little girls' frocks with puff sleeves, stuff sleeves with plastic bags. The sleeves will then dry in a good shape.—Mrs. O. Ivelyn, 40 Vista Pde., Belmont, N.S.W. 2280.

★ ★ ★

Before washing new sheets, sew a piece of tape or calico about 5in. long by 1in. wide down the corners along the selvedge sides. This will prevent the corners fraying on the line in wet and windy weather. — Mrs. H. A. Austin, Kuranda, via Cairns, Nth. Qld. 4870.

★ ★ ★

Pineapples can be peeled with much less effort if they are cut into rings first, and each ring is peeled separately. — Mrs. E. Hawk, Sheridan Lane, Gundagai, N.S.W. 2722.

★ ★ ★

An inexpensive and practical bedspread for a girl's room can be made from a single bed sheet (pastel or white) trimmed with eyelet lace and ribbon across the top and folded back. Sew matching trims on both ends of the pillowslip. Washable tartan ribbon or wide checked binding is suitable for a boy's room. These spreads launder easily and can later be used as sheets.—Mrs. Julie Smith, P.O. Bag 38, Mead, via Cohuna, Vic. 3568.

★ ★ ★

Shorten permanently pleated school tunics at the shoulders and skirts at the waist. Alterations to hemline spoil the set of permanent pleating, which is very difficult to restore.—Mrs. J. Cole, 166 Caddens Rd., Orchard Hills, via Penrith, N.S.W. 2750.

★ ★ ★

An ordinary bottle brush is ideal for cleaning the bulb and inside surfaces of reading-and-bed-lamps. — Mrs. H. Hirst, 12 Jeffery St., Dandenong, Vic. 3175.

★ ★ ★

If you run out of starch on washday, prepare a simple mixture of two tablespoons cornflour in ½ cup cold water; mix to a thin paste, add to ½ pint boiling water. This mixture makes a very effective starch. — Mrs. R. Prysldk, 110 Pitt St., Granville, N.S.W. 2142.

★ ★ ★

The contents of a vacuum flask will keep hotter and for a much longer time if the flask is first pre-heated. Fill flask with hot water a few minutes before filling with the required contents. I found this particularly effective when travelling long distances by road, as hot drinks are not always available when one stops for a rest. — Mrs. Alice Hallworth, Post Office, Nimmitabel, N.S.W. 2552.

★ ★ ★

To clean very grimy hands, take a handful of rolled oats and add enough water to form a thick paste. Massage well into hands, then rinse. — Mrs. J. Neumann, 6 Galway Ave., Nth. Plympton, S.A. 5037.

Don't discard good zip fasteners from worn-out frocks; use them in removable cushion covers. A 10in. or 12in. zip is suitable for 14in. to 16in. cushion. The cushions will be easier to fit into cover if opening is made close to one side instead of across centre, unless cover is oblong. — Mrs. H. G. Street, "Franchar Downs," Maxwelton, Nth. Qld. 4830.

Starch necklines and collars of flannelette and brushed-cotton shirts, blouses, frocks, and children's clothes. Iron damp, as usual for starched clothes. This will prevent dirt from penetrating the fabric and will keep the garments, which usually crumple quickly, looking neat and tidy. — Mrs. N. Johncock, 2 The Ridgeway, Belair, S.A. 5052.

OUR TRANSFER

BRIDESMAID MOTIF for your special-occasion linens is from Embroidery Transfer No. 187. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001: Price 15c plus 4c extra for postage.

all the taste, all the flavours, of an outdoor barbecue, right in your own kitchen.

Remember how an outdoor barbecue does wonderful things to steak. Or chops. Or sausages. It seems to bring out (or is it keep in) more flavour. It seems to keep meat jucier. And it adds some kind of taste difference you only seem to get with a barbecue. It's a kind of back-to-nature taste. Now Metters give it to you right in your own kitchen with Thermo-Glo.

How does Thermo-Glo work?
In much the same way as an outdoor barbecue. In a sense. You know how the best barbecue fires are lit, let burn fiercely, until the coals are glowing red and gold. Then and only then is the food cooked. The reason is simple. The coals give off an intense heat that cooks the steak, the chops, the sausages very quickly on the outside, sealing in the natural food flavours at the same time. Metters Thermo-Glo cooks in exactly the same way. Thermo-Glo cooks with the effect of infra-red sun rays and microwaves. This means faster cooking, immediate cooking with faster warm-up, more even cooking, and food flavours sealed in before they have a chance to escape.

Barbecue flavours: Steaks, chops, sausages all have that outdoor barbecue flavour. Because Thermo-Glo cooks faster, and with the effect of infra-red sun rays and microwaves to bring all the taste of an outdoor barbecue right into your own kitchen.

Flavours sealed in: Ordinary grilling techniques let so many natural food

The most advanced grill in any range comes with

NEW! METTERS

M315

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Soy sauce flavors chicken dish

● This week's main prize of $10 in our weekly recipe contest is awarded to a reader in Kenya, Africa, for a delicious chicken casserole with soy sauce.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE wins the main recipe prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of $2 each are awarded for a recipe for an unusual salad made with cauliflower; and for an apple cake with an apricot glaze, to be served as a dessert.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE (SEMUR)

1 chicken, jointed
oil
1 large onion
2 cloves garlic
1 small tomato
salt, pepper
3 whole cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 tablespoon soy sauce

Heat oil in large pan, fry chicken pieces until golden brown. Remove chicken, pour off excess oil, leaving sufficient to fry chopped onion, garlic, and skinned, chopped tomato. When vegetables are cooked, return chicken pieces, cover with stock or water (approx. 1 pint); add remaining ingredients. Cook until chicken is tender, remove cloves. Thicken sauce with a little cornflour blended with water, if necessary.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. R. E. Roberts, Meru School, P.O. Box 103, Meru, Kenya, Africa.

APRICOT GLAZED APPLE CAKE

CAKE

1 cup plain flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
2oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup milk
3 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 well-beaten egg

TOPPING

3 small cooking apples
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute

GLAZE

¼ cup apricot jam
1 tablespoon hot water

Cake: Sift flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles breadcrumbs; stir in beaten egg and milk. Place in well-greased pie plate.

Topping: Peel and slice apples and arrange in circular pattern to cover cake mixture completely.

Mix together sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg, sprinkle over apples, then pour melted butter or substitute over. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 30 minutes.

Glaze: Mix jam and water together, pour over top of cake as soon as it is removed from oven. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. M. Robinson, 17 Esk St., Rowes Bay, Townsville, Qld.

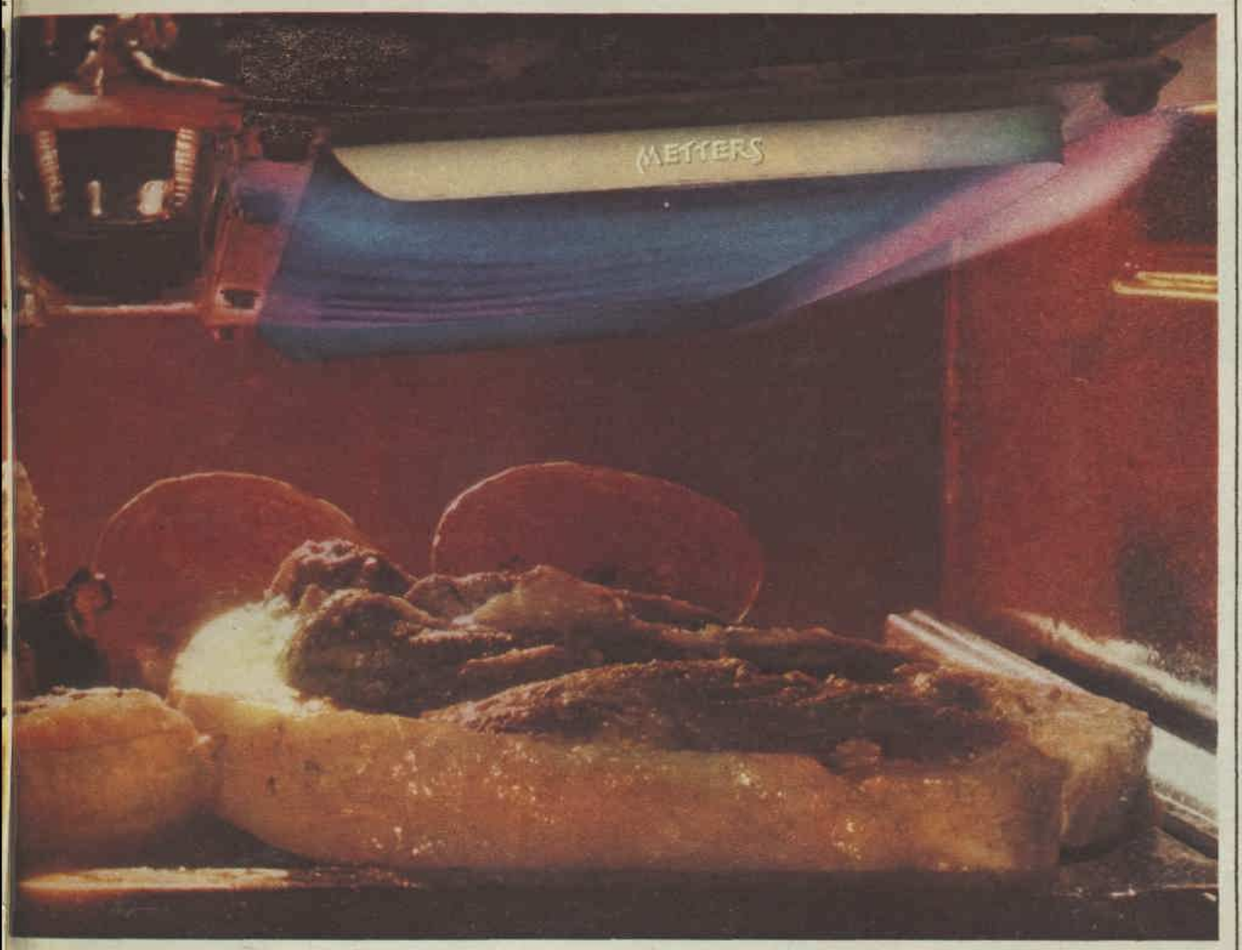
BERMUDA SALAD BOWL

1 small head cauliflower
1 medium onion
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
1 cup french dressing
½ cup crumbled blue cheese
1 head lettuce

Separate cauliflower into flowerettes, wash, and drain. Slice thinly crosswise. Slice onion thinly and separate into rings. In a covered container, marinate cauliflower, olives, and onion in the french dressing overnight.

Just before serving add cheese and the lettuce broken into bite-sized pieces, toss lightly, or add cheese only and serve in lettuce cups.

Consolation prize of $2 to Miss E. M. Clay, 17 Smith St., Scone, N.S.W.



flavours escape away into the atmosphere. Metters Thermo-Glo seals in food flavours right from the moment cooking begins. There's no flavour lost.

Faster, more even grilling: The moment Thermo-Glo is lit, it starts to cook, and grilling heat is evenly distributed right across the griller, right to the outside edges. Everything on the griller is cooked at the same time, is ready at the same time, exactly the way you want it.

Larger grilling area: Thermo-Glo gives you the largest grilling area. A mammoth 10" x 14" griller with an effective grilling area of 140 square inches. This means you can grill enough for the family at one time. Steak, chops, sausages, toast, tomatoes.

More economical grilling: For a start, Thermo-Glo reaches top grilling heat far quicker than ordinary grillers. When the gas flame reaches peak heat, it can be reduced and the heat will remain evenly distributed right across the griller, won't reduce and concentrate at the centre as with old-fashioned grillers.

IT'S MODERN, IT'S . . .

METTERS

Less shrinkage: Thermo-Glo means much less meat shrinkage. This is possible because Thermo-Glo grills faster, more evenly, and immediately. Smoke free grilling too, because Thermo-Glo's microwaves actually absorb smoke.

Thermo-Glo cooks:
4 King-size T-Bone Steaks or
6 large slices of toast or
12 lamb chops or 32 halves of tomato or
24 sausages or 12 hamburger steaks

Make this test: Tomorrow at breakfast when you're making the family's toast, notice how unevenly your present griller toasts. The pieces in the centre will be browned while those pieces at the outside remain white. Metters Thermo-Glo grilling will toast 6 pieces of toast to an even golden brown, and have every piece ready at the same time. A Metters exclusive feature.

Metters new Thermo-Glo is truly scientific high speed gas grilling, an exclusive feature in Metters gas ranges.

FIESTA – the most advanced gas range

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See Fiesta with its amazing Thermo-Glo gas grill at your gas range retailer today.

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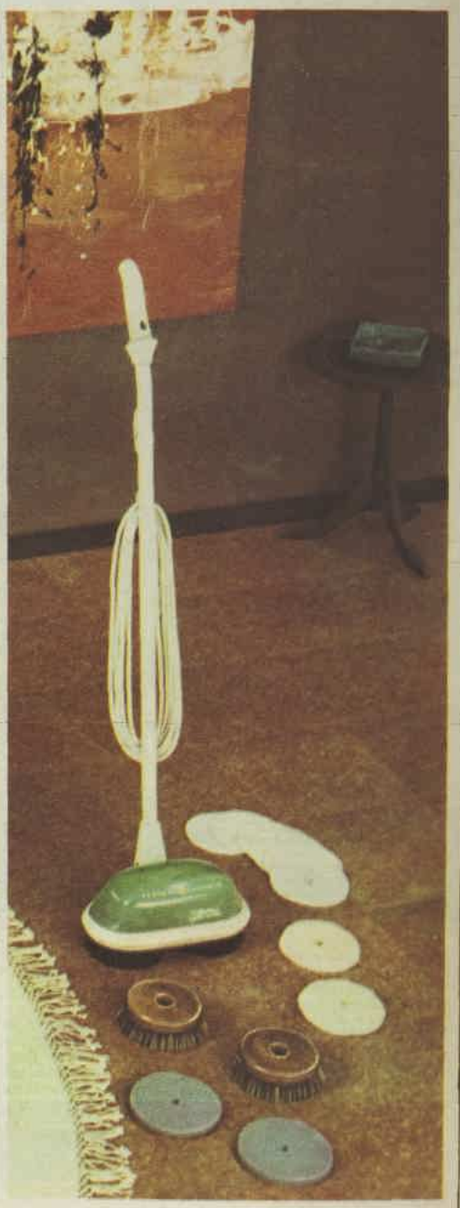
WHAT MAKES THIS NEW G.E. CANISTER VACUUM CLEANER BETTER FOR YOUR CARPETS THAN ANY OTHER ON THE MARKET TODAY?



ONLY POWERFUL SUCTION and effective brushing can get out dust and grime that filters deep into your carpets, cutting and wearing every tuft. This all-new G.E. DeLuxe Vacuum Cleaner gives you more Deep-Grooming vacuum power than any other make, plus Twin-Clean Rug Tool that brushes on both forward and backward strokes. You get a full set of attachments including an all-new utility brush, exclusive Positive-Locking chrome wands, double-sized disposable **and** permanent dust bags. And it's all in modern tonings of Autumn Beige and White. See it today.

AND SPEAKING OF FLOORS, HERE'S THE POLISHER WITH THE FLOATING BRUSH ACTION!

The G.E. Scrubber-Polisher is the most powerful of all, gives you more accessories (including shampoo brushes) than any other, PLUS Floating-Brush Action that glides over uneven floors, can't 'buck' or run away.

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Front door of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Suttor's house at Wahroonga, N.S.W., was originally shabby stained timber. The Suttors gave it a new look by painting it cream and highlighting panels and knobs in gold.

OWNERS REMODEL 90-YEAR-OLD HOME

● **Seven years ago Australian architect J. B. Suttor and his wife bought a 90-year-old, 50-square house at Wahroonga, N.S.W., and with almost no outside help completely remodelled and redecorated it.**

—continued on page 53

HOUSE of the WEEK

Gracious atmosphere of the sitting-room was enhanced by renovations, including striped wallpaper and concealed strip lighting behind cornice above arched window. Mrs. Suttor regilded mirror above fireplace.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4976892

IT took Mrs. J. B. Suttor about two months to find this solidly built brick house at Wahroonga, N.S.W., with its wide verandas and spacious rooms. An extra three-roomed building at the rear — originally stables and grooms' quarters — provided workshops for Mr. Suttor and the sons of the family.

There were even two kitchens. The Suttors modernised one and turned the other into a comfortable family room.

"We wanted a large house," said Mrs. Suttor, "with plenty of space for our four growing sons, and preferably with all the rooms on one floor. I think a one-storeyed house is easier to manage than a two-storeyed one."

Although the 90-year-old house was basically well designed and in reasonable order, the Suttors worked hard to make it brighter and better suited to their needs.

They retained the moulded pressed metal ceilings, but replaced or repainted interior walls and made several structural alterations. A large bedroom, for example, became the dining-room, with part of one wall removed and replaced by wooden doors to link it with the sitting-room.

Then, to open up the dining-room to a sunny, side patio, they replaced a half timber and glass door in the outer wall with glass doors flanked by large windows. They lowered the patio's brick wall, capped it with stone, and substituted cream and terracotta tiles for the worn flagstones on the floor.

"The boys were a great help," said Mrs. Suttor. "They did most of the fetching and carrying. The house is marvellous for entertaining now when we have our own or their friends. There's a direct walk through from sitting-room to dining-room to patio and thence out to the wide sweeping lawns at the side of the house."

Few alterations were needed in the beautifully proportioned sitting-room. The cornice at one end was moved forward to take concealed strip lighting and an ugly northern window was converted to a decorative cabinet with the window forming a glass back.

"We thought we should retain the window because every ray of northern light is precious," Mrs. Suttor said.

The Suttors also stripped down the black wooden mantelpiece above the open fireplace, painted it white, and added a marble base.

A favorite room, especially in winter, is the cosy study with its open fireplace, built-in bookshelves, bar, television set, and stereogram. Music from the stereogram is piped right through the house even to patio and kitchen.

"The study was very draughty," said Mrs. Suttor. "So we replaced the rattly casement windows with solid glass — ventilation is provided by a chute in the floor near the fireplace — and the badly fitting doors into the hall and sitting-room with glass sliding doors. And we stripped off the varnish from the woodwork and pickled it a dark green. We did the same to the woodwork in the hall."

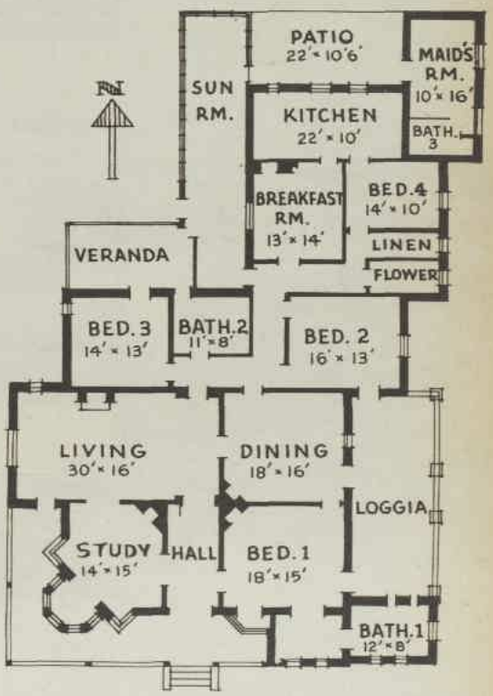
Mrs. Suttor also pickled most of her bedroom furniture a soft pink to blend with the pink and lilac tones of the bedspread and chair covers.

Mr. Suttor opened up the main bedroom to the patio with glass doors, substituted built-in wardrobes for a fireplace, and built a desk and dressing-table in two charming alcoves. In the adjoining bathroom he blocked up a window overlooking the patio and added pot-plant shelves cut from an old marble washstand.

— Ennis Honey

more pictures on page 55

Wide arch cut into wall, and double doors, links dining-room (formerly a bedroom) with sitting-room. Mrs. Suttor replaced the leather on the solid Victorian chairs with Thai silk.



All woodwork in cosy study was pickled by the Suttors. It includes original varnished mantelpiece and new built-ins such as the enclosed bar below the bookshelves at left of the draught-proof sliding doors.

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"There's only one answer if you want both appearance and quality in a refrigerator" (Says Mrs. Helen McDermott.)

"no-frost"

"G.E. No Frost means no frost. In simple words: air is fan-forced out of the freezer and fresh food compartments. Moisture is removed and the air returns dry. No moisture. No frost. That's logical."

"Note the giant porcelain meat pan you can position anywhere. And the two big porcelain vegetable crispers — not plastic."

"Our G.E. No Frost can turn out all the ice-cubes we can use in 90 minutes. And that's 50% faster than any other brand on the market."

"The G.E. No Frost saves us eight hours of electricity. The special 8-hour power-save cycle cuts the compressor while the freezer section and food compartment never drop a degree. There's no sense scrimping on food bills if it costs a fortune to run your fridge."

"There's a full range of ten models in all with a size to fit anyone; including 15's, 13's, 12's, 11's and 9 cubic footers."

"It's important to check the features for yourself. As far as I'm concerned, the adjustable shelves are life-savers — they fit anything — slide out, move over, move down, flip up."

"And there's the egg bucket — holds 30 eggs. And the butter compartment."

G.E. 15 Cu. Ft. No-Frost Deluxe.

"Exclusive 'handy-bin' holds bottles and cans of drink. Or a large wine-bottle length-ways. Slides in between big vegetable crispers."

"If you've ever wondered where Australian G.E. refrigerators come from, well — Australia. They're a combination of American styling, appearance and know-how and Australian labour and materials."

"When you're going to spend between four and six hundred dollars, it pays to know the answers." says Mrs. Helen McDermott.

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Main bedroom from archway leading to dressing-room. Matching cloisonne vases form bases for lamps on built-in cedar bedside tables. Original fireplace was removed to make room for built-in wardrobes along the wall at the left.

Below, left, arch at left frames dressing-room adjoining main bedroom. Mr. Suttor built-in the long dressing table and the desk in arch at right. Mrs. Suttor stripped sandalwood chest, rubbed white paint in and off to give soft pink finish. Picture below, right, shows patio at side of house, a favorite spot in which to enjoy morning sun and view of sweeping lawns. Low brick, stone-capped wall used to be much higher.

Pictures by Keith Barlow

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2000 CHEESE TRAYS TO KRAFT SPRING CHEESE

TOMATO MACARONI CHEESE

INGREDIENTS:
1 cup cooked macaroni. 3 teaspoons salt. 2 oz. butter. 1 green pepper, sliced. 1 medium onion, chopped. 2 tablespoons flour. 1¾ cups milk. 1 teaspoon salt. Good pinch pepper. 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded. 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and sliced.

METHOD:
Cook macaroni in 3 pints of boiling water with 3 teaspoons salt until tender. Drain and rinse. Meanwhile fry green pepper and onion in the butter until tender. Add flour and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add salt, pepper and three-quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Spoon half the macaroni into a casserole, arrange half the tomato slices on top, then pour over half the cheese sauce; repeat layers. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric) for 25 to 30 minutes, or until heated through. 4 servings.

CHEESE CAKE DESSERT

INGREDIENTS:
Crumb Crust: 1 cup sweet biscuit crumbs. 2 oz. butter, melted.
Filling: 8oz. PHILADELPHIA BRAND* Cream Cheese, softened at room temperature. ½ cup sugar. 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. ½ teaspoon vanilla essence. Pinch salt. 2 eggs.

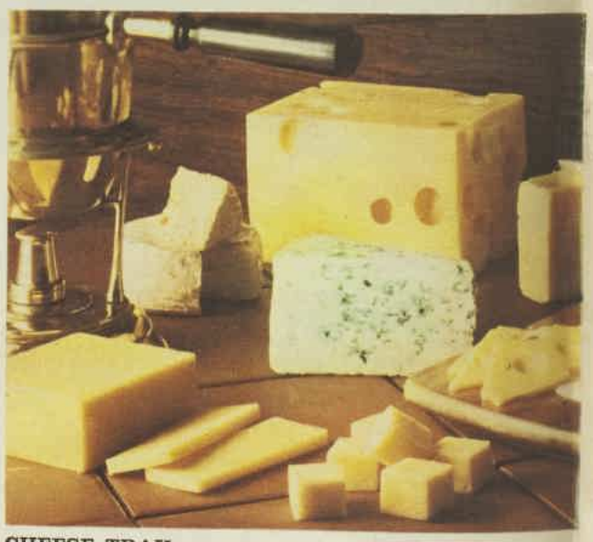
METHOD:
Crumb Crust: Combine biscuit crumbs and melted butter, press into a buttered 8 inch pie plate.
Filling: Beat cream cheese until smooth, gradually add sugar, lemon juice, vanilla essence, salt and eggs, beating constantly. Pour filling into prepared crumb crust and bake in a slow oven (300°F Gas, 325°F Electric) for 40 minutes or until set. Cool, then chill in refrigerator for at least 2 hours. Serve with whipped cream, if liked. 6 to 8 servings.

GOLDEN GRILL

INGREDIENTS:
16 oz. can baked beans. 4 slices of hot buttered toast. 4 KRAFT Cheddar Cheese Slices. Sprigs of parsley.

METHOD:
Heat the baked beans in a saucepan. Spoon over the slices of hot buttered toast and top each with a KRAFT Cheddar Cheese Slice. Place under a heated grill to melt the cheese. Serve garnished with sprigs of parsley. 4 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



CHEESE TRAY

A cheese tray is just as popular whether you're having a family meal or entertaining. You can cater for everyone's taste because such a large variety of cheese is available. Here, we've shown a range including KRAFT Cheddar, Swiss, CRACKER BARREL* and Blue Vein, but the choice is yours. Try KRAFT Monterey, Cheshire, Camembert, COON* or any of the KRAFT Cheese Spreads. Serve with crackers or crusty bread and any meal is a guaranteed success!

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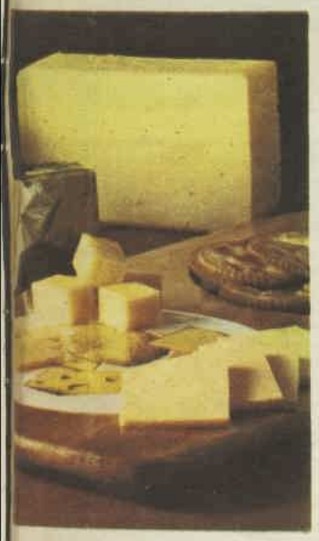
BE WON! ENTER THE CONTEST NOW!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN ONE OF THESE ATTRACTIVE CHEESE TRAYS

Mrs. Elizabeth Timms is the Director of Dairy Foods Services for the Australian Dairy Produce Board. She has chosen 4 occasions, from the 8 listed on the Entry Form, on which she would most often serve each of the four great ways of enjoying KRAFT Cheeses illustrated on the opposite page. All you have to do is pick correctly the 4 occasions she chose from the 8 listed on the Entry Form. Then, send the labels† of any two KRAFT Cheeses with your entry. All entries received will be opened one week after the closing date and the first 2,000 correct, or nearest correct entries will win one of these attractive Kauri Cheese Trays. So get your entry in right away! Entry forms are also available from your grocer.

$6 VALUE



CONDITIONS:
The contest closes on Tuesday, 31st October, 1967. Prizes will be despatched during November, 1967. Names of the winners will not be published and receipt of a Cheese Tray will be regarded as notification of success. If you would like to see a list of winners KRAFT will supply one, on application to the contest Box No., but no further correspondence will be entered into. Employees (and their families) of KRAFT Foods Limited, Australian Women's Weekly, Reader's Digest and their associated advertising agencies are ineligible.

KRAFT SPRING CHEESE CONTEST ENTRY FORM

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A Entertaining the boss
B Hen Party
C At the end of a family meal
D Wine and cheese party
E Buffet evening meal
F Family breakfast
G Teenage party
H Weekend family lunch

Put, in the appropriate square opposite, the letter denoting the occasion on which you think Mrs. Elizabeth Timms would serve each of these Cheese dishes most often.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

DAHLIAS

● Dahlias are a wonderful summer standby . . . as cut flowers, and for garden color.

By ALLAN SEALE

● A new seedling dahlia, Dame Pattie, grown by Mr. T. Young, of Dural, N.S.W. It is free-flowering, and a good cut flower.

DAHLIAS need not be regimented in beds dominated by towering garden stakes. Try grouping them into clumps as an interesting background for lower-growing annuals and perennials.

Dahlias are easy to grow. They flower in full sun to half shade, but plants are stronger and more prolific in fairly open positions. If growing other plants close around them, avoid any over about 2ft. 6in. This excludes tall marigolds and zinnias, but allows asters, celosia, petunias, phlox, semi-dwarf zinnias.

Seed, plants, or tubers

Dahlias grow easily from seed and flower the first season, but seedlings are rarely identical with their parents. They can be colorful and useful for cutting, and do keep fairly true to type—as charm, hybrid, cactus, decorative, etc.

Named dahlia varieties can be propagated only by dividing the tubers, from green plants, or "pot tubers." The "green plants" are raised by striking the shoots from the tuber as cuttings.

Pot tubers are the small tubers formed the previous season when green plants are allowed to die down in their pots. These make excellent young and vigorous plants, but unfortunately are not often seen in garden stores as few home gardeners appreciate their value.

Large tubers have no advantage over small ones. Dahlia specialists are more inclined toward small ones. It is more important to look for an eye or shoot, which will be found on the slightly thickened collar of tissue where the neck of the tuber joins the old stem.

Dividing tubers: Tubers without this collar or section of old stem attached will make roots, but no other growth, so delay this operation until shoots are showing. Encourage shooting by moving the tubers on to moist soil or covering them for a week or so with wet bags. Guard against snails.

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(Dividing tubers, continued)

Hose the clumps to remove all soil. This merely allows a cleaner picture. Cut carefully between the stems or longitudinally down the stem to achieve divisions with at least one eye (shoot) and one or two tubers attached. I prefer to use sharp secateurs or a small pruning saw for this rather than a knife, as a knife is more inclined to jar and crack the neck of the tubers.

Soil: Practically any soil will grow good dahlias provided it is well drained. If drainage is doubtful, plant in beds built up 5in. or 6in.

Green cropping and other lengthy preparation often recommended can be left for the dahlia specialist. In the home garden, a good dressing of compost with a complete plant food added will give similar results. If the compost is well rotted, dig it in with the plant food just before planting. Otherwise use it as a surface mulch.

A little lime in the soil improves results, so if this has not been used within the past 12 months add about ¾ cup of garden lime to the sq. yd. except where the soil is known to be naturally limy.

Planting: It is advisable to stake dahlias unless grown against trellises or similar support. Avoid damage to roots or tubers by placing the stake before planting. Set the tuber on an angle so that the shoot is close to the stake and about 2in. below the surface, while the root end is down about 4in.

Watering: Be sparing with water until the shoot is well above the soil, then water regularly so that they don't dry out. Two good soakings a week are better than frequent surface waterings, depending on soil and weather.

A generous surface mulch of compost or leafmould will help to conserve moisture and also protect the soil.

Pruning: Pinch out top when the plant is about 12in. high. This will encourage side branching and a more compact plant. When dahlias are grown for exhibition it is usual to allow only three or four lateral growths to remain, but there should be no restriction on the number when grown for home use.

Tie the plants carefully and securely as growth develops. The top or centre has the earliest and largest flower, but has the shortest stem. So for cutting purposes it is better to pinch this out in favor of the two lateral buds at the base of the centre-bud stem. These will make good flowers on long, wiry stems.

Feeding: Feeding can alter the character and performance of the plant. For example, if fed only materials rich in nitrogen such as some animal manures, sulphate of ammonia, or urea, the growth will be large and bushy but with very few flowers, because of the low ratio of phosphorus in the diet. Lack of potash will show in soft, pithy stems.

So as well as compost it is advisable to use a good complete plant food. This will contain nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash, usually with trace elements added. Apply this when planting out, using about a third of a cup to the sq. yd., then again scattered around the plants about six weeks later.

When flowering commences, give fortnightly feeding with packeted liquid manures at the rate recommended on the container.

Removing old flower heads will help to keep the bushes productive and vigorous.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 173

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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SUMMER'S DAZZLING DAHLIAS—

quilled, frilled, smooth, in vibrant colors

TRIMMER

DOROTHY

ELDORADO

AUDREY BAKER

These dahlia pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Mr. W. Carrington's nursery, Wirool, Old Northern Road, Dural, New South Wales.

Left: BILL ORMAN

Right: MRS. ANNIE WOOD

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"Aren't you wearing Tweed (

)?"

LN.11.FPM

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Theirs was a world without night or day — a cruel world of horrifying loneliness cut off from earthly creatures

A PAIL OF AIR

By FRITZ LIEBER

PA had sent me out to get an extra pail of air. I'd just about scooped it full, and most of the warmth had leaked from my fingers when I saw the thing.

You know, at first I thought it was a young lady. Yes, a beautiful young lady's face, all glowing in the dark and looking at me from the fifth floor of the opposite apartment, which hereabouts is the floor just above the white blanket of frozen air. I'd never seen a live young lady before, except in the old magazines — Sis is just a kid and Ma is pretty sick and miserable— and it gave me such a start that I dropped the pail. Who wouldn't, knowing everyone on earth was dead except Pa and Ma and Sis and you?

Even at that, I don't suppose I should have been surprised. We all see things now and then. Ma has some pretty bad ones, to judge from the way she stares at nothing and just screams and screams and huddles back against the blankets hanging around the Nest. Pa says it is natural we should react like that sometimes.

When I'd recovered the pail and could look again at the opposite apartment, I got an idea of what Ma might be feeling at those times, for I saw it wasn't a young lady at all, but simply a light — a tiny light that moved stealthily from window to window, just as if one of the cruel little stars had come down out of the airless sky to investigate why the earth had gone away from the sun, and maybe to hunt down something to torment or terrify, now that the earth didn't have the sun's protection.

I tell you, the thought of it gave me the creeps. I just stood there shaking, and almost froze my feet and frosted my helmet so solid on the inside that I couldn't have seen the light even if it had come out of one of the windows to get me. Then I had the wit to go back inside.

Pretty soon I was feeling my familiar way through the thirty or so blankets and rugs Pa had got hung around to slow down the escape of air from the Nest, and I wasn't quite so scared. I began to hear the tick-ticking of the clocks in the Nest, and knew I was getting back into air, because there's no sound outside in the vacuum, of course. But my mind was still crawly and uneasy as I pushed through the last blankets — Pa's got them faced with aluminium foil to hold in the heat — and came into the Nest.

Let me tell you about the Nest. It's low and snug, just room for the four of us and our things. The floor is covered with thick, woolly rugs. Three of the sides are blankets, and the blanket roofing touches Pa's head. He tells me it's inside a much bigger room, but I've never seen the real walls or ceiling.

Against one of the blanket walls is a big set of shelves, with tools and books and other stuff, and on top of it a whole row of clocks. Pa's very fussy about keeping them wound. He says we must never forget time, and without a sun or moon that would be easy to do.

The fourth wall has blankets all over except around the fireplace, in which there is a fire that must never go out. It keeps us from freezing and does a lot more besides. One of us must always watch it. Some of the clocks are alarm, and we can use them to remind us. In the early days there was only Ma to take turns with Pa — I think of that when she gets difficult — but now there's me to help, and Sis, too.

It's Pa who is the chief guardian of the fire, though. I always think of him that way: a tall man sitting cross-legged, frowning anxiously at the fire, his lined face golden in its light, and every so often carefully placing on it a piece of coal from the big heap beside it. Pa tells me there used to be guardians of the fire sometimes in the very old days — vestal virgins, he calls them — although there was unfrozen air all around then and you didn't really need them.

He was sitting just that way now, though he got up quick to take the pail from me and bawl me out for loitering — he'd spotted my frozen helmet right off. That roused Ma and she joined in picking on me. She's always trying to get the load off her feelings, Pa explains. He shut her up pretty fast. Sis let off a couple of silly squeals, too.

Pa handled the pail of air in a twist of cloth. Now that it was inside the Nest you could really feel its coldness. It just seemed to suck the heat out of everything. Even the flames cringed away from it as Pa put it down close by the fire.

Yet it's that glimmery white stuff in the pail that keeps us alive. It slowly melts and vanishes and refreshes the Nest and feeds the fire. The blankets keep it from escaping too fast. Pa'd like to seal the whole place, but he can't — building's too earthquake twisted, and, besides, he has to leave the chimney open for smoke.

Pa says air is tiny molecules that fly away like a flash if there isn't something to stop them. We have to watch sharp not to let the air run low. Pa always keeps a big reserve supply of it in buckets behind the first blankets, along with extra coal and cans of food and other things, such as pails of snow to melt for water. We have to go way down to the bottom floor for that stuff, which is a mean trip, and get it through a door to outside.

You see, when the earth got cold, all the water in the air froze first and made a blanket ten feet thick or so everywhere, and then down on top of that dropped the crystals of frozen air, making another white blanket sixty or seventy feet thick, maybe.

Of course, all the parts of the air didn't freeze and snow down at the same time.

First to drop out was the carbon dioxide — when you're shovelling for water you have to make sure you don't go too high and get any of that stuff mixed in, for it would put you to sleep, maybe for good, and make the fire go out. Next there's the nitrogen, which doesn't count one way or the other, though it's the biggest part of the blanket. On top of that and easy to get at, which is lucky for us, there's the oxygen that keeps us alive. Pa says we live better than kings ever did, breathing pure oxygen, but we're used to it and don't notice. Finally, at the very top, there's a slick of liquid helium, which is funny stuff. All of these gases in neat, separate layers.

I was busting to tell them all about what I'd seen, and so as soon as I'd ducked out of my helmet and while I was still climbing out of my suit, I started. Right away Ma got nervous and began making eyes at the entry slit in the blankets and wringing her hands together — the hand where she'd lost three fingers from frostbite inside the good one, as usual. I could tell that Pa was annoyed at my scaring her, and wanted to explain it all away quickly, yet could see I wasn't fooling.

"And you watched this light for some time, son?" he asked when I finished.

I hadn't said anything about first thinking it was a young lady's face. Somehow that part embarrassed me.

"Long enough for it to pass five windows and go to the next floor."

"And it didn't look like stray electricity or crawling liquid or starlight focused by a growing crystal or anything like that?"

He wasn't just making up those ideas. Odd things happen in a world that's about as cold as can be, and just when you think matter would be frozen dead it takes on a strange, new life. A slimy stuff comes crawling toward the Nest, just like an animal snuffing for heat — that's the liquid helium. And once, when I was little, a bolt of lightning — not even Pa could figure where it came from — hit the nearby steeple and crawled up and down it for weeks, until the glow finally died.

"Not like anything I ever saw," I told him.

He stood for a moment frowning. Then, "I'll go out with you and you show it to me," he said.

Ma raised a howl at the idea of being left alone, and Sis joined in, too, but Pa quietened them. We started climbing into our outside clothes — mine had been warming by the fire. Pa made them. They have plastic headpieces that were once big, double-duty, transparent food cans, but they keep heat and air in and can replace the air for a little while, long enough for our trips for water and coal and food and so on.

To page 62

PUT A *STOP* TO CORNS

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Ma started moaning again, "I've always known there was something outside there, waiting to get us. I've felt it for years — something that's part of the cold and hates all warmth and wants to destroy the Nest. It's been watching us all this time, and now it's coming after us. It'll get you and then come for me. Don't go, Harry!"

Pa had everything on but his helmet. He knelt by the fireplace and reached in and shook the long metal rod that goes up the chimney and knocks off the ice that keeps trying to clog it. Once a week he goes up on the roof to check if it's working all right. That's our worst trip and Pa won't let me make it alone.

"Sis," Pa said quietly, "come watch the fire. Keep an eye on the air, too. If it gets low or doesn't seem to be boiling fast enough, fetch another bucket from behind the blanket. But mind your hands. Use the cloth to pick up the bucket."

Sis quit helping Ma be frightened and came over and did as she was told. Ma quietened down pretty suddenly, though her eyes were still kind of wild as she watched Pa fix on his helmet tight and pick up a pail, and the two of us go out.

Pa led the way and I took hold of his belt. It's a funny thing, I'm not afraid to go by myself, but when Pa's along I always want to hold on to him. Habit, I guess, and then there's no denying that this time I was a bit scared.

YOU see, it's this way. We know that everything is dead out there. Pa heard the last radio voices fade away years ago, and had seen some of the last folks die who weren't as lucky or well protected as us. So we knew that if there was something groping around out there it couldn't be anything human or friendly.

Besides that, there's a feeling that comes with it always being night, cold night. Pa says there used to be some of that feeling even in the old days, but then every morning the Sun would come and chase it away. I have to take his word for that, not ever remembering the Sun as being anything more than a big star. You see, I hadn't been born when the dark star snatched us away from the Sun, and by now it's dragged us out beyond the orbit of the planet Pluto, Pa says, and is taking us farther out all the time.

I found myself wondering whether there mightn't be something on the dark star that wanted us, and if that was why it had captured the Earth. Just then we came to the end of the corridor and I followed Pa out on the balcony.

I don't know what the city looked like in the old days, but now it's beautiful. The starlight lets you see it pretty well—there's quite a bit of light in those steady points speckling the blackness above. (Pa says the stars used to twinkle once, but that was because there was air.) We are on a hill and the shimmery plain drops away from us and then flattens out, cut up into neat squares by the troughs that used to be streets. I sometimes make my mashed potatoes look like it, before I pour on the gravy.

Some taller buildings push up out of the feathery plain, topped by rounded caps of air crystals, like the fur hood Ma wears, only whiter. On those buildings you can see the darker squares of windows, underlined by white dashes of air crystals. Some of them are on a slant, for many of the buildings are pretty badly twisted by the quakes and all the rest that happened when the dark star captured the Earth.

Here and there a few icicles hang, water icicles from the first days of the cold, other icicles of frozen air that melted on the roofs and dripped and froze again. Sometimes one of those icicles will catch the light of a star and send it to you so brightly you think the star has swooped into the city. That was one of the things Pa had been thinking of when I told him about the light, but I had thought of it myself and known it wasn't so.

A PAIL OF AIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

He touched his helmet to mine so we could talk easier and he asked me to point out the windows to him. But there wasn't any light moving around inside them now, or anywhere else. To my surprise, Pa didn't bawl me out and tell me I'd been seeing things. He looked all around quite a while after filling his pail, and just as we were going inside he whipped around without warning, as if to take some peeping thing off guard.

I could feel it, too. The old peace was gone. There was something lurking out there, watching, waiting, getting ready.

Inside, he said to me, touching helmets, "If you see something like that again, son, don't tell the others. Your Ma's sort of nervous these days and we owe her all the feeling of safety we can give her. Once — it was when your sister was born — I was ready to give up and die, but your mother kept me trying. Another time she kept the fire going a whole week all by herself when I was sick. Nursed me and took care of the two of you, too.

"You know that game we sometimes play, sitting in a square in the Nest, tossing a ball around? Courage is like a ball, son. A person can hold it only so long, and then he's got to toss it to someone else. When it's tossed your way, you've got to catch it and hold it tight — and hope there'll be someone else to toss it to when you get tired of being brave."

His talking to me that way made me feel grown-up and good. But it didn't wipe away the thing outside from the back of my mind — or the fact that Pa took it seriously.

It's hard to hide your feelings about such a thing. When we got back in the Nest and took off our outside clothes, Pa laughed about it all and told them it was nothing and kidded me for having such an imagination, but his words fell flat. He didn't convince Ma and Sis any more than he did me. It looked for a minute like we were all fumbling the courage-ball. Something had to be done, and almost before I knew what I was going to say I heard myself asking Pa to tell us about the old days, and how it all happened.

He sometimes doesn't mind telling that story, and Sis and I sure like to listen to it, and he got my idea. So we were all settled around the fire in a wink, and Ma pushed up some cans to thaw for supper, and Pa began. Before he did, though, I noticed him casually get a hammer from the shelf and lay it down beside him.

It was the same old story as always — I think I could relate the main thread of it in my sleep, though Pa always puts in a new detail or two and keeps improving it in spots.

He told us how the Earth had been swinging around the Sun ever so steady and warm, and the people on it fixing to make money and wars and have a good time and get power and treat each other

To page 63

Six Masterpieces

Six great spreads from Master Foods

Take Chicken and Veal, for instance. A scrumptious mouth-watering spread made from crisp, oven-fresh roast chickens and tender delicious veal. Convenient – just open the can and spread on sandwiches, savouries, anything you like.

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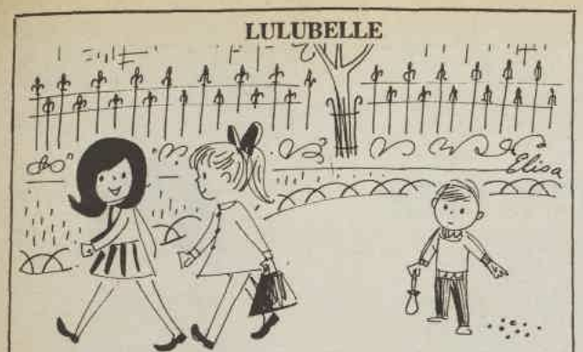

"And in about ten years, we'll be GLAD to play marbles with him."

A PAIL OF AIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

right or wrong, when without warning there comes charging out of space this dead star, this burned-out sun, and upsets everything.

You know, I find it hard to believe in the way those people felt, any more than I can believe in the swarming number of them. Imagine people getting ready for the horrible sort of war they were cooking up. Wanting it even, or at least wishing it were over so as to end their nervousness. As if all folks didn't have to hang together and pool every bit of warmth just to keep alive. And how can they have hoped to end danger, any more than we can hope to end the cold?

Sometimes I think Pa exaggerates and makes things out too black. He's cross with us once in a while and was probably cross with all those folks. Still, some of the things I read in the old magazines sound pretty wild. He may be right.

The dark star, as Pa went on telling it, rushed in pretty fast and there wasn't much time to get ready. At the beginning they tried to keep it a secret from most people, but then the truth came out, what with the earthquakes and floods — imagine, oceans of unfrozen water! — people seeing stars blotted out by something on a clear night. First off, they thought it would hit the sun, and then they thought it would hit the Earth. There was even the start of a rush to get to a place called China, because people thought the star would hit on the other side. But then they found it wasn't going to hit either side, but was going to come very close to the Earth.

Most of the other planets were on the other side of the Sun and didn't get involved. The Sun and the newcomer fought over the Earth for a little while — pulling it this way and that, like two dogs growling over a bone, Pa described it this time — and then the newcomer won and carried us off. The Sun got a consolation prize, though. At the last minute it managed to hold on to the Moon.

That was the time of the monster earthquakes and floods, twenty times worse than anything before. It was also the time of the Big Jerk, as Pa calls it, when all Earth got yanked suddenly, just as Pa has done to me once or twice, grabbing me by the collar to do it, when I've been sitting too far from the fire.

You see, the dark star was going through space faster than the Sun, and in the opposite direction, and it had to wrench the world considerably in order to take it away.

THE Big Jerk didn't last long. It was over as soon as the Earth was settled down in its new orbit around the dark star. But it was pretty terrible while it lasted. Pa says that all sorts of cliffs and buildings toppled, oceans slopped over, swamps and sandy deserts gave great sliding surges that buried nearby lands. Earth was almost jerked out of its atmosphere blanket and the air got so thin in spots that people keeled over and fainted — though, of course, at the same time, they were gettting knocked down by the Big Jerk and maybe their bones broke or skulls cracked.

We've often asked Pa how people acted during that time, whether they were scared or brave or crazy or stunned, or all four, but he's sort of leery of the subject, and he was again tonight. He says he was mostly too busy to notice.

You see, Pa and some scientist friends of his had figured out part of what was going to happen. They'd known we'd get captured and our air would freeze—and they'd been working like mad to fix up a place with airtight walls and doors, and insulation against the cold, and big supplies of food and fuel and water and bottled air. But the place got smashed in the last earthquakes and all Pa's friends were killed then and in the Big Jerk. So he had to start over and throw the Nest together quick without any advantages, just using any stuff he could lay his hands on.

I guess he's telling pretty much the truth when he says he didn't have any time to keep an eye on how other folks behaved, either then or in the Big Freeze that followed—followed very quick, you know, both because the dark star was pulling us away very fast and because Earth's rotation had been slowed in the tug-of-war, so that the nights were ten old-nights long.

Still, I've got an idea of some of the things that happened from the frozen folk I've seen, a few of them in other rooms in our building, and others clustered around the furnaces in the basements where we go for coal.

In one of the rooms, an old man sits stiff in a chair, with an arm and a leg in splints. In another, a man and a woman are huddled together in a bed with heaps of covers over them. You can just see their heads peeking out, close together. And in another, a beautiful young lady is sitting with a pile of wraps huddled around her, looking hopefully toward the door, as if waiting for someone who never came back with warmth and food.

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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$1.55

WHY?

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The result?
Elnett really holds hair.
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TRADE MARK

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● ***This semi-fit A-line dress with full-length bell-shaped kimono sleeves is my design choice for a Melbourne reader. Part of her letter and my reply are published below.***

"I have three yards of 36in. colored linen and 1½ yards in a contrasting shade. My problem is a style to combine these two fabrics. I take a size 14 and like modern clothes. Would it be possible to have a pattern with long sleeves?"

The one - piece dress (right) could be made from your two pieces of linen. The design has soft folds from the neckline, a front-button closing, and the long sleeves you mentioned; 1½ yards of contrast is sufficient for the contrasting collars and bandings.

A paper pattern is available for the design. By the way, the pattern also includes the same design with short sleeves. If you decide to order, please quote the pattern number and size required. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

"I intend to buy a new spring suit, and as I am rather short and stocky I would like you to tell me what style would be most flattering to my proportions."

A simple uncluttered design with a slightly A-line skirt and single-breasted jacket stopping below the waist.

"I am anxious to have a color scheme and style idea for a coat and dress suitable for a going-away ensemble. The wedding is taking place the first week in October and it would still be cold weather here. I have a creamy skin and brown eyes."

I suggest an ensemble in sunflower-yellow, consisting of a double-breasted coat in gabardine and a sleeveless dress to match. Add white patent-leather bag and shoes, and wear white gloves.

"My hips are too large in proportion to the rest of my figure, which faces me with a fashion problem. Could you help me with ideas to disguise this fault?"

A hippy figure looks best in an A-line silhouette or an easy line falling from a high waist. If a jacket, over-blouse, or sweater is worn it should be long and not fitted. Avoid straight, tight skirts.

"Would you please tell me if it is correct fashion to wear boots in the spring?"

It depends on the boot. In very soft leather they are extensively worn with the mini-dress—for any season. My reaction to boots is that they are a good and practical protection against rain and cold.

"I am being married next month and my problem is deciding on the correct color for the accesories for my three bridesmaids. The girls are wearing sky-blue taffeta. I would like you to tell me the shade you think best for shoes, gloves, and bouquets."

My choice would be shoes dyed to match the dress, white gloves, and small bouquets of white flowers.

"What type of evening shoes and bag would be suitable to wear for all seasons? I can't afford more than one set of accessories."

Silver kid shoes and a matching bag could be worn with every type of evening and after-five dress. Silver kid is also an all-seasons material.

4308.—One-piece dress designed by Mary Quant is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4308 price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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When baby cries, when toddlers hurt themselves, they always cry for mother . . . they know that mother's gentle care will heal them. Mother, let Oronine Antiseptic Cream help you to comfort them—your children really do deserve it!

A tubeful of healing for a house full of hurts—Oronine Antiseptic Cream at chemists everywhere. DISTRIBUTED BY: SCOTT & BOWNE A/SIA LTD.

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For complete satisfaction, always insist on 'Eclipse'
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A PAIL OF AIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

They're all still and stiff as statues, of course, but just like life.

Pa showed them to me once in quick winks of his flashlight, when he still had a fair supply of batteries and could afford to waste a little light. They scared me pretty bad and made my heart pound, especially the young lady.

Now, with Pa telling his story for the umpteenth time to take our minds off another scare, I got to thinking of the frozen folk again. All of a sudden I got an idea that scared me worse than anything yet. You see, I'd just remembered the face I'd thought I'd seen in the window. I'd forgotten about that on account of trying to hide it from the others.

What, I asked myself, if the frozen folk were coming to life? What if they were like the liquid helium that got a new lease of life and started crawling toward the heat just when you thought its molecules ought to freeze solid for ever? Or like the electricity that moves endlessly when it's just about as cold as that? What if the ever-growing cold, with the temperature creeping down the last few degrees to the last zero, had mysteriously wakened the frozen folk to life — no warm-blooded life, but something icy and horrible?

That was a worse idea than the one about something coming down from the dark star to get us.

Or maybe, I thought, both ideas might be true. Something coming down from the dark star and making the frozen folk move, using them to do its work. That would fit with both things I'd seen — the beautiful young lady and the moving, starlike light.

The frozen folk with minds from the dark star behind their unwinking eyes, creeping, crawling, snuffing the way, following the heat to the Nest.

I tell you, that thought gave me a very bad turn and I wanted very badly to tell the others my fears, but I remembered what Pa had said and clenched my teeth and didn't speak.

We were all sitting very still. Even the fire was burning silently. There was just the sound of Pa's voice and the clocks.

And then, from beyond the blankets, I thought I heard a tiny noise. My skin tightened all over me.

Pa was telling about the early years in the Nest and had come to the place where he philosophises.

"So I asked myself then," he said, "what's the use of going on? What's the use of dragging it out for a few years? Why prolong a doomed existence of hard work and cold and loneliness? The human race is done. The Earth is done. Why not give up? I asked myself—and all of a sudden I got the answer."

Again I heard the noise, louder this time, a kind of uncertain, shuffling tread, coming closer. I couldn't breathe.

"Life's always been a business of working hard and fighting the cold," Pa was saying. "The earth's always been a lonely place, millions of miles from the next planet. And no matter how long the human race might have lived, the end would have come some night. Those things don't matter. What matters is that life is good. It has a lovely texture, like some rich cloth or fur, or the petals of flowers — you've seen pictures of those, but I can't describe how they feel—or the fire's glow. It makes everything else worth while. And that's as true for the last man as the first."

And still the steps kept shuffling closer. It seemed to me that the inmost blanket trembled and bulged a little. Just as if they were burned into my imagination, I kept seeing those peering, frozen eyes.

"So right then and there," Pa went on, and now I could tell that he heard the steps, too, and was talking loud so we maybe wouldn't hear them, "right then and there I told myself that I was going on as if we had all eternity ahead of us. I'd have children and teach them all I could. I'd get them to read books. I'd plan for the future, try to enlarge and seal the Nest. I'd do what I could to keep everything beautiful and growing. I'd keep alive my feeling of wonder even at the cold and the dark and the distant stars."

But then the blanket actually did move and lift. And there was a bright light somewhere behind it. Pa's voice stopped and his eyes turned to the widening slit and his hands went out until it touched and gripped the handle of the hammer beside him.

In through the blanket stepped the beautiful young lady. She stood there looking at us the strangest way, and she carried something bright and unwinking in her hand. And two other faces peered over her shoulders — men's faces, white and staring.

Well, my heart couldn't have been stopped for more than four or five beats before I realised she was wearing a suit and helmet like Pa's homemade ones, only fancier, and that the men were, too — and that the frozen folk certainly wouldn't be wearing those. Also, I noticed that the bright thing in her hands was just a kind of flashlight.

THE silence kept on while I swallowed hard a couple of times, and after that there was all sorts of jabbering and commotion.

They were simply people, you see. We hadn't been the only ones to survive; we'd just thought so, for natural enough reasons. These three people had survived, and quite a few others with them. And when we found out how they'd survived, Pa let out the biggest whoop of joy.

They were from Los Alamos and they were getting their heat and power from atomic energy. Just using the uranium and plutonium intended for bombs, they had enough to go on for thousands of years. They had a regular little airtight city, with airlocks and all. They even generated electric light and grew plants and animals by it. (At this Pa let out a second whoop, waking Ma from her faint.)

But if we were flabbergasted at them, they were double-flabbergasted at us.

One of the men kept saying, "But it's impossible, I tell you. You can't maintain an air supply without hermetic sealing. It's simply impossible."

That was after he had got his helmet off and was using our air. Meanwhile, the young lady kept looking around at us as if we were saints, and telling us we'd done something amazing, and suddenly she broke down and cried.

They'd been scouting around for survivors, but they never expected to find any in a place like this. They had rocket ships at Los Alamos, and plenty of chemical fuel. As for liquid oxygen, all you had to do was go out and shovel the air blanket at the top level. So, after they'd got things going smoothly at Los

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting September 20

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ You begin spring on a solid and successful note—the Zodiac spring begins when the sun enters Libra, approximately 3.45 a.m., Sept. 24. It's a week when you can repair damage done last week.

TAURUS APR. 21 — MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Saturday, Sun.
★ Much better stars than last week, although you could find today — 20th — dragging a little. Weekend is good, with steady influences; and perhaps an elderly friend may do you a service.

GEMINI MAY 21 — JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Stick to routine, 20th; start ventures 23rd-25th. It's a good week for enhancing career by a combination of daring and hard work. Matters matrimonial could be under restless stars.

CANCER JUNE 22 — JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Still be careful travelling for a while—there could be a hangover from last week. Rate today adverse—there could be delays. However, rest of period is good, especially weekend.

LEO JULY 23 — AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ There could be some financial set-back today, 20th; but things improve. Private concerns are beneath happy stars, and romance could lead to lasting results. It's a time of slow yet sure gains.

VIRGO AUG. 23 — SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ It's not a spectacular week — rather one of steady success achieved with enterprise and hard work. Weekend is the best time for important business—next week is full of drag.

LIBRA SEPT. 24 — OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ On the 24th the sun enters your sign ushering in the Zodiac springtime, and incidentally, you're in a swinging period. Swing with confidence at weekend and 25th.

SCORPIO OCT. 24 — NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ There could be a troublesome backlash today — 20th — from last week, in home affairs. Otherwise, good omens, particularly 23rd-26th, which favor finance. Perhaps a legacy or a windfall for some?

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23 — DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tri-colors. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ You could be too eager and could get yourself into a tizzy today—20th—because the influences are ulcer-making. Things improve, and weekend and 25th are fine for romance.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 — JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Capricornians have to watch out for the blues—although when they are jolly, they are jolly indeed! You might have that Old-Man-Of-Sea-on-Back feeling 20th, but the stars improve.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21 — FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ If you're contemplating a rise, a successful confrontation with the boss is indicated. It's good for status and public relations—congenial contacts with the great, big world.

PISCES FEB. 20 — MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ Today—20th—could see a set-back, but the same planet gets with it, and you both groove 23rd-26th, when daring ideas could have lasting pay-offs. Besides, you are more than usually lucky.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"HELGA." — Smart shift with welted seam trim is available in lake-blue, lilac, lemon, or rouge-red terylene/viscose.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $13.75; 36 and 38in. bust, $13.95.

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 41. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.*

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Shampoo-in new Nice 'n Easy hair colour by Clairol . . . and suddenly your hair glows with a new excitement! Nice 'n Easy is so rich in formula it can lighten . . . brighten . . . deepen better than any ordinary hair colouring. Comes out softly . . . naturally every time. And you can choose a shade or change it as you please — simply by following directions in every Nice 'n Easy pack. Try it for a lift . . . for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair colour looks so natural it invites close-ups!

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Neatest correct answers to three easy questions win 50 lucky people a beautiful Sunbeam Hairdryer! Find everything you need to know about colour selection in the Nice 'n Easy pack — refer to the Nice 'n Easy "Colour Guide" in the instruction leaflet. Don't miss out! Be Colour-Wise and Win a Prize with Clairol Nice 'n Easy! Entry forms now at the Nice 'n Easy display in chemists and department stores.

* Regd. Trade Mark.

■ CONDITIONS OF ENTRY 1. You may enter by filling in the coupon contained in the advertisement or the entry form available from the Nice 'n Easy display stand at your chemist. 2. Each entry must be accompanied by a top from a Nice 'n Easy pack (except from residents in those states where it contravenes State Law). 3. Entries are accepted only on the condition that the judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. No responsibilities will be accepted for entries delayed, lost or damaged in transit. 4. All entries will be considered and judged on their accuracy and neatness. 5. Entries should arrive no later than the last post on October 31st, 1967. Those arriving later will not be considered. 6. Competition is open to everyone except employees of Bristol-Myers, their advertising agents, and their families. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish. 7. Cash will not be awarded as substitution for any prize. 8. Entries will be judged by an independent panel of judges. 9. Prizewinners will be notified by telegram by 15th November, 1967. A list of prizewinners may be obtained by writing to Clairol Nice 'n Easy Contest, P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Clairol Nice'n Easy Contest — entry form
P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Name: .....

Address: ..... State: .....

Fill in the answer to each question:

Nice 'n Easy Shade.....will change my blonde hair to a natural medium brown.

Nice 'n Easy Shade.....will cover my first grey hairs and change my brown hair to a rich dark brown.

Nice 'n Easy Shade.....will change my black hair to brown with exciting auburn highlights.

* Remember to attach the Nice 'n Easy pack top to your entry!

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Sufferers of laming corns, calluses, warts, now report dramatic results thanks to a new wonder-working creme called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growths so they creme away painlessly & safely, leaving skin silky smooth & soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT today at chemists.

HAY FEVER
Drug Free. Positive relief. Swiss herbal remedy. You can take it, inhale it, apply it. Safe for all ages. Olbas Oil. Chemists, Health Food Shops.

A PAIL OF AIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Alamos, which had taken years, they'd decided to make some trips to likely places where there might be other survivors. No good trying long-distance radio signals, of course, since there was no atmosphere to carry them around the curve of the Earth.

Well, they'd found other colonies at Argonne and Brookhaven and way around the world at Harwell and Tanna Tuva. And now they'd been giving our city a look, not really expecting to find anything. But they had an instrument that noticed the faintest heat waves and it had told them there was something warm down here, so they'd landed to investigate. Of course, we hadn't heard them land, since there was no air to carry the sound, and they'd had to investigate around quite a while before finding us. Their instruments had given them a wrong steer and they'd wasted some time in the building across the street.

By now, all five adults were talking like sixty. Pa was demonstrating to the men how he worked the fire and got rid of the ice in the chimney, and all that. Ma had perked up wonderfully and was showing the young lady her cooking and sewing stuff, and even asking about how the women dressed at Los Alamos. The strangers marvelled at everything and praised it to the skies. I could tell from the way they wrinkled their noses that they found the Nest a bit smelly, but they never mentioned that at all and just asked bushels of questions.

In fact, there was so much talking and excitement that Pa forgot about things, and it wasn't until they were all getting groggy that he looked and found the air had all boiled away in the pail. He got another bucket of air quick from behind the blankets. Of course, that started them all laughing and jabbering again. The newcomers even got a little drunk. They weren't used to so much oxygen.

Funny thing, though — I didn't do much talking at all, and Sis hung on to Ma all the time and hid her face when anybody looked at her. I felt pretty uncomfortable and disturbed myself, even about the young lady. Glimpsing her outside there, I'd had all sorts of mushy thoughts, but now I was just embarrassed and scared of her, even though she tried to be nice as anything to me.

I sort of wished they'd all quit crowding the Nest and let us be alone and get our feelings straightened out.

And when the newcomers began talking about our all going to Los Alamos, as if that were taken for granted, I could see that something of the same feeling struck Pa and Ma, too. Pa got very silent all of a sudden and Ma kept telling the young lady, "But I wouldn't know how to act there and I haven't any clothes."

The strangers were puzzled like anything at first, but then they got the idea. As Pa kept saying, "It just doesn't seem right to let this fire go out."

Well, the strangers are gone, but they're coming back. It hasn't been decided yet just what will happen. Maybe the Nest will be kept up as what one of the strangers called a "survival school." Or maybe we will join the pioneers who are going to try to establish a new colony at the uranium mines at Great Slave Lake or in the Congo.

Of course, now that the strangers are gone, I've been thinking a lot about Los Alamos and those other tremendous colonies. I have a hankering to see them for myself.

And I think Pa wants to see them, too. He's been getting pretty thoughtful, watching Ma and Sis perk up.

"It's different, now that we know others are alive," he explains to me. "Your mother doesn't feel so hopeless any more. Neither do I, for that matter, not having to carry the whole responsibility for keeping the human race going, so to speak. It scares a person."

I LOOKED round at the blanket walls and the fire and the pails of air boiling away and Ma and Sis sleeping in the warmth and the flickering light.

"It's not going to be easy to leave the Nest," I said, wanting to cry, kind of. "It's so small and there's just the four of us. I get scared at the idea of big places and a lot of strangers."

He nodded and put another piece of coal on the fire. Then he looked at the little pile and grinned suddenly and put a couple of handfuls on, just as if it was one of our birthdays or Christmas.

"You'll quickly get over that feeling, son," he said. "The trouble with the world was that it kept getting smaller and smaller, till it ended with just the Nest. Now it'll be good to have a real huge world again, the way it was in the beginning."

I guess he's right. You think the beautiful young lady will wait for me till I grow up? I'll be twenty in only ten years.

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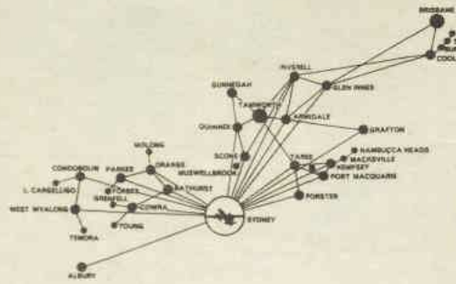

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EAST WEST

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TEST RECIPE. Encouraged by therapists, handicapped girls work on a recipe they hope will be good enough to enter in the 1967 Bake-Off.

Handicapped children in nation-wide recipe quest

HANDICAPPED children are among the most enthusiastic contestants for our 1967 "Butter-White Wings Bake-Off" which carries prizes worth $9000 for all types of dishes, cakes, and deserts.

Organisers of the contest have decided to allocate special awards in the Junior (18 years and under) Section for the best entries by children studying cooking at schools for the crippled, spastic, deaf, dumb and blind, and other physically handicapped children.

Outstanding recipes by the children will be still eligible for any of the major awards.

The administration officer and secretary of the Bake-Off Committee, Mr. Frank Sorenson, said the possibility of winning prizes should be a great thrill to the children and should boost their enthusiasm for the cooking lessons side of therapy.

At the St. George School for Crippled Children in Rockdale, N.S.W., a band of six crippled and spastic girls got to work with all sorts of ideas for dishes.

Therapists wanted the girls to use their own initiative and ingenuity, so gave them as little help as possible.

There was a buzz of excitement also among the "little cooks" at the Canterbury District School for Crippled Children, where all possible facilities were made available for children to enter the Bake-Off.

Main highlight of the 1967 Bake-Off is the quest for a Great Australian Dish, which handicapped children are entitled to enter, although there are no special awards for them in this section.

The best of the Australian dishes will be sent overseas for judging. Those selected will be entered in the finals to be decided at the end of October.

Judges who will choose the best Australian dishes in the finals are Lucien Chassignat, of the Hotel Meurice, Paris; Antonio Prantera, Rome restaurateur; and Napua Stevens, Hawaii's "Grand Lady of Cooking."

PROGRESS PRIZE RECIPE

● The eighth and final progress prize in our Butter-White Wings Bake-Off is awarded in Section 2. Prize of $10 and a $20 set of Graham Kerr Signature Ware is awarded to Mrs. J. P. Condon, 5 Algona Street, RAAF Base, Darwin 5793, for her Candy Confetti Torte.

CANDY CONFETTI TORTE

CAKE: 4 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup White Wings SR flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons hot water, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

BRITTLE: 1½ cups sugar, 1 tablespoon liquid glucose, ¼ cup hot water, ¼ teaspoon instant coffee, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

FILLING: ¾ pint fresh cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, toasted, slivered almonds.

CAKE: Separate eggs. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in sugar a spoonful at a time, beating well after each addition. The mixture should be thick and glossy. Add egg-yolks one at a time; add vanilla. Sift flour three times, fold gently into egg mixture. Lastly fold in butter melted in hot water. Place in a deep, large ring tin which has been well greased and lightly dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes, or until cake is light golden and elastic to the touch. Allow to cool.

BRITTLE: Combine sugar, glucose, hot water, and coffee in a saucepan. Place over low heat, stir until sugar has dissolved. Bring to boil without stirring, boil until a small amount of the syrup when dropped into cold water cracks and hardens or mixture registers 380 degrees on a sweet thermometer. Remove from heat and stir in bicarbonate of soda. Stir vigorously until the mixture pulls away from the sides of the saucepan. Pour quickly on to an ungreased biscuit tray or cake tin. Do not spread or stir. Allow to cool; remove from tin and crush with rolling-pin.

FILLING: Whip chilled cream with sugar and vanilla until stiff.

When cake is thoroughly cold, cut into four layers. Spread cream between layers and use remainder to cover the top and sides. Sprinkle the top with crushed brittle and decorate with toasted, slivered almonds, inserted porcupine style.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUDD*

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Day by day she sat at her desk, conjuring up tales of romance and of stirring adventure in faraway lands

MISS FENELLA'S STORY

By GLADYS TABER

MISS FENELLA WORTHINGTON lived in a little white house on a dirt road that ran steeply from Green Bay Street to the Fox River. Our gang used to go by the house every day in summer on our way to the river to swim or go canoeing. Sometimes I had to stop with a pan of light rolls wrapped in a clean napkin, or a jellied veal loaf. Mamma was a great one for sending food to lonely people. "Poor Miss Fenella!" she said. "All by herself!"

"Why is she all by herself, Mamma?"

"Well, sometimes life doesn't quite work out the way you plan. Especially," said Mamma darkly, "for a woman."

Edie and Bill and I would come in with our bathing-suits over our shoulders and Mamma's present in a basket. Edie and I clumped in our big square shoes; but Bill, even then, walked quietly. In the elegant disorder of the parlor, Miss Fenella always was just rising from the desk.

The day I remember best was early June, much too cold for swimming, but we were determined to try it. It was the good year for lilacs, and coming up to Miss Fenella's porch their heavy scent was almost too exciting to bear.

"Come in, my dears," said Miss Fenella, rising from her desk. She wiped her pen-point with a flannel.

"Mamma thought you might taste her fresh strawberry jam," I said. "May I put it in the kitchen?"

Miss Fenella was small and thin, and her hair, which was white as milk, was always in need of brushing. Her skin was transparent and her mouth, beautifully shaped, was without color. Except for her eyes, she would have been like a white bisque figure, but her eyes were a shining, brilliant blue. The only thing was, you never knew whether she focused them on you when she looked at you or was seeing something else a long way away.

"Oh, what a happy day to see you!" she cried in her breathless voice. "My dears, I have the most wonderful story!"

I went on to the kitchen and put the jam on the table. The kitchen wasn't much like ours. It never smelled of food cooking. The only food I ever saw was bread and a box of China tea and now and then an open bottle of milk. Mamma had a fresh pat of butter and six brown eggs and a slice of sugar-cured ham packed with the jam.

When I got back, Bill and Edie were sitting on the dusty sofa and Miss Fenella was shuffling her papers on the desk. Edie gave me a look. Trapped again, it said. She got up as I came and began edging backward to the door, but Bill sat quietly, watching Miss Fenella with his bright dark eyes.

"We'd like to hear it," he said.

Edie gave a faint moan.

"Now, you tell me exactly what you think," she said, happily fluttering down among the papers. "I want honest criticism."

I sat down beside Bill.

Miss Fenella read her story. The June sun came in and laid a wash of gold over the dusty room and the elegant furniture and Miss Fenella. Once in a while she stopped reading and looked at us with her shining eyes and said, "Now, don't hesitate to tell me . . . Often a writer can't judge everything from the viewpoint of the reader."

I listened intermittently between times of wondering whether the water would be too cold or if we'd be too late to go on downriver, and if Bill was crazy over Edie or was I his first choice. It was hard to tell about Bill. I smelled the lilacs and watched a white butterfly through the dusty panes.

Bill listened.

It was a story about a Russian princess with night-black hair and black eyes, who had a Cossack lover; there was a good deal of snow and sleigh bells jingling and the Tsar came into it somehow. I remember the lover said several times, "Ah, thou flower of my heart, fly with me over the steppes!"

But in the end they tried to fly and were both killed by somebody who seemed to oppose their union. "To die together, to die with thee in my arms, my true beloved, is better than life," said the expiring Cossack.

When she had finished, Miss Fenella looked suddenly pale. She laid down the last paper and said softly, "How do you like it?"

"It—seems sort of sad," I said.

"Oh, but it isn't really sad," she protested. "They died together, you see!"

"Faithful to the end," said Bill suddenly.

"Yes, that's it! Exactly!"

Edie roused herself to say in an artificial tone, "It is just a wonderful story, Miss Fenella! I love to hear about places like Russia and all."

To page 74

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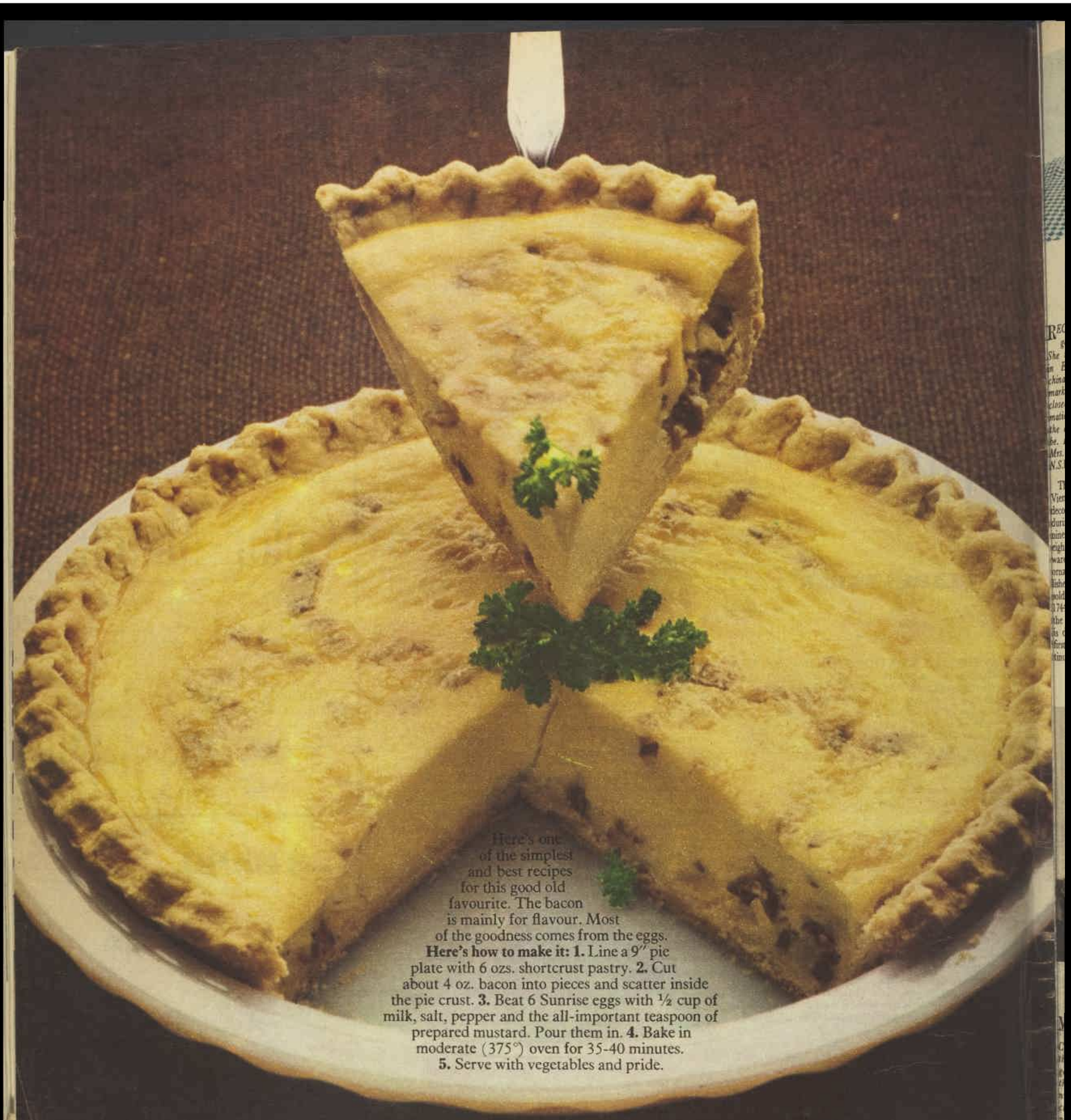

Here's one of the simplest and best recipes for this good old favourite. The bacon is mainly for flavour. Most of the goodness comes from the eggs.
Here's how to make it: 1. Line a 9″ pie plate with 6 ozs. shortcrust pastry. **2.** Cut about 4 oz. bacon into pieces and scatter inside the pie crust. **3.** Beat 6 Sunrise eggs with ½ cup of milk, salt, pepper and the all-important teaspoon of prepared mustard. Pour them in. **4.** Bake in moderate (375°) oven for 35-40 minutes. **5.** Serve with vegetables and pride.

Dinner is eggs! Get cracking on an Egg & Bacon Pie.

SUNRISE EGGS

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● Wedgwood Jug

WE enjoy your informative section and wondered if you could tell us something of interest about the two items in enclosed photographs. The kettle (at right) has no apparent markings. The Toby Jug (left) has hand-painted "Wedgwood & Co. Ltd.," the figure "3" in blue, and a "G" in gold. It also has a unicorn and the letters "753" raised up under the glazing. — Mr. Eric Swindale, Bardwell Park, N.S.W.

The kettle on its spirit stand is about fifty or sixty years old. The Wedgwood Toby Jug is, I presume, marked "England." It bears the unicorn mark, a new version of an earlier mark, which appears to have been adopted about 1908.

● Edwardian kettle

RECENTLY my grandmother gave me a china coffee set. She told me it had been made in England before present-day china had marks on it. It has a mark on the bottom (sketch enclosed). I wonder if this information is correct and also what the age of the coffee set would be. It is ornately decorated. — Mrs. R. J. Goldsley, Girilambone, N.S.W.

The coffee set was made in Vienna. As you say it is ornately decorated, it was probably made during the second half of the nineteenth century. During the eighteenth century the Vienna wares were not particularly ornate. Du Paquier, who established the Vienna works in 1717, sold the works to the State in 1744, and it was at this time that the Vienna shield in blue (which is depicted in your sketch) was first used. But its use has continued almost to the present time.

● Antique clock

MY mother gave me this lovely clock (above) for Christmas. Could you please tell me something about it? It is painted gold. There is not a marking on the face, but the pendulum has number "3087" on it. Inside the clock there is the name "E. Pannard, Potelleret Su." There is also the number "5732." — Mrs. R. Ikin, Traralgon, N.S.W.

The clock is about one hundred years old. It is a typical example of the mid-nineteenth century.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a brown leather inkwell with the word "ink" written on the top in gold. A very old lady gave me the inkwell and said it had previously belonged to her mother. Could you give me some information about the inkwell? Most people I show it to say they have never seen one before. — Mrs. M. Seccombe, Townsville, Qld.

Travelling inkwells — leather covered—were fashionable during the last quarter of the Victorian era (1837 to 1902). Your example probably dates about 1875 to 1885.

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Recipe

Skinless Sausages Parisienne

Grill one packet of Hutton's Skinless Pork Sausages until golden on all sides. Make a wine sauce: melt 2 tablespoons of butter, add 2 level tablespoons of corn flour and blend the roux, stirring for a few minutes. Add gradually ½ cup water and ½ cup sherry or red wine, stirring constantly until it thickens. Add ½ teaspoon of salt, a little pepper, and continue to cook the sauce, stirring until it is thick and creamy. Place grilled sausages on a platter of steamed rice and keep warm. Serve with a side salad and garlic-buttered crusty bread. Serves four to six. Definitely gourmet! But they must be HUTTON'S SKINLESS PORK SAUSAGES.

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MISS FENELLA'S STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

I made another encouraging comment, feeling very awkward, and Bill said, "I'd like to go there. And see what Russia is really like. I always wonder if the folks there are anything like us. Do you suppose they think like us? Or different?"

"Russians," said Miss Fenella definitely, "Russians are poetic. They have the Russian temperament."

Edie said, getting up, "We have to hurry. Thank you for reading your story to us. It was most kind." Edie was raised to be always polite.

"Are you going to publish it?" I asked.

"Well, of course, naturally," she said, her hands fluttering, "art shouldn't be—be—commercial. But one does feel at times the need of a—wider public."

We got away and ran down the hill to the river. We put on our bathing-suits in the old boathouse. Edie was braiding her hair to wind around her head, so Bill and I sat on the bank with the water cool at our feet.

Bill said, "She never has got anything published."

"No," I said, "and I guess we three aren't much of a public. It's all she has."

"I wish she could," he said. "She keeps trying all the time. She tries so hard."

Edie came out, looking like a fashionplate with her pleated serge bloomers and the red swimming-blouse. "If you ask me," she said scornfully, "she's just a crazy old woman."

"She is not," I said hotly. "She may be different, but she's a lovely, lovely person!"

Bill looked at me and then looked at Edie.

"Everybody in town knows she's crazy," said Edie, flinging up her head.

Bill stirred his long bare foot in the mud. "Sure," he said, "she's crazy because she keeps trying to be a writer. But if she could do it, she'd be the town wonder. You just got to succeed; that's what it comes to."

I looked up and a grey gull was swooping downriver. I didn't know why, but I felt aching sad all at once.

That was the day Bill first kissed me. I'd been crazy over him since eighth grade, but this one day he fixed it so we walked home past Edie's house first, and then to mine. There was half a block on Alton Street then that had only wild bushes and scrub trees on it and "For Sale" signs. It was around dusk-dark, and when we turned the corner there wasn't a soul in sight.

BILL stopped by a blossoming lilac and pulled a spray of purple and stuck it down my neck. I laughed and looked at him and all at once he kissed me. His mouth was still cool from swimming, but I felt burning hot.

He said, "I guess I've picked my girl now."

"Why, Bill?" I said. "Why?"

"Oh — something. Something today. Maybe it was Miss Fenella's story."

"You mean—I'm like that Russian princess?"

"Well, no. I hardly think anybody is." He had his hand on my arm. "But it was something about Miss Fenella that made me know."

After that, I couldn't do enough for Miss Fenella. I was always trying to think of extra things to take her, and I sat for hours listening to her tales.

There was the one about the Japanese girl and the English officer, complete with cherry blossoms and kimonos and fans. And one about the mysterious beauty from Castile and the bullfighter. There were lots of them, for Miss Fenella wrote constantly.

Once I met the postman at her gate, his arms full of brown paper parcels, and he said, "She seems to get a lot of catalogues, Miss Fenella does."

I took them in and they were all addressed in her own fine, delicate handwriting. She came to the door with her face lighted up like the church altar for Easter, but when she saw what I had, the light went out. Her hands were trembling as she took the parcels and I said impulsively, "Oh, Miss Fenella, they're just too good, that's it."

She looked old and tired for a moment, her mouth drawn in and her shining eyes cloudy. Then she smiled at me and said, "Well, you know, my dear, that must be the difficulty. Or perhaps they aren't quite — quite exciting enough!"

"Oh, my," I said, "how could anything be more exciting? I mean with all that happens . . ."

She hesitated and looked at me, and then said with a little rush, "My dear, would you like a cup of tea? I — I've been too hard at work to make anything by way of little cakes or sweet things—but . . ."

"Why, yes, thank you," I heard myself saying.

We drank tea from transparent cups with little violets on them, and I told her Bill had been elected editor of our school magazine. He was going to earn money working nights for the "Crescent," reporting school events, too. Bill was wonderful.

I told her about my new dress and white satin pumps. Then she read me a few pages of her newest story which was laid in Arabia. Of course, it was only a rough draft, she said, but I could get the idea.

I asked her how it ended, and she clasped her hands and said, "He rides his horse over the cliff with her in his arms. You see, they couldn't give each other up." Then a little catch came in her voice and she looked at me with such a wistful glance and said, "I wonder if the editors realise that isn't such a sad ending. It—is a happy ending, really!"

While I was still feeling sorry for her, I happened to ask her about the harp. If she played it and if it was hard to learn.

"No, I don't play," she said, after a little silence. "It—doesn't belong to me. It belonged to someone else." She hopped up quickly. "May I freshen your tea?"

"Thank you, no. I must go home."

She followed me down the flagstone walk as if she hated to be left. But she waved gaily. "Come soon! I'll have the new story done. I know you'll like it best of all!"

At supper I asked Mamma, "Has Miss Fenella always lived in the little house?"

"Oh, no, she was brought up in the old Worthington house; it's the Woman's Club now. She only took the little house after . . . Margie, you eat your lettuce now!"

I nibbled a leaf. "What happened to her family?"

"Her mother and father died," said Mamma firmly.

Mamma was always tight as new wallpaper about gossip, but I persisted. "What did they die of? Consumption?" That was the only adult disease I was familiar with. Grandfather had it.

"No," she said. "What does it matter? It was a long time ago." I thought she sounded evasive.

"Was Miss Fenella the only child, Mamma?"

Mamma laid down her fork. "No," she said. "She had a sister."

"What happened to her? What was her name? Was it a funny one like Fenella?"

"She was named Aurora — after Mrs. Robert Browning."

"Who was Mrs. Browning?"

"Robert Browning's wife," said Mamma, disposing of Elizabeth Barrett neatly.

To page 77

Mrs. H. WIFE

"The milkman's up, his horse is up, the man next door with the toothache is up . . ."

Notice to Contributors

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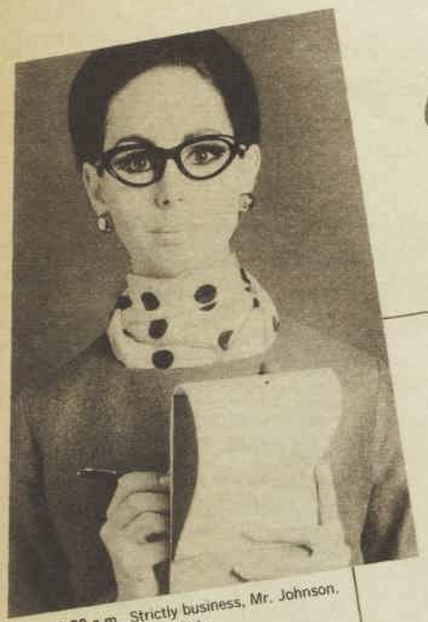

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MISS FENELLA'S STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Well, what happened to her, Mamma?"

"I don't know what became of her in the end," said Mamma, "and if you don't stop pestering me with questions, you'll never get through supper before Bill comes."

Mamma set her lips together the way she did when she meant business. I knew I couldn't push her any further. But I thought about it. What did she mean by saying, "in the end"? Aurora couldn't have died, could she? But if she hadn't died, why didn't she come to see Miss Fenella, or write to her? Or why didn't Miss Fenella say the harp was her sister's? It was almost as if she didn't want to mention her.

I talked it over with Bill. Bill said, "What I always noticed was that she never says what she did when she was young. You know how people that age always do."

"So they do," I answered, surprised.

Bill said, "I'm going through the paper files when I get a chance, to see if I can find out anything about the family. I want to know."

We were pretty busy with the football dances and rallies that autumn and it was quite a while before we had an afternoon to go downriver and have a last barbecue. We had sausages and a dozen big crusty buns, a pat of butter, a big jar of mustard, and a half-dozen bananas.

We were going to build a fire and watch the sunset and eat our supper. Edie had long since passed out of the picture, now that Bill and I were going steady.

As we passed Miss Fenella's, Bill suddenly stopped and said, "Let's just say hello."

Most of the things in the garden had frosted, and the tangle of withering stalks gave the house a sad and lonely air. Miss Fenella called to us to come in when we knocked, and got up from the desk. I thought she looked sick. She had an old shawl over her shoulders, and her hair was falling down her neck. She was awfully thin.

I noticed a pile of big envelopes on the desk addressed to her in her delicate handwriting. Bill asked her right away about her work and she said with a kind of desperate candor, "I felt so sure the Arabian story was just what they wanted . . ."

We stood there awkwardly a moment and then she said, "Do sit down! I would like to give you a — cup of tea!"

Bill gave me a funny look and said, "Look, we are going on a picnic. Why don't you come along?"

She actually got pink with excitement, and then she said, "Oh—I am afraid—I mean I couldn't be away from the house that long. I never do. I should love it, but . . ."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Well, one never knows when someone—might come. And—just go away." She moved her hands. "But," she said, "it's my first invitation in—in a long time! It's so kind, so kind of you!"

"Well, then," said Bill, giving me another look, "why don't we have the picnic with you? It's going to be cold outside, anyway."

Miss Fenella looked as if she had been presented with the public library, columns and all. She clasped and unclasped her hands and her eyes were shining under the delicate lids.

We had our picnic in the parlor. Bill got enough dead wood from the garden for a nice fire, and we let it burn down and did the sausages in an antique warming-pan she had. Bill told her all about the magazine and the newspaper reporting he was doing, and in between times he asked her little questions. Did she remember when the Masonic Hall was built? Did she remember the fire in the skating rink? How did the town happen to have the statues of Peace and Plenty in the park? Did she know who gave them?

Miss Fenella ate like a modest and cultured wolf. Sausages were her favorite meat and she hadn't had any for a long time, she said. The fresh rolls, too, and the bananas. I remembered her empty kitchen, and Bill sat on the floor, sort of squinting his eyes up at her and pressing on her another bun with mustard.

Afterward she read us the Arabian story which she felt was the most thrilling. It had everything. Even poison. Blood and tears and broken hearts and pursuits and death. Swooning ladies and noble brave Arab chieftains.

BILL said, "I guess there are kind of special reasons some things get printed."

She said, "I—I have spent so much on postage—and it—it does count up, doesn't it?"

There was nothing for us to say. We sat there, watching her tired face, and suddenly my heart ached like a cavity in a front tooth.

We talked together until quite late, and when we left her, a cold, dark wind walked the road.

Bill said violently, "Heck, the old rabbit is starving to death; that's what worries me." He walked so fast I had to skip to keep up. "What's the matter with this damned town? Church sending money to China and Africa and letting her starve under their noses! What's the matter with the Woman's Club, and the Ladies' Aid, and the County Relief Association?"

I said, "Bill, she'd die rather than take charity."

"Well, she'll die, then." He was furious. "I bet that's the first meal she's had in a week. Somebody ought to do something about it."

I said, "Mamma will do something."

"Sure, she will. Mine wouldn't. Mine would think I was nuts, too, hanging around a crazy old woman. By the way, honey, she's not so old. She's not more than fifty-five or so."

"Who told you that?"

"She did," he grinned smugly. "What you think I asked her all those time questions for?"

"Oh, Bill, you're smart!"

"You bet I am," he agreed pleasantly.

Mamma said, "You can't offer her public help. Not to Fenella Worthington. You can't go carrying church baskets to her."

"Well, why not a Worthington?" I asked, and Mamma said before she thought, "To the daughter of the founder of the match company?"

"Why, Mamma, if that's who she is, then why is she so poor?"

"Because she trusted a man," said Mamma. "She signed over every bit of her stock, every penny of it. Let that be a lesson to you."

"But you signed over your Stanley Steamer stock to Papa."

"That was different. Papa isn't a singer."

I stared at her.

"Now don't go gossiping around," Mamma said. "Whatever Miss Fenella has or hasn't, she has a right to her own grief. I'll talk to Mr. West and get her a load of coal before winter sets in. He can just deliver it and say he doesn't want to be paid until next summer. And we'll try to carry her a present of food once a week."

"Mamma, did she marry a singer?"

Mamma said, "If there's anything I hate it's a prying Paul. Someday when you're older, I'll tell you about it, but not now."

Of course, we were pretty much absorbed getting ready for the Walkaround and Bill put in so much time on the paper that they told him he could have a regular reporter's job as soon as he graduated in June. He said thanks, but he was going to the university first and take journalism and learn some other junk. Even then, Bill always knew just what he wanted and how to go after it.

Before we knew it, June had come. Bill kept on for the summer at the "Crescent" but I went to the lake with the family. I went to say goodbye to Miss Fenella, carrying all I could manage of food. We were closing the house, I said, and didn't want to throw out so much. There was a lot, all right.

Miss Fenella was sitting at her desk, as usual, but there were no papers on it. She had on a silk wrapper, very faded and old, and her hair was in braids. She had been crying.

I tried to pretend I didn't notice, so she made a great to-do over putting the food in the cupboard and being very bright and cheery. She followed me to the road, and then turned and gave me a lost, sad look as she said, "I'll miss you. But of course, I'll be terribly busy with my writing all the time."

"Of course, and I'll be home soon."

Then she clasped her hands and said softly and desperately, "The only thing is, I can't seem to think of anything exciting to write about! I . . . it's just a blank! And—one can never succeed if one doesn't keep working, can one?"

I said, "You need a vacation, that's it. You want to go out more."

"No, no! I didn't mean it. I only have a little headache — summer fever. I shall presently think of the most exciting new story . . ." Her voice trailed away. She looked frightened.

I said, "I'll write you from Lake Kinnesec."

Her face lit up. "Oh—you will? I'll be able to get a letter from the postman? Oh, I haven't had one in—in—a long time!"

I was just getting over my first sunburn when Bill wrote. The main thing he said, aside from the fact the town was a dead dump without me, was that he'd found something out about Miss Fenella in the old newspaper files. In the church notes, it said Aurora Worthington had played a harp solo for the Easter musicale and Miss Fenella Worthington had sung "The Resurrection."

So it was Aurora's harp. But what was the mystery about it? I wrote Bill that I thought perhaps the sisters had quarrelled over the estate after their father and mother died. Bill wrote back triumphantly that he had found a whole column about the tragic death of the Worthingtons. They were trying to catch a train, he said in brief, and the horses were being driven as fast as possible when one of them got frightened and reared up and the carriage was overturned. Mrs. Worthington died immediately; Mr. Worthington lived a day in the hospital and expired. At his bedside were the two charming and beautiful daughters, Aurora and Fenella. Bill said, "Move over, Sherlock Holmes, here I come."

But he didn't find out anything more, except that the files of the paper were incomplete for that time and nobody seemed to know why.

We both went away to college that autumn and I forgot all about Miss Fenella, although Mamma wrote once that the boatman had bought half of her lot to put a shack on, so Miss Fenella had a little money. Mamma called once and found Miss Fenella writing a novel. About the Scottish Highlands. She said drily that the house could stand a good cleaning.

The next summer, Mamma and I visited our relatives in Spokane, a kind of preventive measure so Bill and I wouldn't insist on getting married before we were through school. Bill seemed to spend a lot of time swimming downriver and stopping in to see Miss Fenella.

He wrote that she was giving us a lace spread of hers when we got married. And he'd found out that the name of the singer was Estevan Olivares. There was a big pile of music he'd helped move out of the way once. Estevan's name was all over it in violet ink.

When even Spokane failed to quiet Bill and me, the family allowed us to announce our engagement. But we were to finish school and Papa wanted to know Bill's plans for the future.

"Why," said Bill, as if surprised anyone shouldn't know, "I'm going to be a writer!"

What the family said about that is neither here nor there. If Bill had settled on raising rattlesnakes, it would have been better. Or wanted to starve to death on a Government claim.

"I'll show 'em," he said. And maybe, at that, the family opposition helped him along, because that was why he wrote his novel for the university prize. They gave one every year for the best undergraduate novel, a thousand dollars cash and publication for the book.

The night before we went back to school, we said goodbye to Miss Fenella. She had a cold and wore a rag around her neck. She was coughing and wheezing, but she was radiant at our news. Her blue eyes, rimmed with red, shone at Bill. "Love," she said, "is what living is for."

"Now how in heck does she know about love?" he puzzled.

I told Mamma about it. "Mamma, if she was married to Estevan Whatnot, why is she called Miss Fenella? Was she really married?"

"Yes, and no," said Mamma. She gave us a kind of exasperated look. "You two," she said, "have been mousing around that poor soul for years. Now you're old enough, I suppose I may as well tell you—just to keep you quiet. Yes, she was in love. He was a good-for-nothing fellow who came here to sing. He found out how much money the Worthingtons had, and began to court Fenella. She was eighteen."

Mamma sighed. "She ran away with him and when her family tried to follow and prevent them getting married, they were killed on the way to the train. Both of them. But Fenella got back before her father died."

"But they were married?"

"Oh, yes, they were married long enough for the estate to be settled and Fenella to give it all to him for a silvermine in Mexico."

Bill was simply wolfing it down. "And then what?"

"Then," said Mamma, "he ran off with Aurora."

We couldn't get another thing out of her. But Bill really had something now. He kept going over it until he wore me down.

"She kept the harp," he said. "I think it's Aurora she expects to come back. Or else she'd sell it, poor as she is. Think of it," he said, "feeling she'd been responsible for her father and mother dying and then the man running off with her younger sister — and all these years she's lived in the little house with all those memories. Now I see why all her heroes are faithful for ever and why they die in each other's arms."

When Bill won the prize and the book came out, he couldn't wait to get home and run down to Miss Fenella's. He seemed obsessed with anxiety and nervousness. By then it was full, deep summer, August, and a haze lay over the road. Miss Fenella's house and land were going to be sold for non-payment of taxes the next month, and it seemed to me you could feel a sorrowful air in the untended garden, even with the late roses spilling all over, sweet as spice.

Bill carried his book as if it were loaded with shotgun shells.

Miss Fenella didn't come to the door or call. We went in, anyway. There was no such thing as her not being home. But she was in bed, in the high, carved bed. She said she had a touch of summer fever. She looked flushed enough, but her hands were like a snowbank.

We sat down and I asked her about her work. She looked away, out of the dusty window, and said in a tired, thin voice, "My dear, I . . . It has seemed to me lately that I — I may have been — mistaken." Her hands moved on the quilt. The word seemed so final, so sad, it echoed through the room, up to the cobwebs in the corner.

"I always hoped to — to give something to the world," she said in that faint voice. "One does want to. In a small way, of course."

Bill said roughly, "But you have, Miss Fenella! You have!" He reached over and laid the book on the bed. "This is my book."

Her hands fluttered over it, caressed it. "You wrote a book, Bill! A real book!" Her eyes shone. "It has a leather

To page 78

THE BOYFRIEND

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"I understand they encourage children's accounts."

MISS FENELLA'S STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

cover!" She turned it over and over. "And gilt edges," she said.

"I want you to read it."

"Read it to me," said Miss Fenella. Her eyes were on his face and her mouth was trembling. She said, "It's your turn to read to me now!"

Bill read. On and on, while the afternoon sun dipped the dust in gold and the scent of blown roses came in mingled with the smell of dried lavender.

It was all there, in Bill's book. The little town and the big mansion. The two girls and the harp and the delicate muslin frocks. The horses with sweat dark on their flanks. The fear and the anxiety and the death. Everything was there, changed by Bill's own feeling, but tangible and alive.

It took a long time, and Miss Fenella never moved once. The room was filled with dusk by the time Bill finished. The room was filled with the drama and excitement and suffering and wonder that goes on in the heart in a little place among little people.

Bill put down the book finally. There was a silence, a kind of tight silence. My head was aching. My stomach was in knots. Bill looked pale and his mouth had little drops of sweat on the upper lip.

Then Miss Fenella spoke. She said, "Why, Bill — why, Bill — that's my story!"—and her voice was like crystal.

Bill wiped his face. "Yes," he said, "it is. Yours and mine."

"In a book," she said, with wonder. "In a real book, with gilt edges!"

Bill went to the window and looked out and I knew he was crying and not wanting to. He said, in a strange voice, "You . . . it's all right?"

"I've collaborated," she said, sinking back on the pillow. "I've collaborated with you!"

Bill came over then and said, almost angrily, "Yes, and you're responsible for that book! You see? You see?"

A bee stumbled against the pane and was too loud.

SHE said, "But, Bill, it was a blue dress she wore that day, not grey. It had ruffles around the hem. She was — she was much more lovely than I ever . . . even though she was — headstrong. It had a sash of pale yellow."

Bill looked at me.

"Well, if the rest is all right," he said, with a heavy sigh.

"It wasn't Aurora's fault," she said. "Nobody could help it. He—he was—so romantic!"

"I know," he said. "I know."

He got up and leaned over the bed.

"It's your book," he told her. "I just sort of copied it down from being around with you. So you've really succeeded, you see." He smiled. "I learned all about how to write from you!"

Somebody was banging on the front door and that broke up the breathless moment. We went out and the town taxi was still pouring hot smoke over the desolate garden. A plump woman was picking her way across the flagstones. She said, "I am looking for Miss Fenella Worthington."

I said, "She's ill, in bed. Shall I see if? . . ."

"Thank you, I'll go right in."

She hopped up the steps. We walked on, down the dusty road, where the twilight was just falling in a soft violet light.

"Bill," I said "whoever in the world was that?"

He gave me a look that was full of pity.

"That was Aurora," he told me. "She's come back. I knew she would."

"Bill," I said, "how do you know? Maybe it was someone trying to sell something."

"I love you," he said. "You're a darling. But you never would make a writer."

"What does make a writer?" I asked. "And why didn't Miss Fenella ever write her own story that was so dramatic instead of all that Russian and Arabian junk?"

"Heaven knows," he said. "Heaven knows."

We walked on. Dust rose behind us. The sky was pale peach and the sound of the dam was soft thunder downriver.

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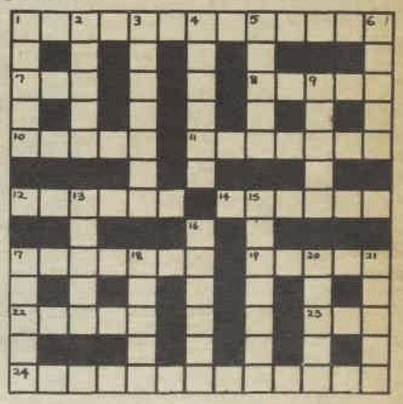
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Public notice of events I dreamt (13).
7. The alimentary canal of young Utopians (3).
8. Triangular upper part of wall at end of ridged roof (5).
10. I call for a shrub with fragrant pale pinkish violet, or white, blossoms (5).
11. It may sound like a female vegetable, but it is an illicit liquor-shop (7).
12. If the jetsam pleases, you may take a specimen from it (6).
14. Opera for taxi-drivers (6).
17. The North American reindeer (7).
19. Object interesting for age or associations (5).
22. Language of ancient Rome (5).
23. The point of a pen (3).
24. Dealer in meat (6, 7).

DOWN

1. Heavenly messenger before us rings a bell morning, noon, and sunset (5).
2. Necessary to life (5).
3. A car lid when it is essential (7).
4. A devil starts to obstruct unfairly (6).
5. Bird, which is worth ten American dollars (5).
6. We in ten in the middle of two (5).
9. A fish (5).
13. Excellence that deserves honor or reward (5).
15. Side by side (7).
16. Uproar of a projecting nave of a wheel on a strong drink (6).
17. A successor of Mohammed (5).
18. A shaken Laban becomes commonplace (5).
20. Between breakfast and dinner (5).
21. A pole, which makes a brace (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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